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THE

JUVENILE

SINGING SCHOOL.

174.

BY LOWELL MASON, & G. J. WEBB,

PROFESSORS IN THE BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

12

BOSTON:

J. H. WILKINS, & R. B. CARTER.

1837

7995

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BY J. H. WILKINS, & R. B. CARTER,

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ADVERTISEMENT.

The design of this work is to furnish such a collection of Songs as is wanted for juvenile classes and singing schools; or for common schools, and academies, where music is made a regular study, or where singing has been introduced.

A part of the melodies are well known as "The Swiss Boy," "O say busy bee," &c.; some have been selected from German "School Song Books" and others are original. The variety is very great There are songs adapted to the different ages and circumstances of children and youth, and it is believed that in every instance the words will be found to be not only unexceptionable, but of good moral tendency.

To parents, teachers, and pupils, the "Juvenile Singing School" is most respectfully inscribed.

BOSTON:

STEREOTYPED BY KIDDER AND WRIGHT,

32, Congress Street.

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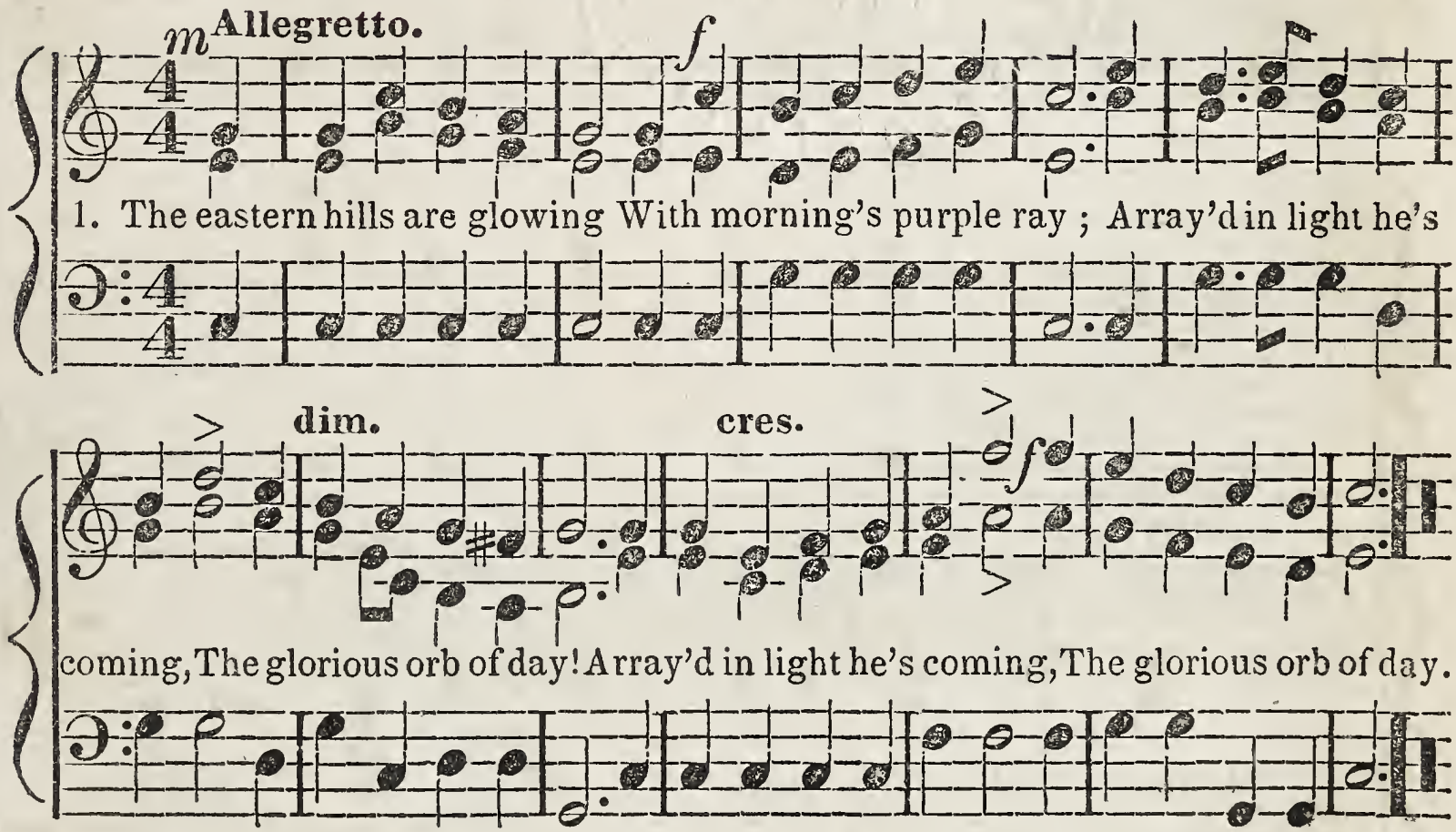
THE

JUVENILE SINGING SCHOOL.

THE RISING SUN.



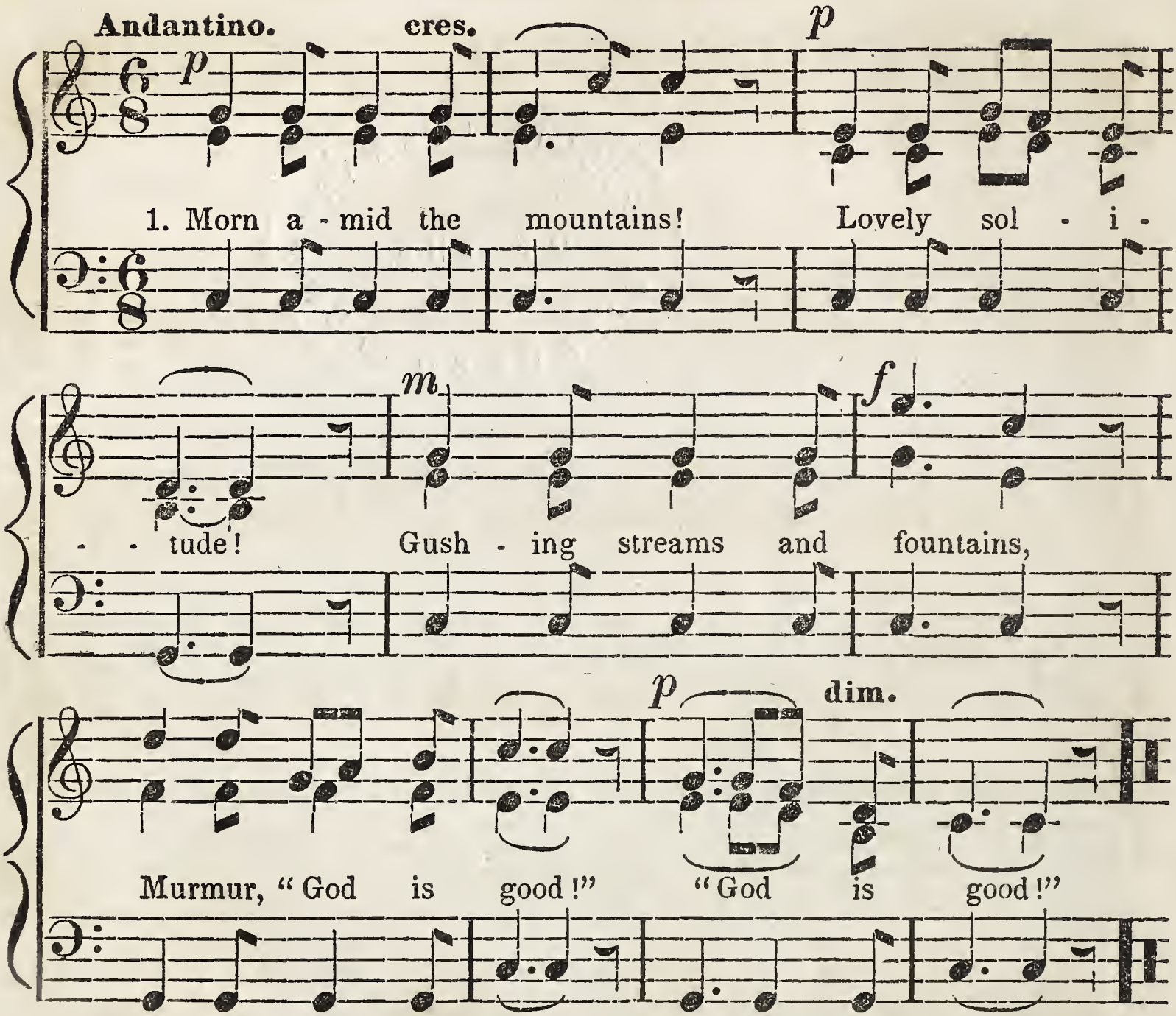
2

All hail! thou constant emblem
Of him who dwells above!
Of him so great and glorious!
And yet so full of love.

3

How nature now rejoices,
With life and beauty new!
On every grass-blade twinkles
The pearly drop of dew.

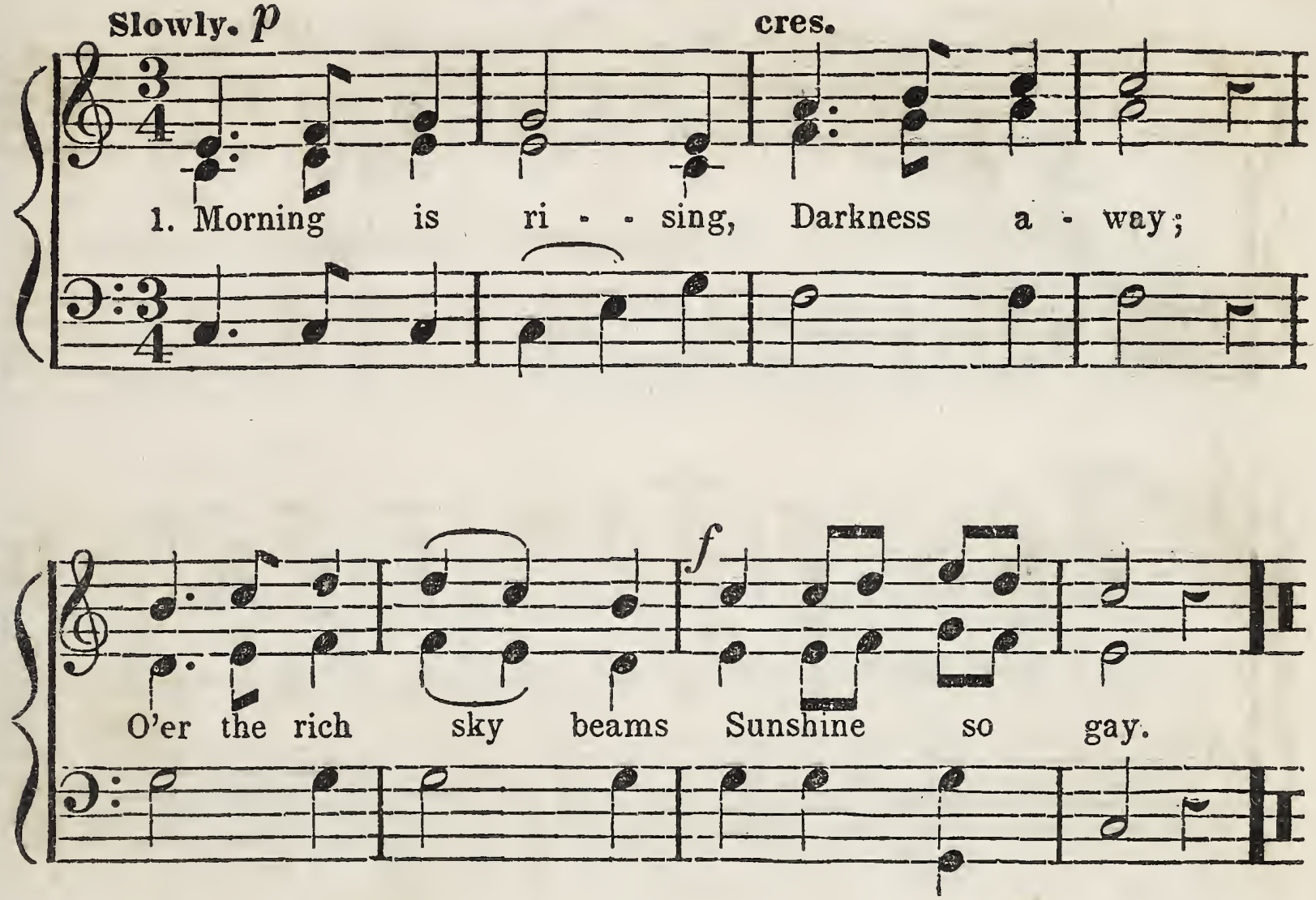
How good is he who made thee,
Thou glorious orb of day!
With grateful hearts we'll praise him,
In morning's earliest ray.



2 Now the glad sun breaking
Pours a golden flood;
Deepest vales awaking
Echo "God is good."

3 Hymns of praise are ringing
Through the leafy wood—
Songsters sweetly singing,
Warble "God is good!"

4 Wake, and join the chorus,
Man, with soul endued!
He whose smile is o'er us,
God, oh God is good.



2

Birds with their music
Fill the fresh air;
And the young breezes
Sweet odors bear.

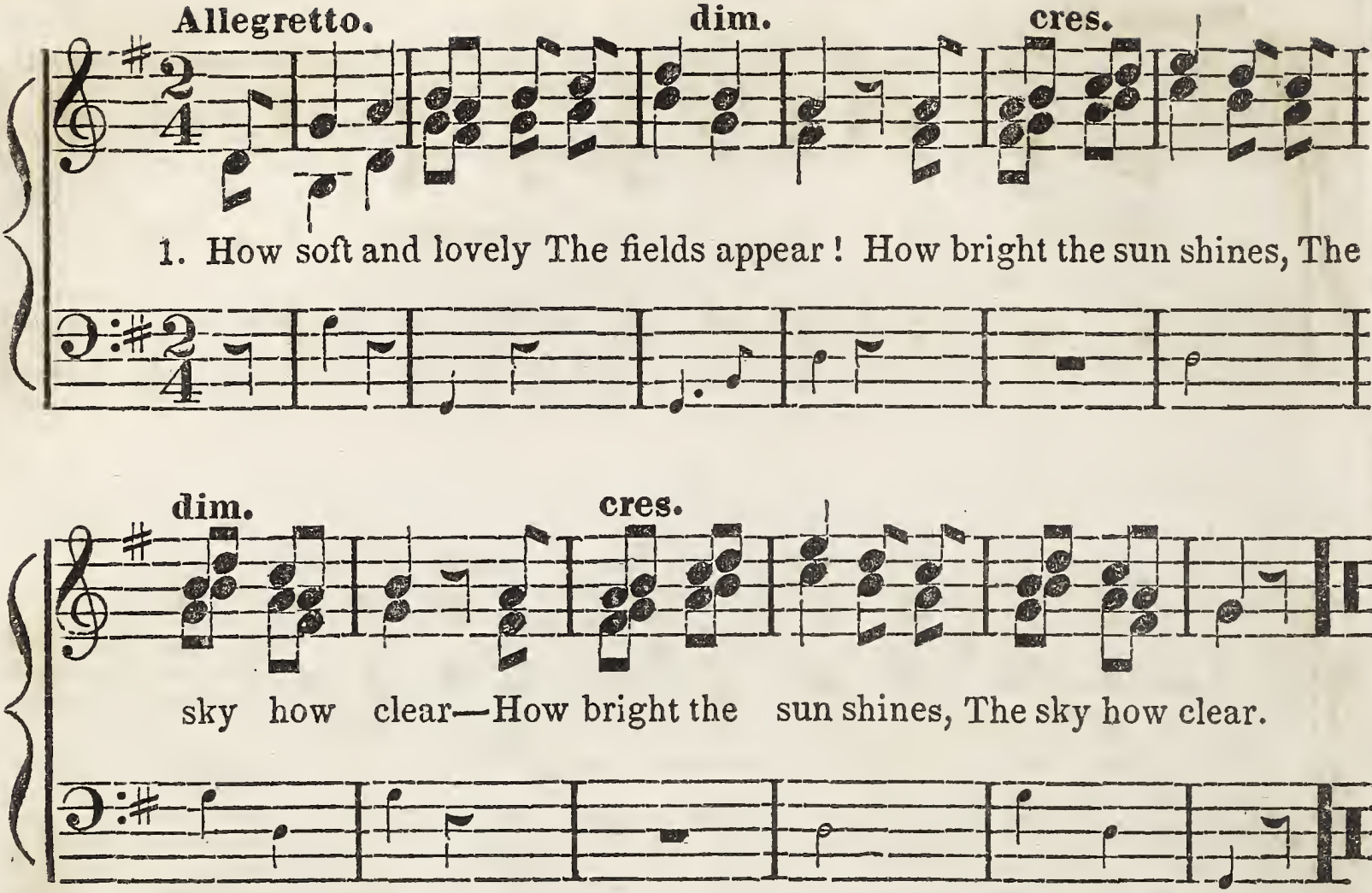
3

In the green pastures
Sparkles the dew;
While the swift bees come,
Humming anew.

4

All things are happy
In the fair light,
Praising their Maker,
Morning and night.

MAY SONG.



2

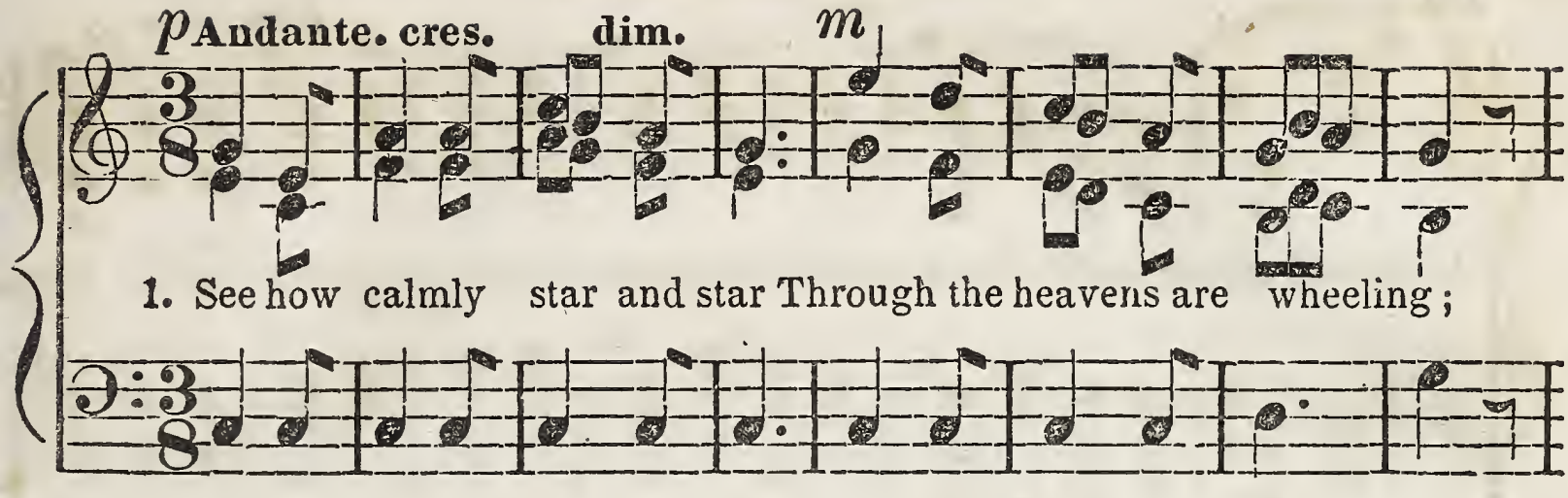
May joy and pleasure,
Fill every breast,
From morn to evening,
From east to west.

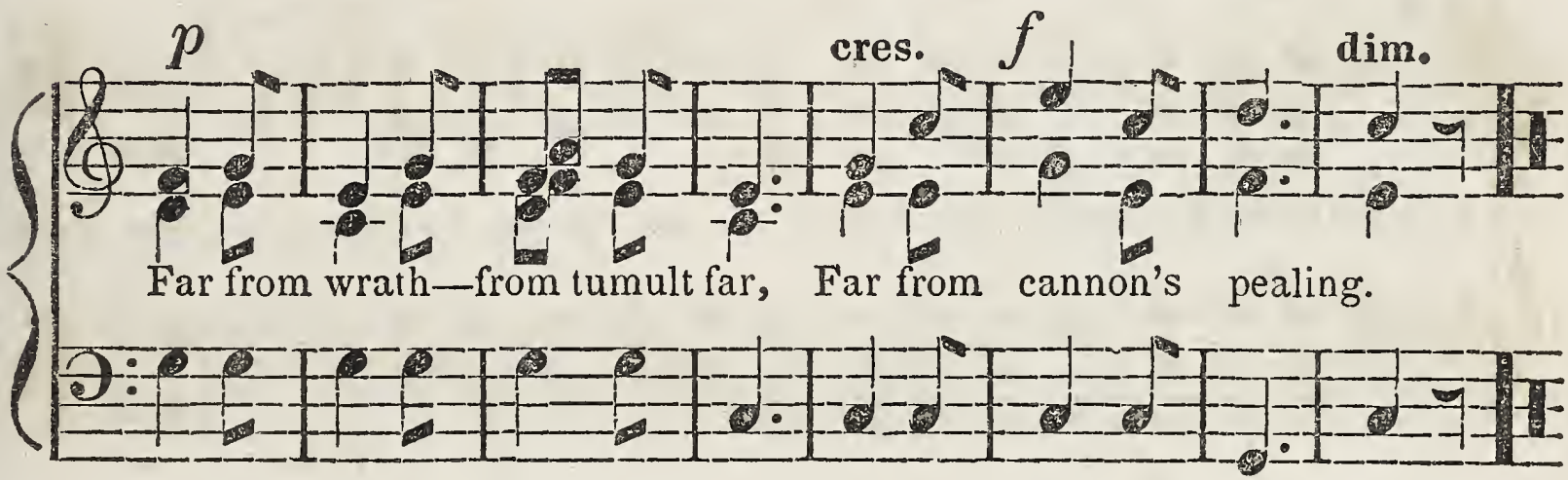
3

How sweet the sparkles
Of early dew!
How rich the blossoms
Of varied hue!

4

Our spring is fleeting,
Our youth must end;
Then let us never
Our time mis-spend.





2

See how calmly o'er the green,
Silvery streams are flowing,
Imaged there the stars are seen,
Brightly, calmly glowing.

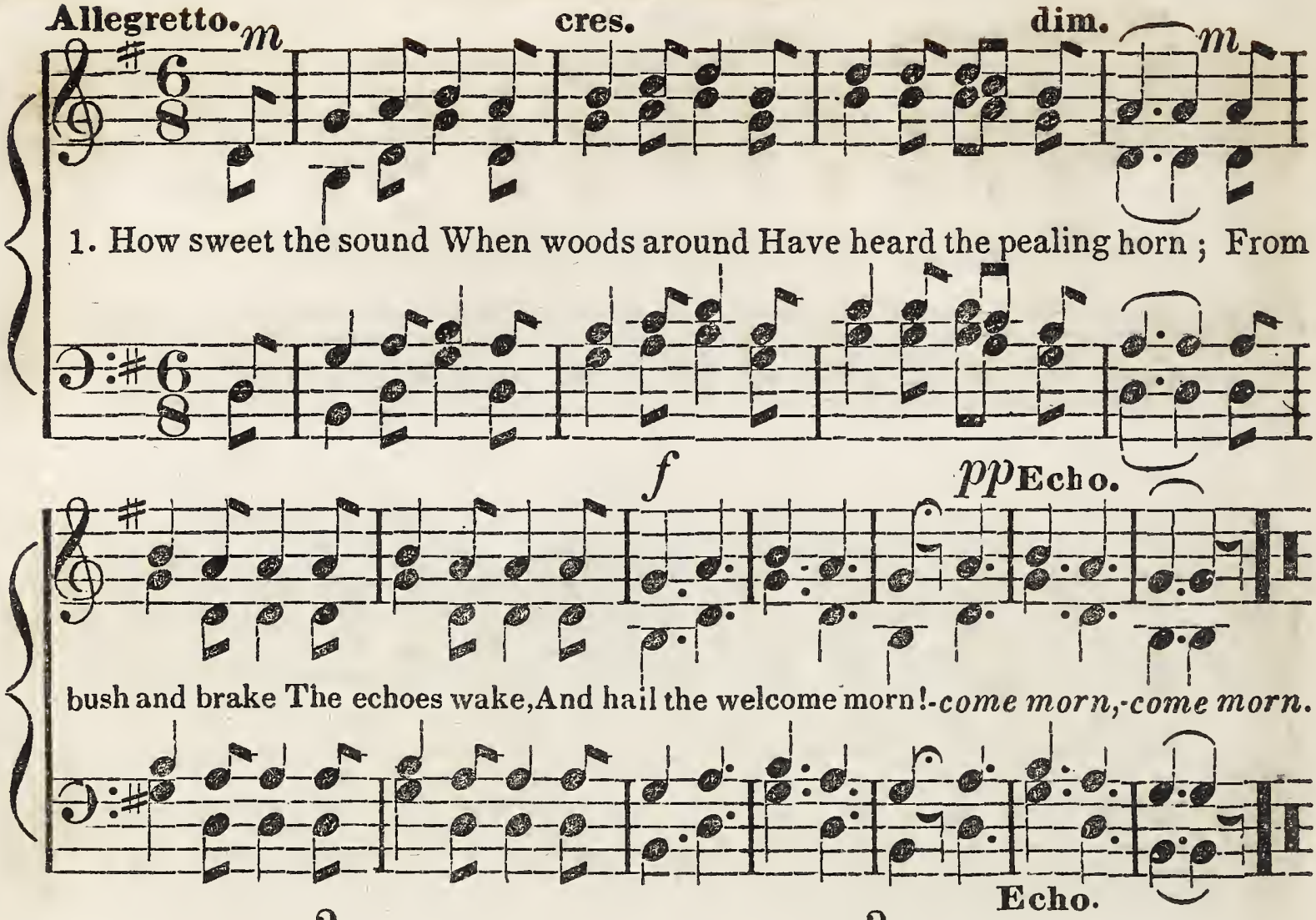
3

Earth and heaven send forth a voice:
"Now, be discord ended,
"Live in peace, in love rejoice,
"Heart and heart be blended.

4

"Then thy life shall gently pass,
"Like the peaceful river,
"Till thy happy home at last,
"Welcome thee forever."

BUGLE SONG.



2

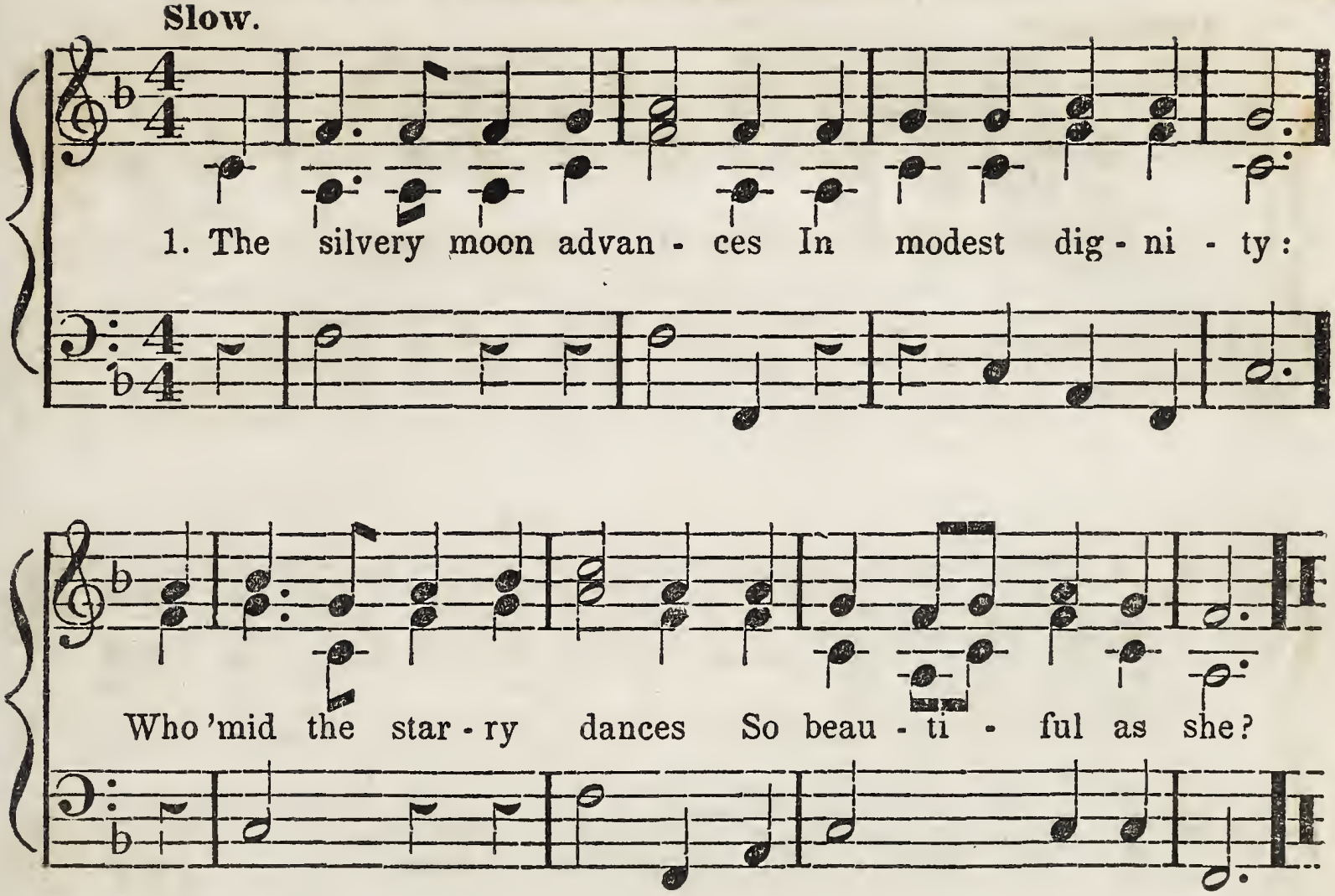
Each heart beats high
And gleams each eye,
At every welcome tone;
Like mist that flies
From morning skies,
All sorrow now *is gone!*

3

How bright the trees;
How fresh the breeze!
How golden bright the day;
The sparkling rill
Goes murmuring still,
Through woodlands far *away!*

4

Oh! sweet the sound
When woods around,
Have heard the pealing horn;
From bush and brake
The echoes wake,
And hail the wel-*come morn!*



2

See where she comes, soft stealing
Across the stilly night!
How many hearts are hailing
Her mild and friendly light.

3

Our eyes she gently closes
When daily toil is o'er;
The weary earth reposes
Beneath her soothing power.

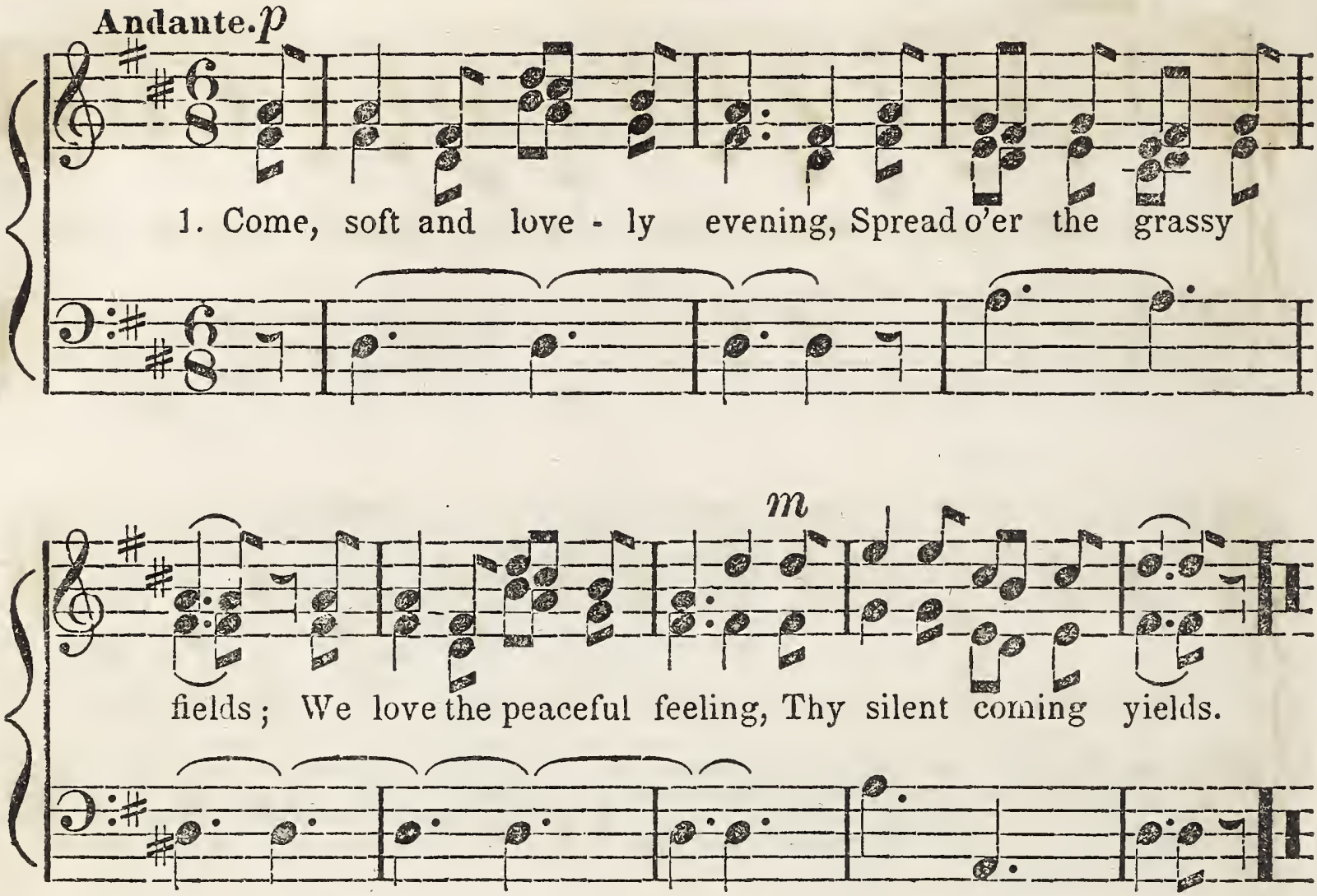
4

She comes with night-dews healing
The soul with pain distressed;
She wakes the sweetest feeling
Within the lonely breast.

5

Our heavenly Father lends us
This trusty friend by night!
May he a spirit send us,
As pure as her pure light.

COME, SOFT AND LOVELY EVENING.



2

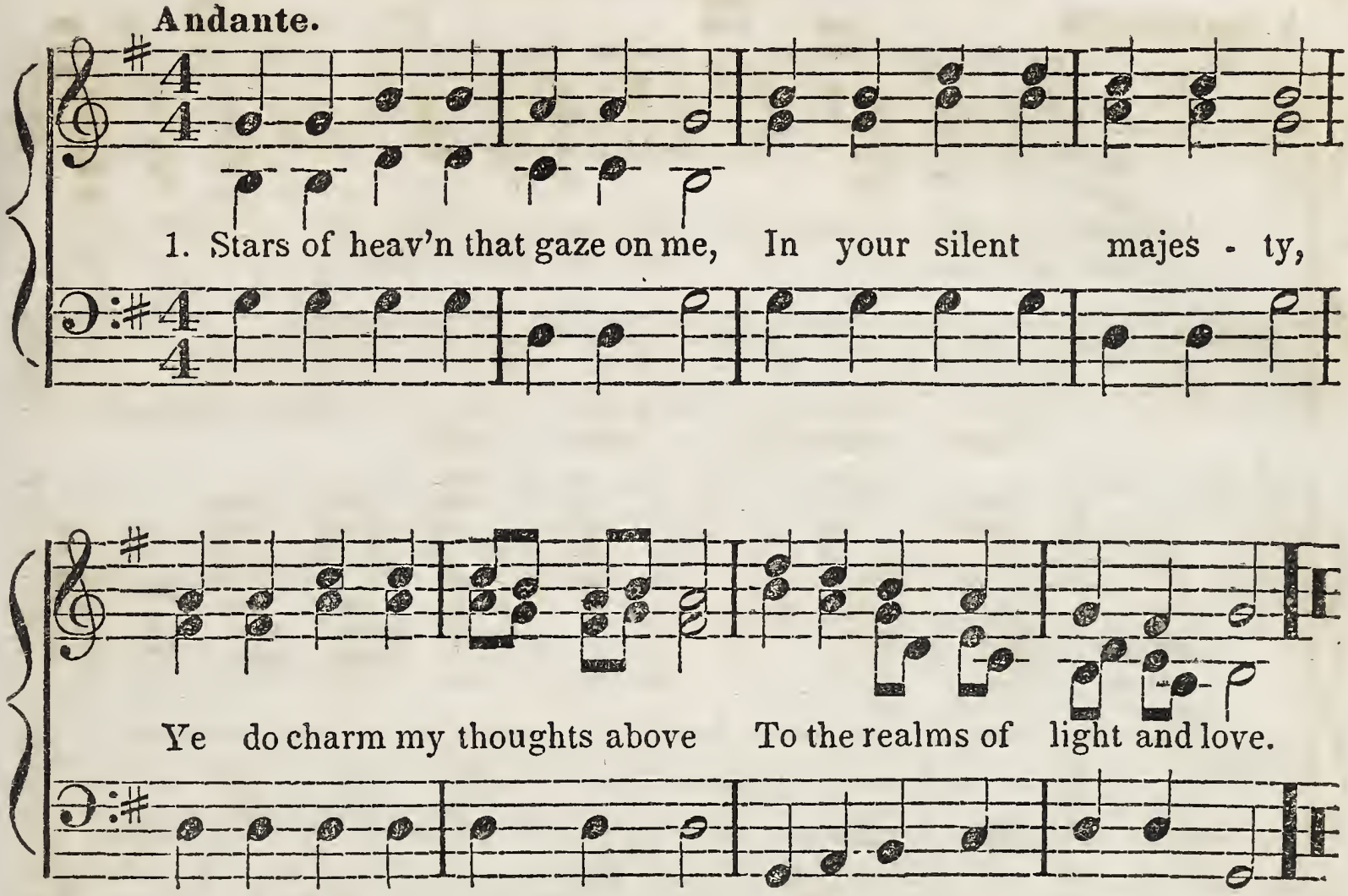
See where the clouds are weaving,
A rich and golden chain;
See how the darkened shadow
Extends along the plain.

3

All nature now is silent,
Except the passing breeze,
And birds their night-song warbling,
Among the dewy trees.

4

Sweet evening thou art with us,
So tranquil, mild, and still;—
Thou dost, our thankful bosoms,
With humble praises fill.



2

Who hath measured out your course?
Whence thy arrowy light its source?
It hath sped full many a year,
Ere it reached this earthly sphere.

3

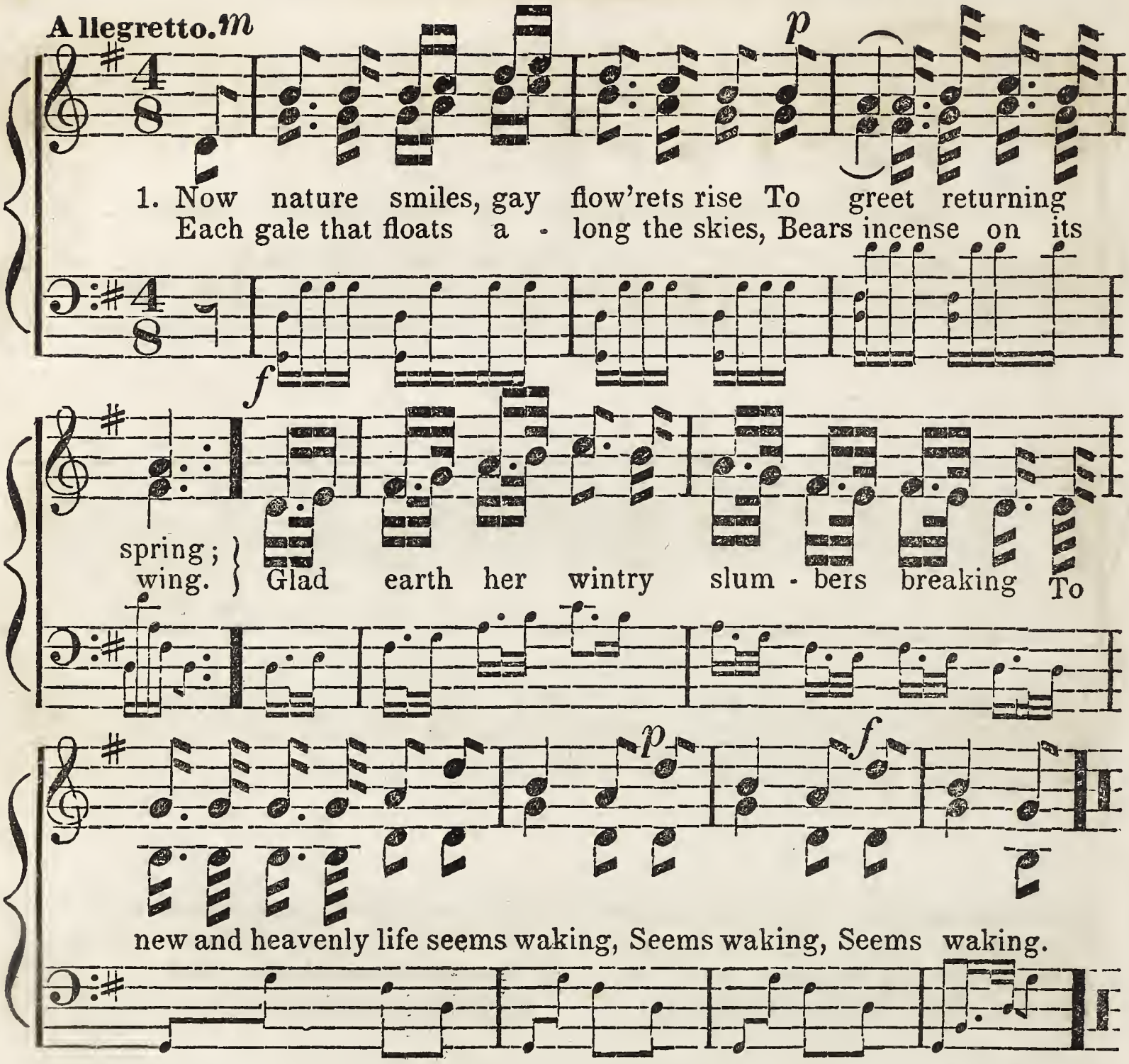
Ah! your life and beauty all
Come at the Creator's call;
He that breathed in man a soul,
Keeps you as in light you roll.

4

How his wondrous works of love
Draw my eyes and thoughts above;
There I see creation's Lord,
By each twinkling star adored.

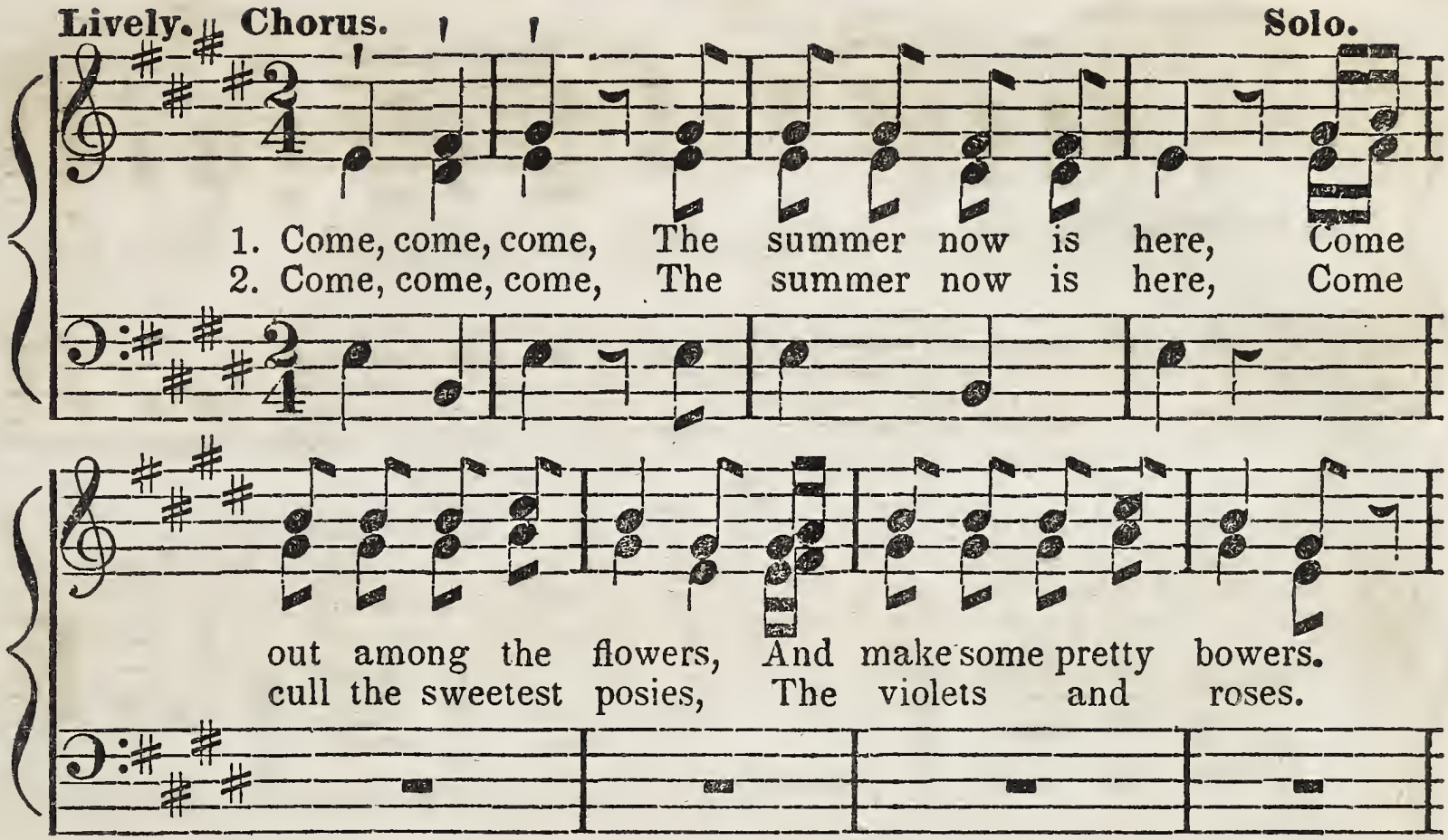
5

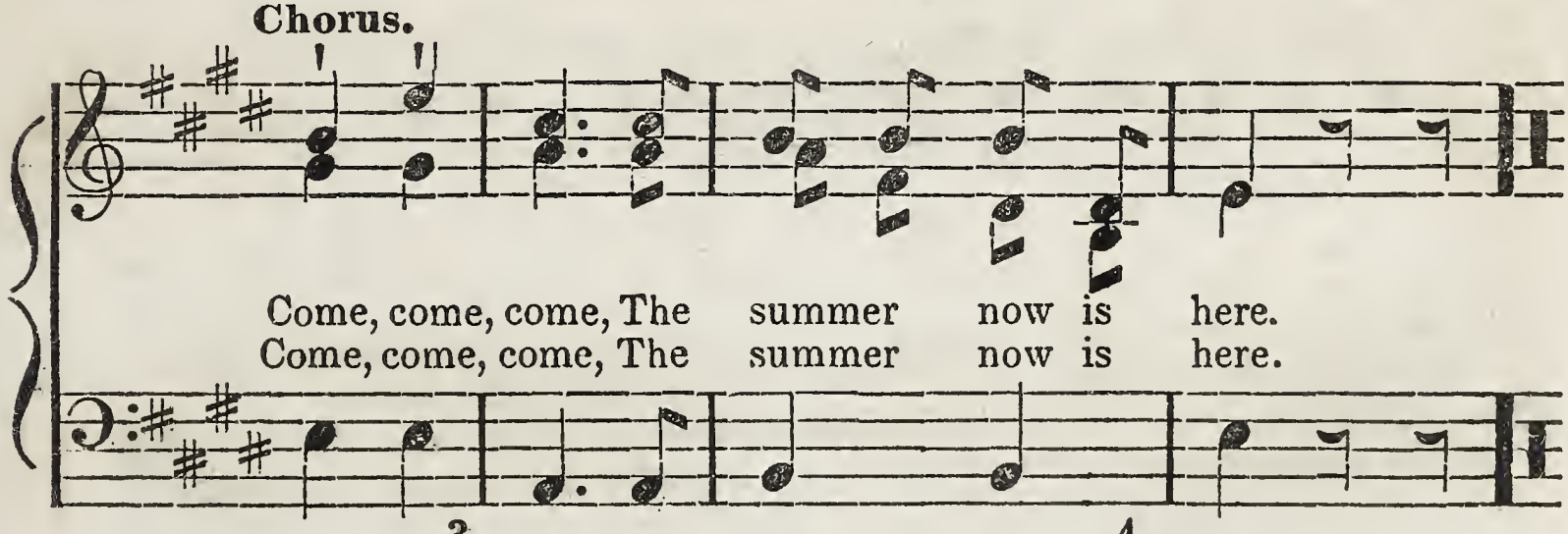
Burn, my soul with heavenly fire!
Soar above yon starry choir!
Thou art in his image made
Who these heavenly hosts arrayed!



Each swelling heart breaks forth in song
Of gratitude and praise;
Through all the groves the plumed throng
Pour forth their tuneful lays.
Each smiling flower the forest raises
In beauty blooms its silent praises,
Its praises—its rais

Mild zephyrs now breathe softly round,
The sky is calm and bright;
O'er flowery meadows lambkins bound
In robes of snowy white:
On every bank the bees are humming,
With sounds of joy the spring is coming,
Is coming—is coming.





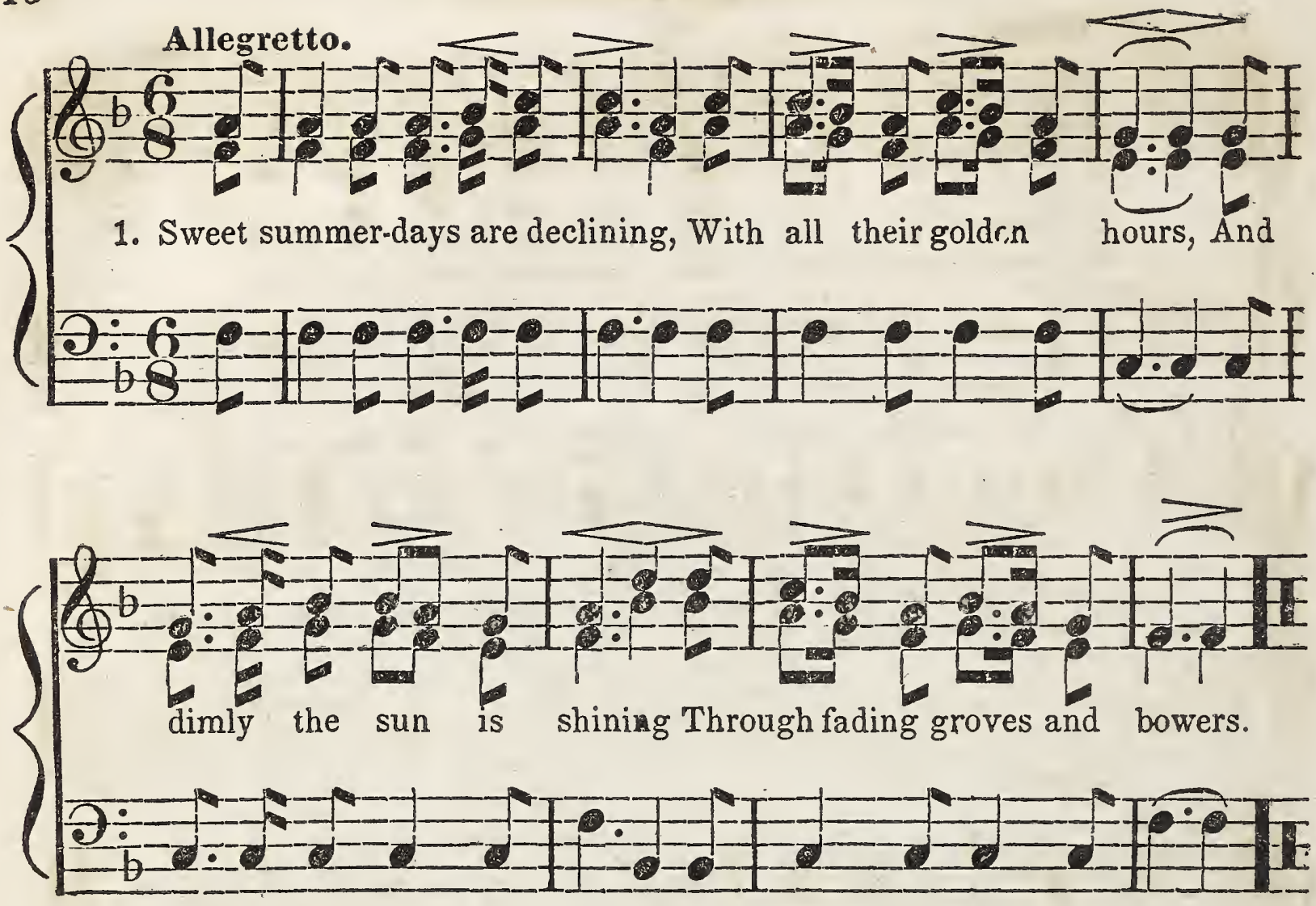
3

Come, come, come,
The summer now is here,
Come, ramble in the bushes,
And hear the merry thrushes.
Come, come, come,
The summer now is here.

4

Come, come, come,
The summer now is here,
Come out among the flowers,
And make some pretty bowers.
Come, come, come,
The summer now is here.

DEPARTURE OF SUMMER.



2

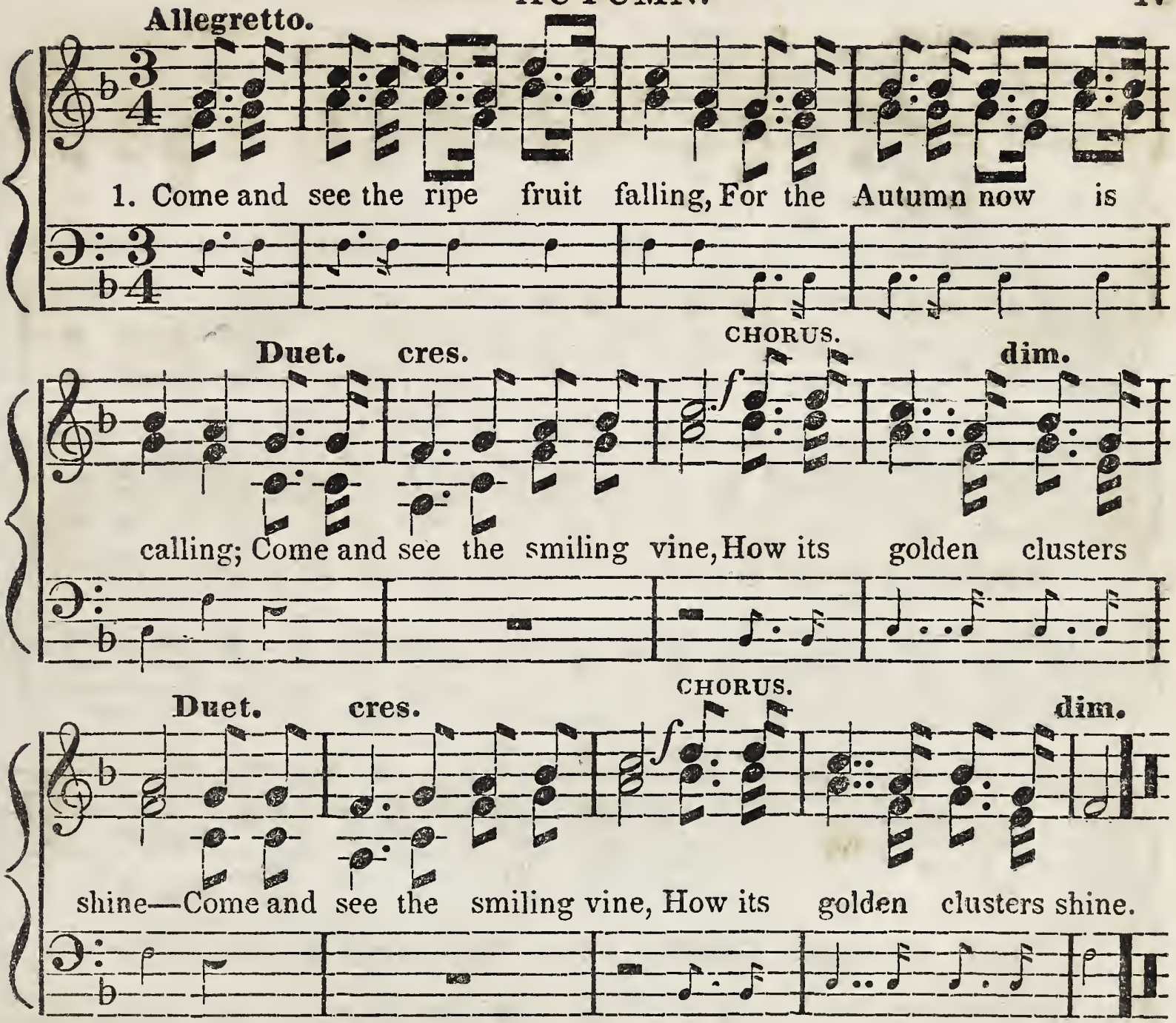
The woods that lately were ringing
Are silent now and lone;
The warblers have ceased their singing,
Sweet summer-birds are flown.

3

But spring, new beauties revealing
Will soon return again,
And brightly the sun will be shining
By mountain, grove and plain.

4

Come winter, then, we will greet thee,
Thy robes are pure and white:
Each blossom shall slumber sweetly
The long—long winter night.



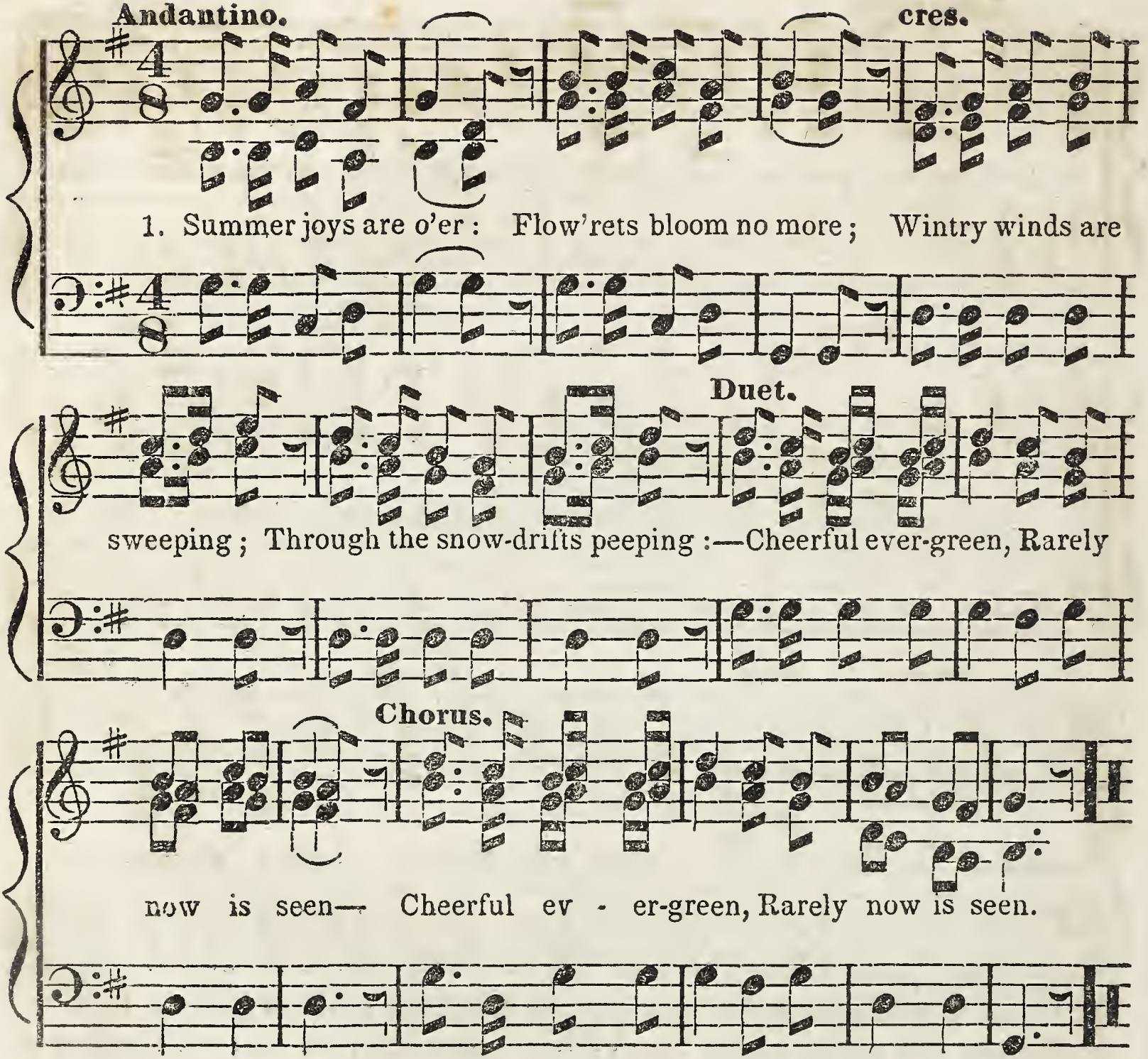
2 Come when morning smiling gaily
Drives the mists along the valley;
Come when first the distant horn,
Pealing wakes the joyful morn.

3 In the early morning hour
Ere the dew has left the bower,
In the ruddy, purple beam

4 Come and see the vineyards gleam.
Thou shalt feel a new-born pleasure
Gazing thus on autumn's treasure;
And thy joyful heart shall raise
Sweeter songs of grateful praise.

2

WINTER SONG.

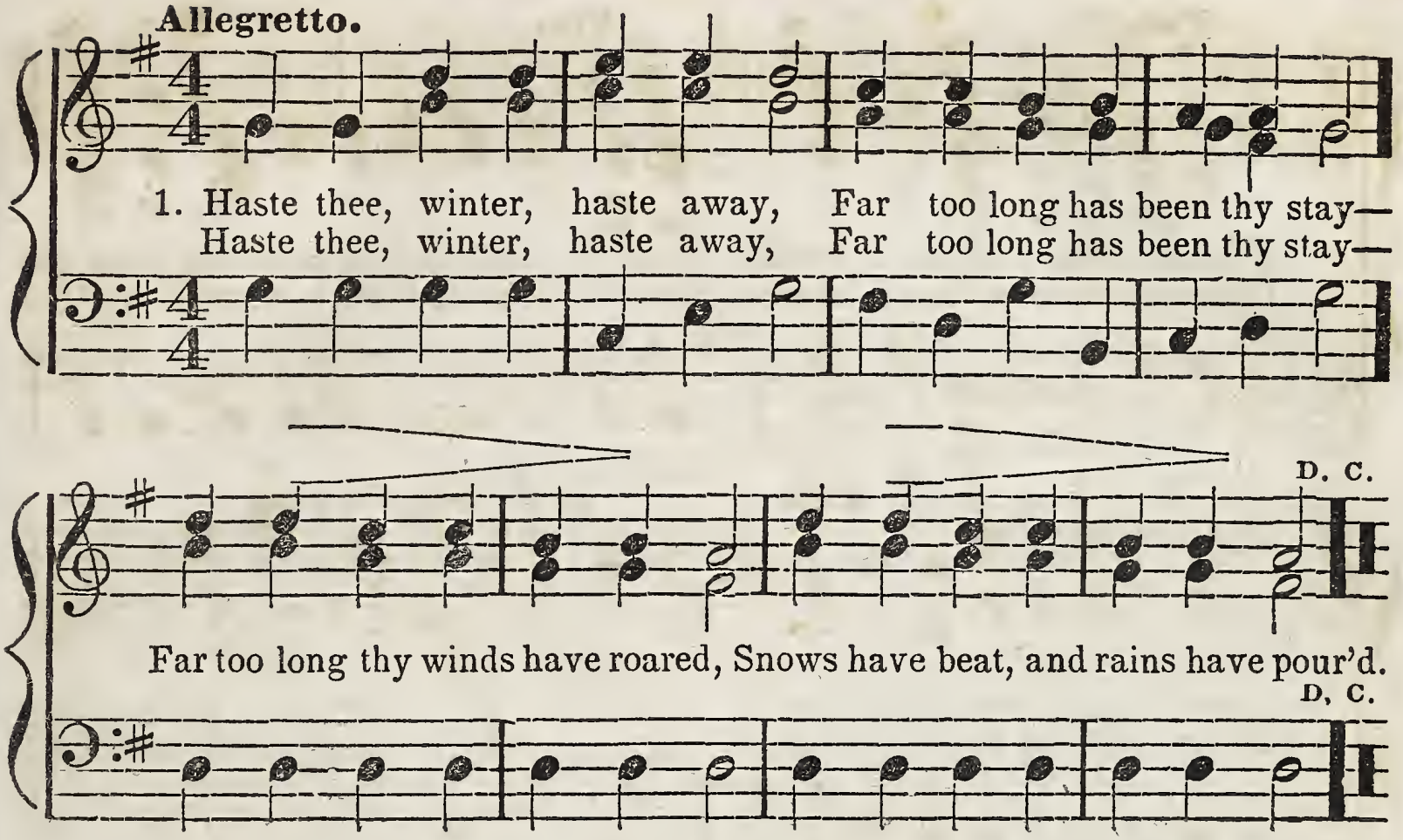


2

Now no plumed throng
Charm the woods with song;
Ice-bound trees are glittering,
Merry snow-birds, twittering,
Fondly strive to cheer
Scenes so cold and drear.

3

Winter, still I see
Many charms in thee,
Love thy chilly greeting,
Snow-storm fiercely beating,
And the dear delights
Of the long, long nights

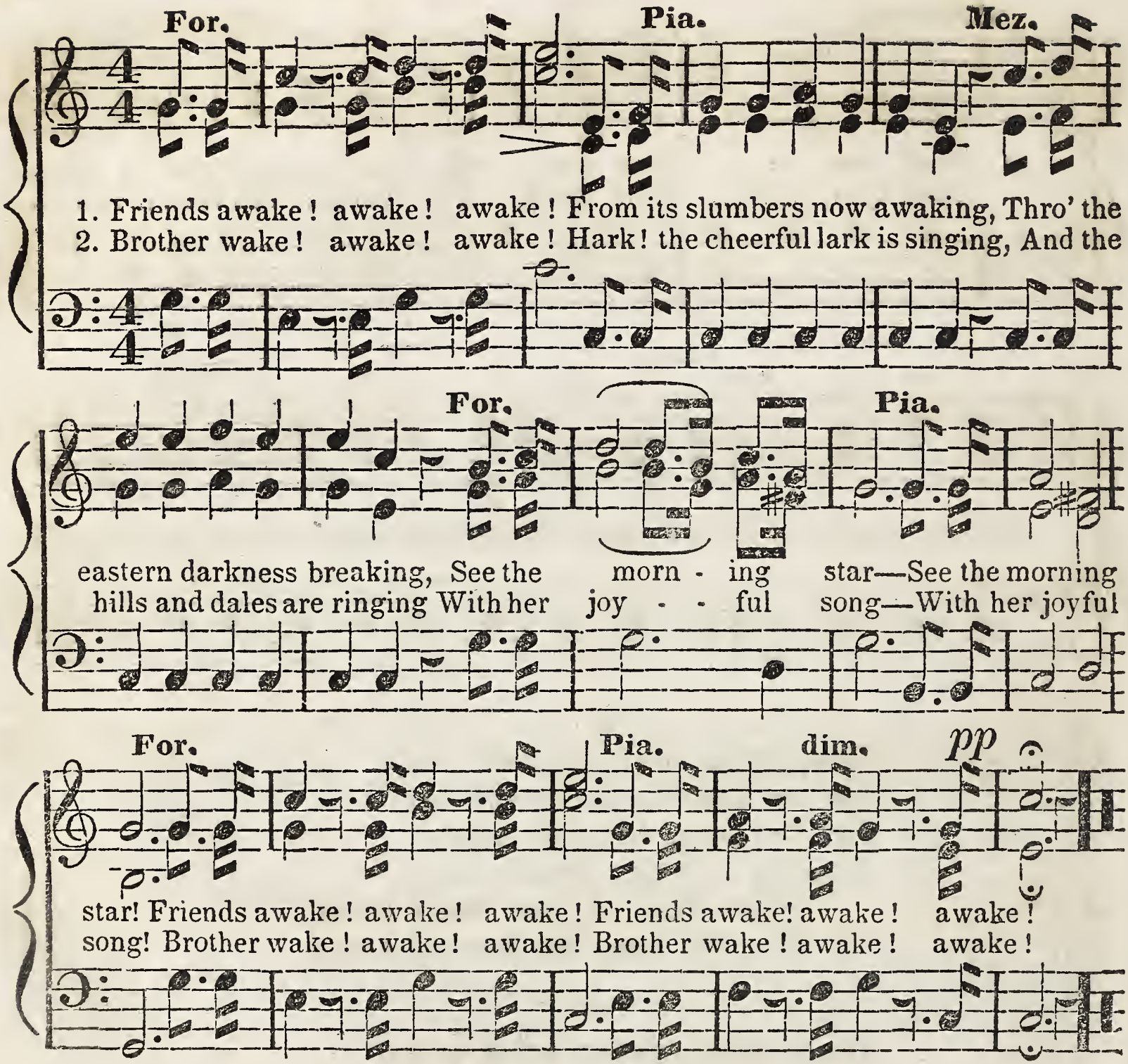


2

Haste thee, winter, haste away,
Let me feel the spring-tide ray ;
Let the fields be green again ;
Quickly end thy dreary reign.
Haste thee, winter, haste away,
Far too long has been thy stay.

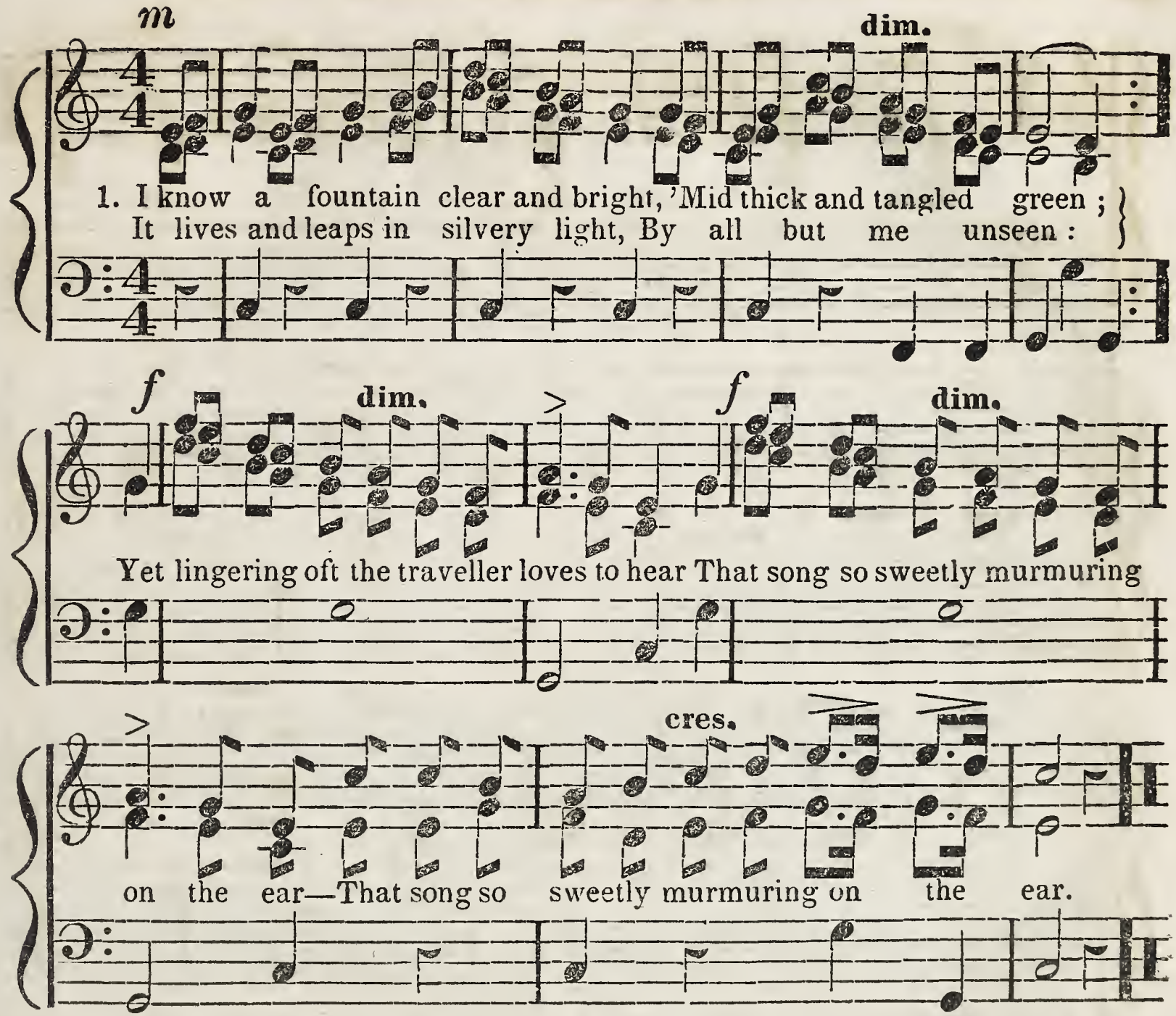
3

Haste thee, winter, haste away,
Let the spring come, bright and gay ;
Let thy chilling breezes flee,
Dreary winter, haste from me.
Haste thee, winter, haste away,
Far too long has been thy stay.



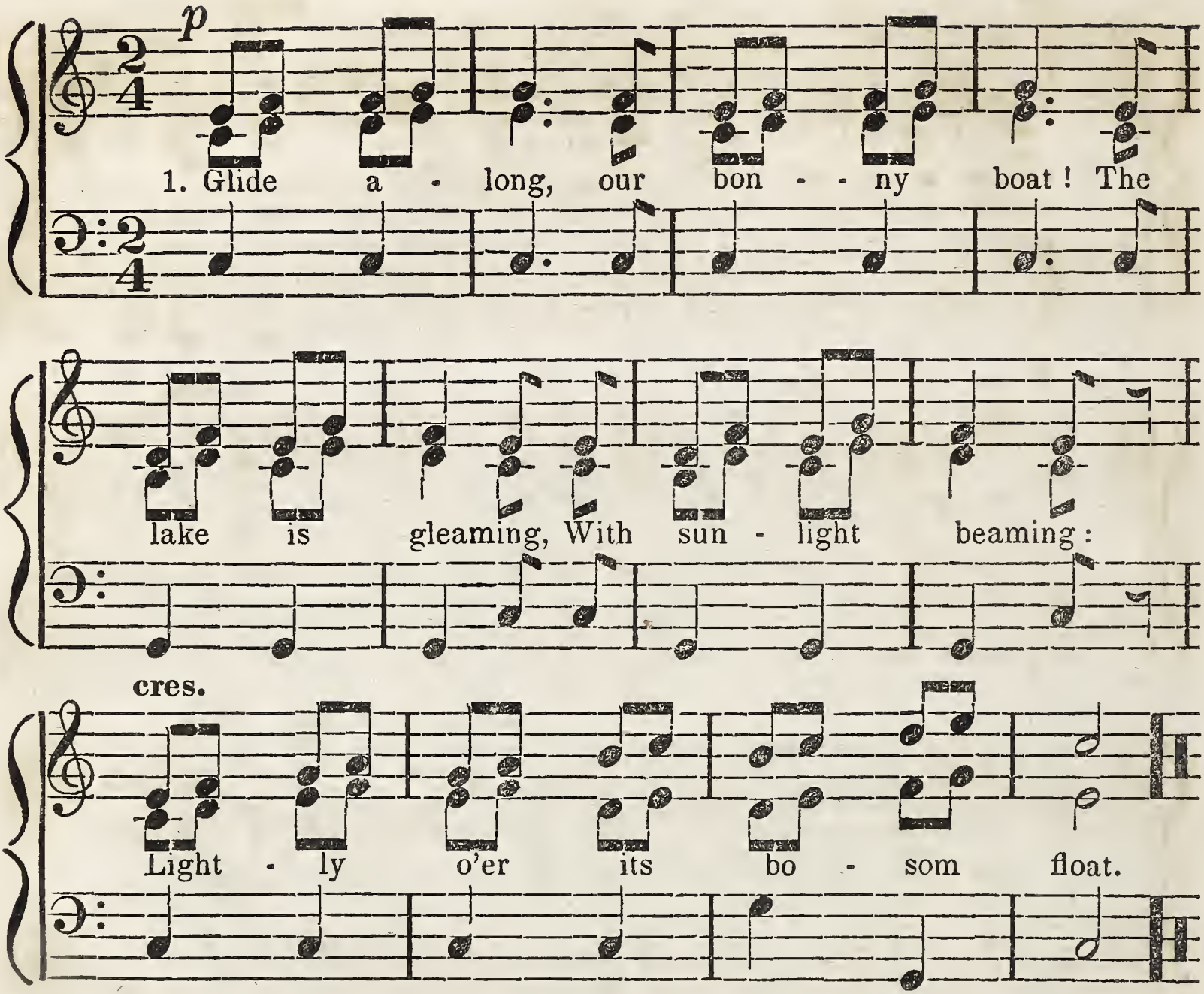
3. Sister wake ! awake ! awake !
Every thing is now reviving,
Every one around is striving
For some new delight—
Sister wake ! awake ! awake !
Sister wake ! awake ! awake !

4. All awake ! awake ! awake !
See the sun with splendor beaming,
O'er the distant waters streaming,
With his glorious light—
All awake ! awake ! awake !
All awake ! awake ! awake !



2

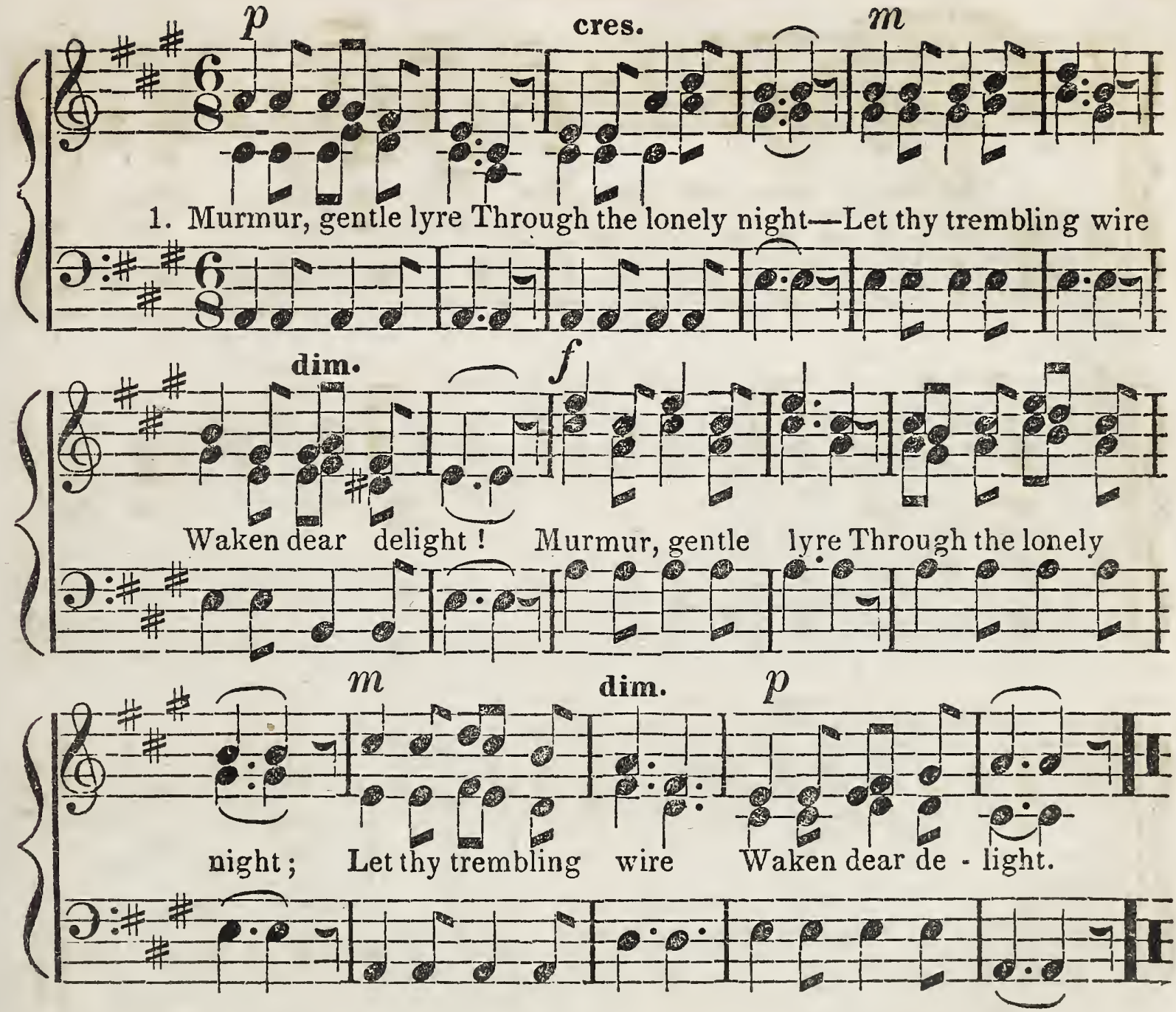
Sweet fount—how oft with thee I've played,
In softest summer's day ;
And loved to watch 'mid darksome cooling shade
Thy silvery waters stray.
Flow on, flow on, sweet fount ! and let me hear
Thy song so sweetly murmuring on my ear.



2 Now we speed our shining way,
Now rocking hither,
Now rocking thither,
O'er the waters, blithe and gay!

3 Flies the mist before the wind!
And while we glide
Along the tide,
How we leave the shore behind.

4 Onward then, our bonny boat!
All our hours
Are twined with flowers,
While we on the bright wave float.



2

Though the tones of sorrow
Mingle in thy strain,
Yet my heart can borrow
Pleasure from the pain.

3

Hark! the quivering breezes
List thy silvery sound—
Every tumult ceases,
Silence reigns profound.

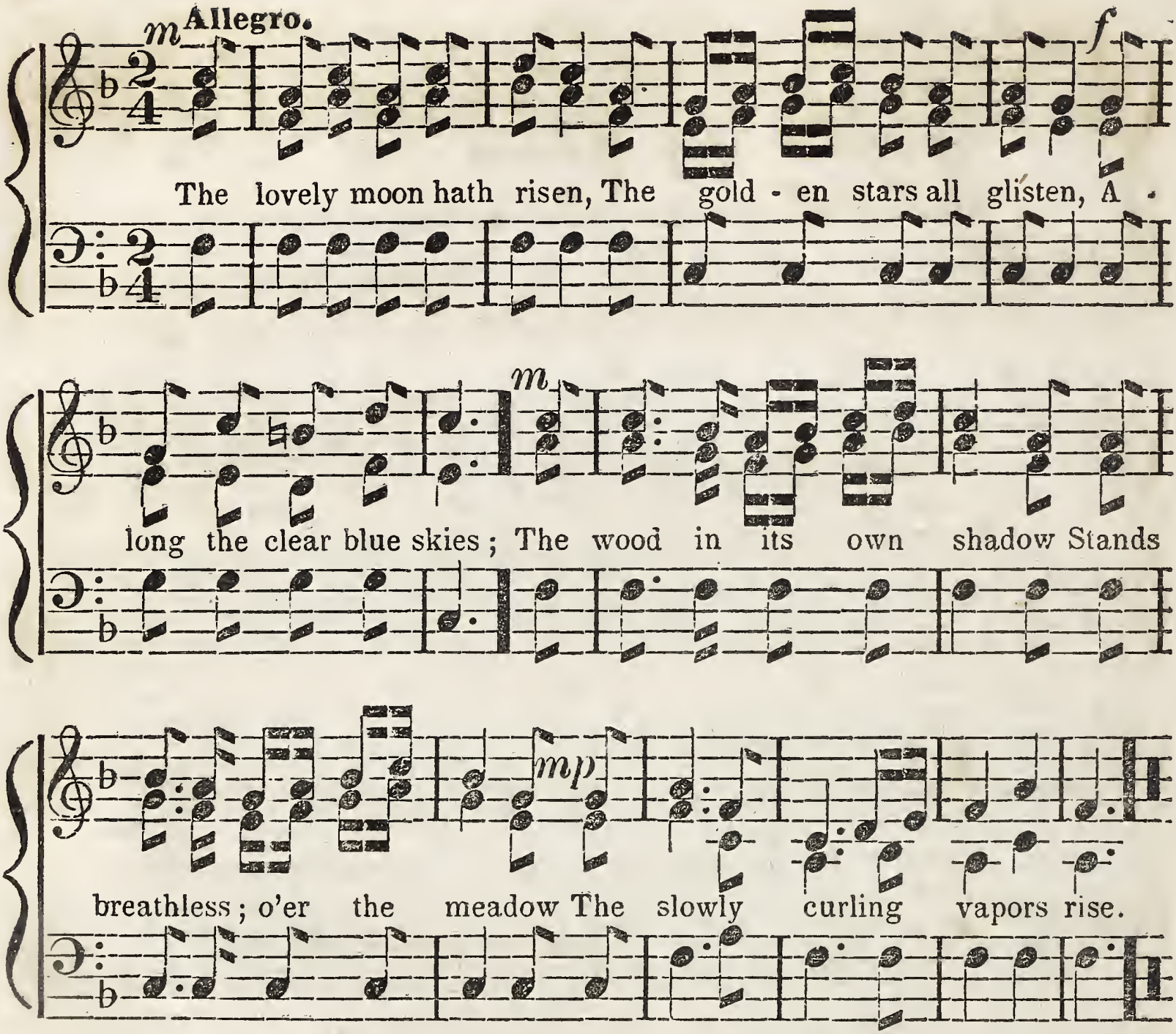
4

Hushed the thousand noises—
Gone the noon-day glare ;
Gentle spirit-voices
Stir the midnight air.

5

Earth below is sleeping,—
Meadow, hill, and grove ;
Angel stars are keeping
Silent watch above.

EVENING SONG.

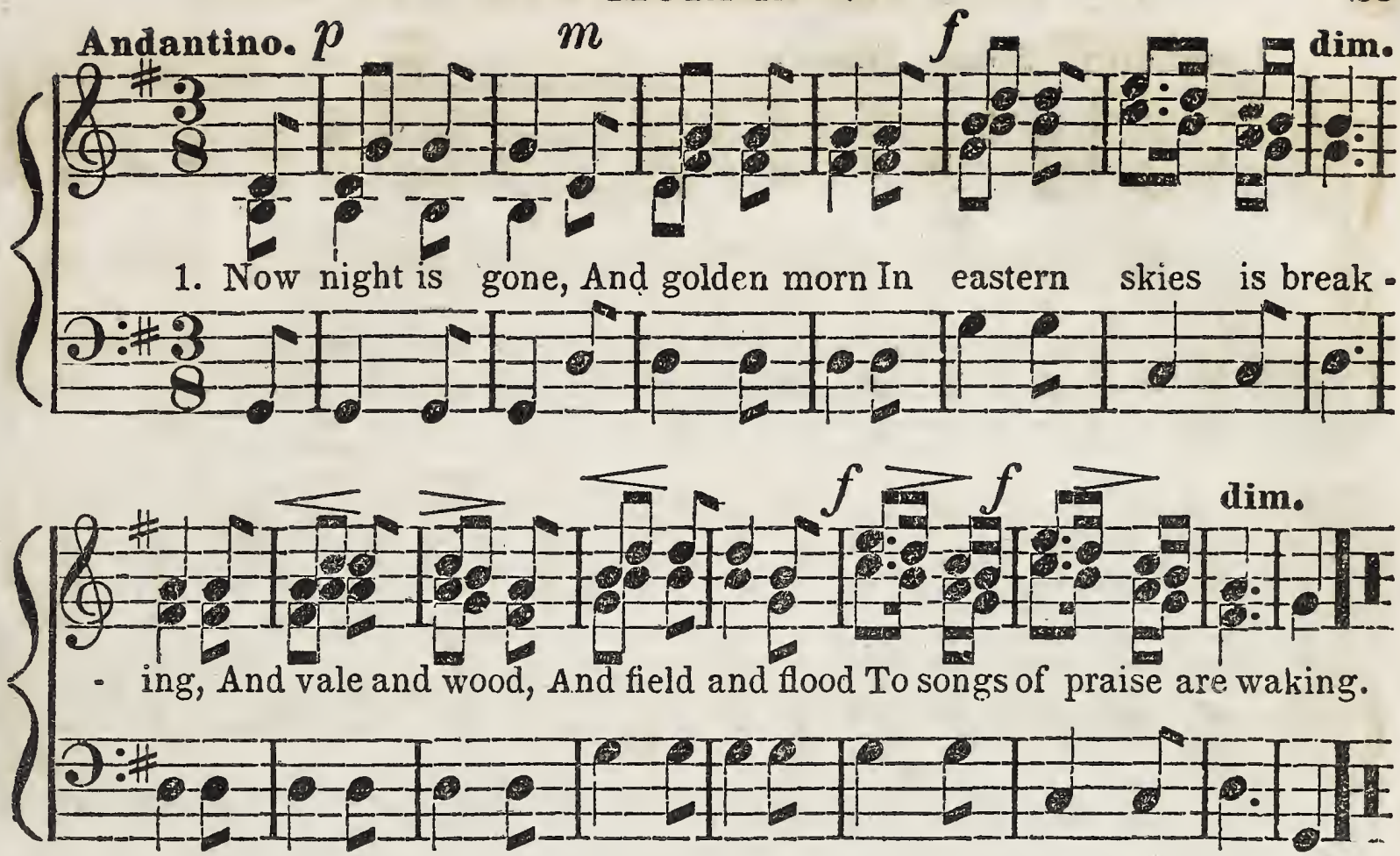


2

How still the world reposes,
While friendly o'er it closes
Soft twilight's mantle grey!
It seems a quiet chamber
Where free from fear and danger
We sweetly sleep our griefs away.

3

Then peacefully reclining,
To God our souls resigning,
Sleep on, sleep safely on!
Sweet slumber is a token
Of purer rest unbroken,
When this our earthly race is run.



2

How far away
To greet the day,
The lark is gaily singing;
On spangled green
The lambs are seen
O'er flowery meadows springing.

3

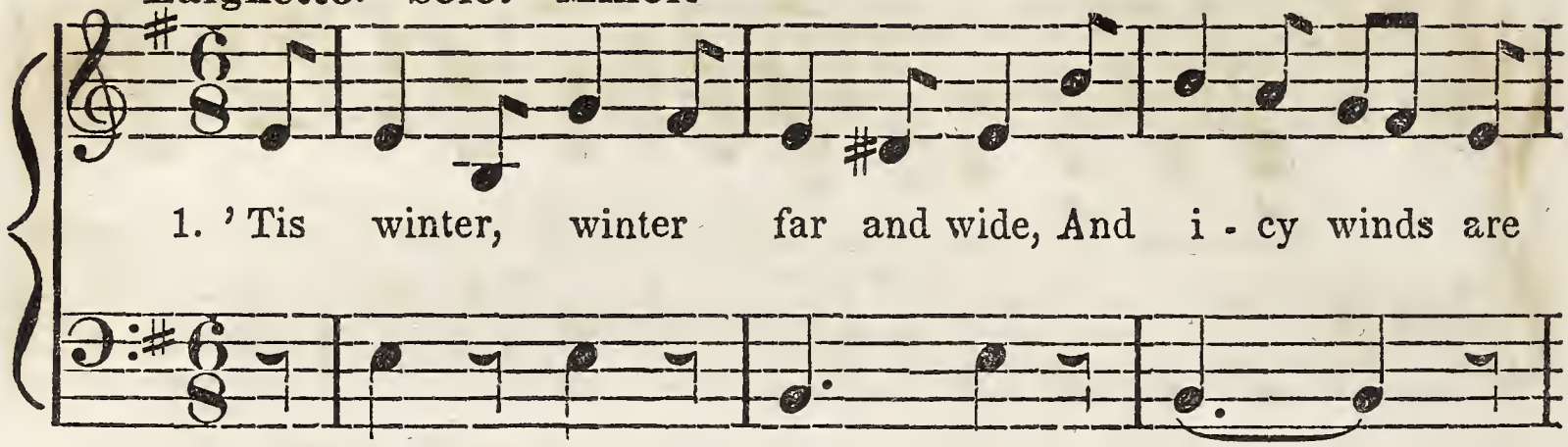
The woodlands 'round
With songs resound,
Each smiling plain rejoices;
And murmuring rills,
Among the hills
Praise God with thousand voices

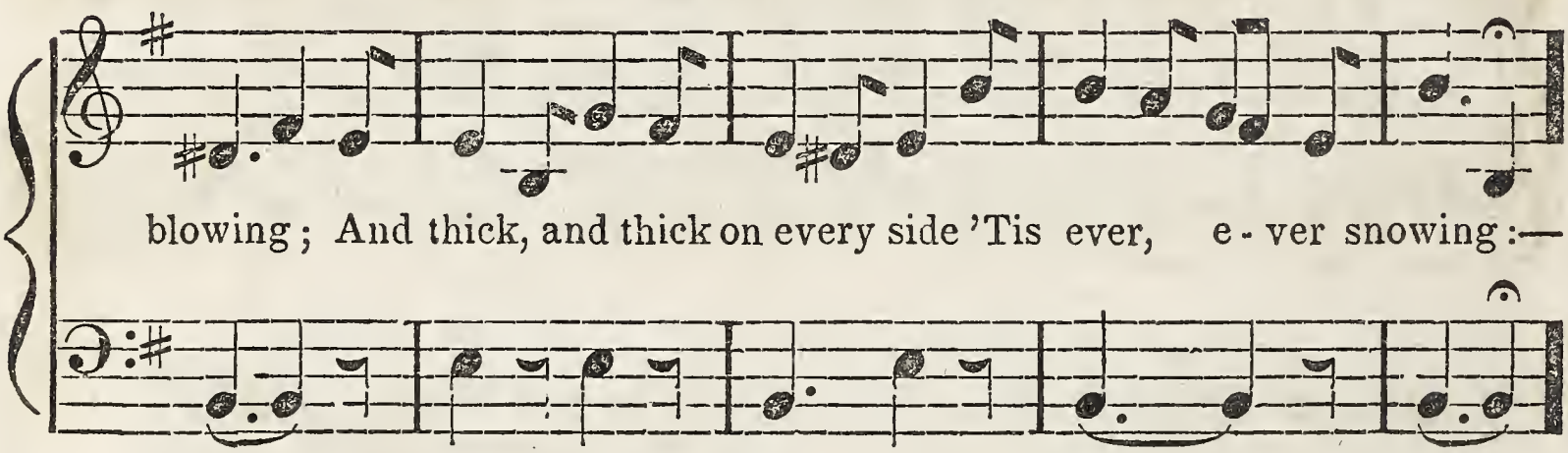
4

May he whose power,
Each morning hour
With thousand tongues is praising,
Grant us to prove
Our grateful love,
Each heart glad incense raising.

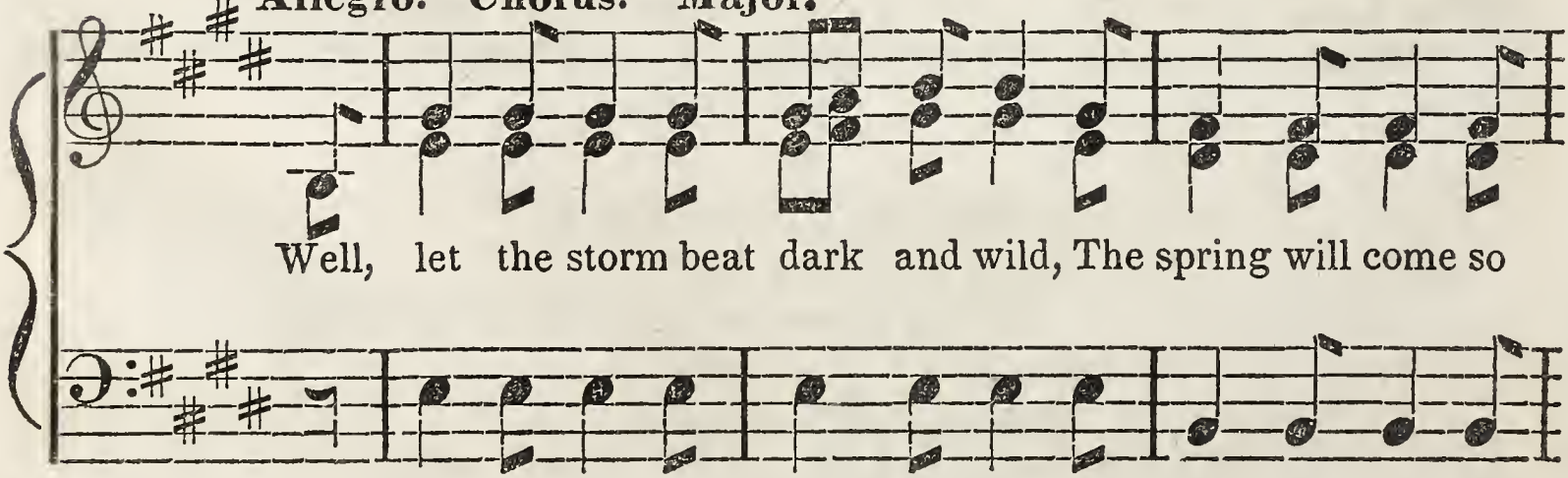
'TIS WINTER, WINTER FAR AND WIDE.

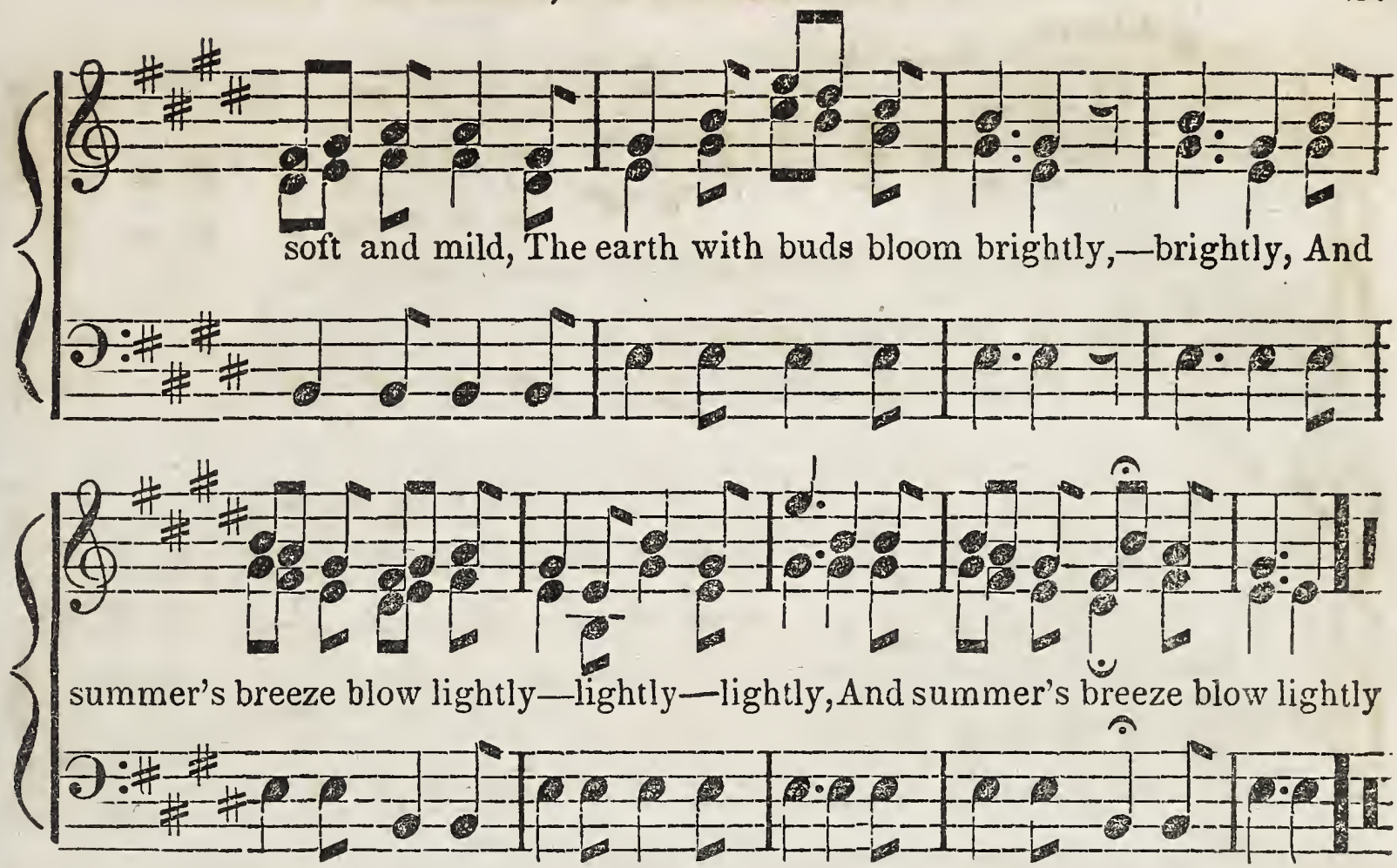
Larghetto. Solo. Minor.





Allegro. Chorus. Major.





2

How desolate the hill and field,
Away the flowers have hasted;
To winter's blast their beauties yield,
And all their charms are wasted :—
The trees will soon again be green,
The beauteous flowers again be seen
The earth with buds, &c.

3

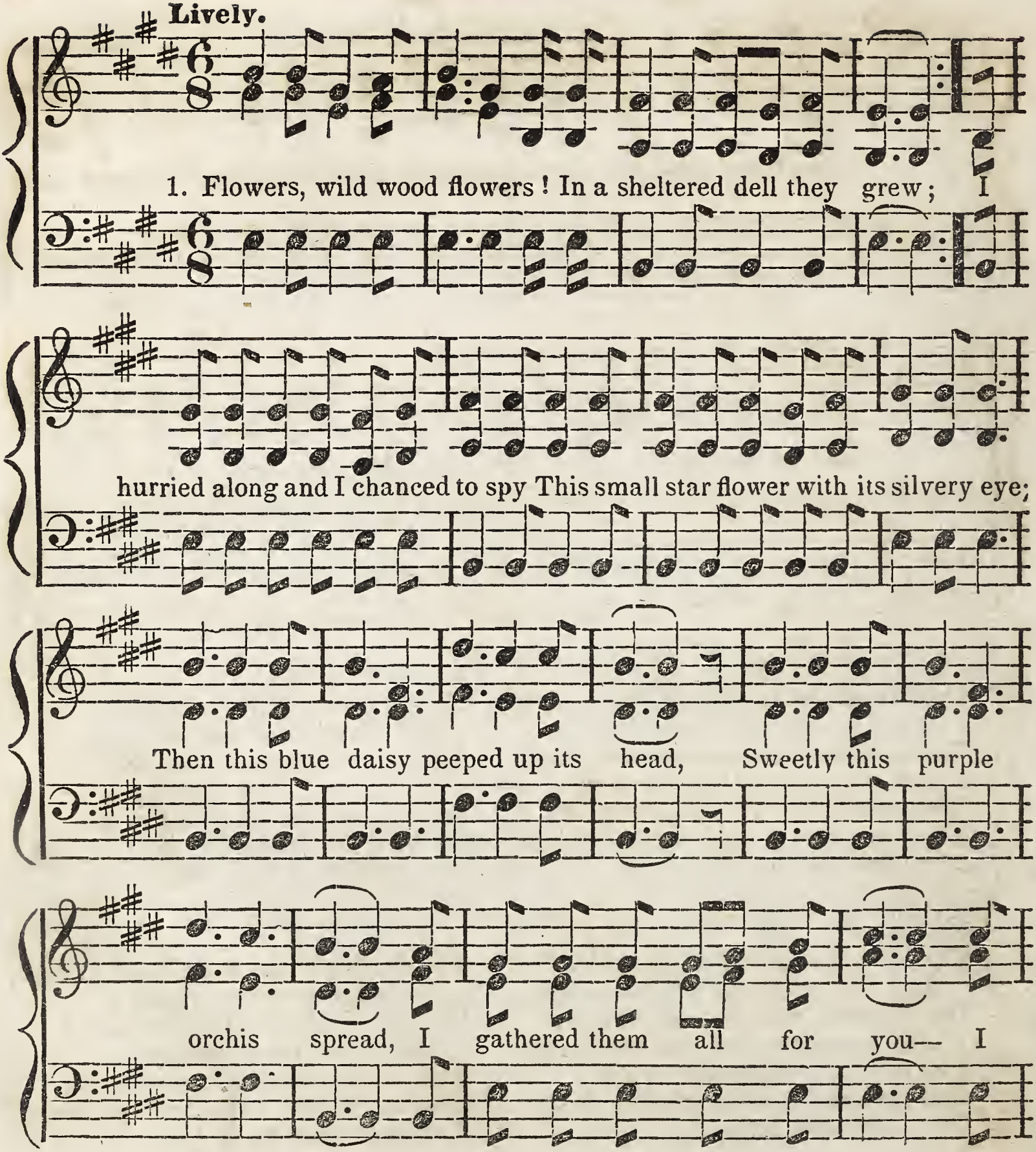
The stream is frozen in the vale,
And still the insect's thrumming;
Oh, where is now the nightingale,
And where the bee, soft humming?
The waterfall will wake again,
And bird and bee renew their strain;
The earth with buds, &c.

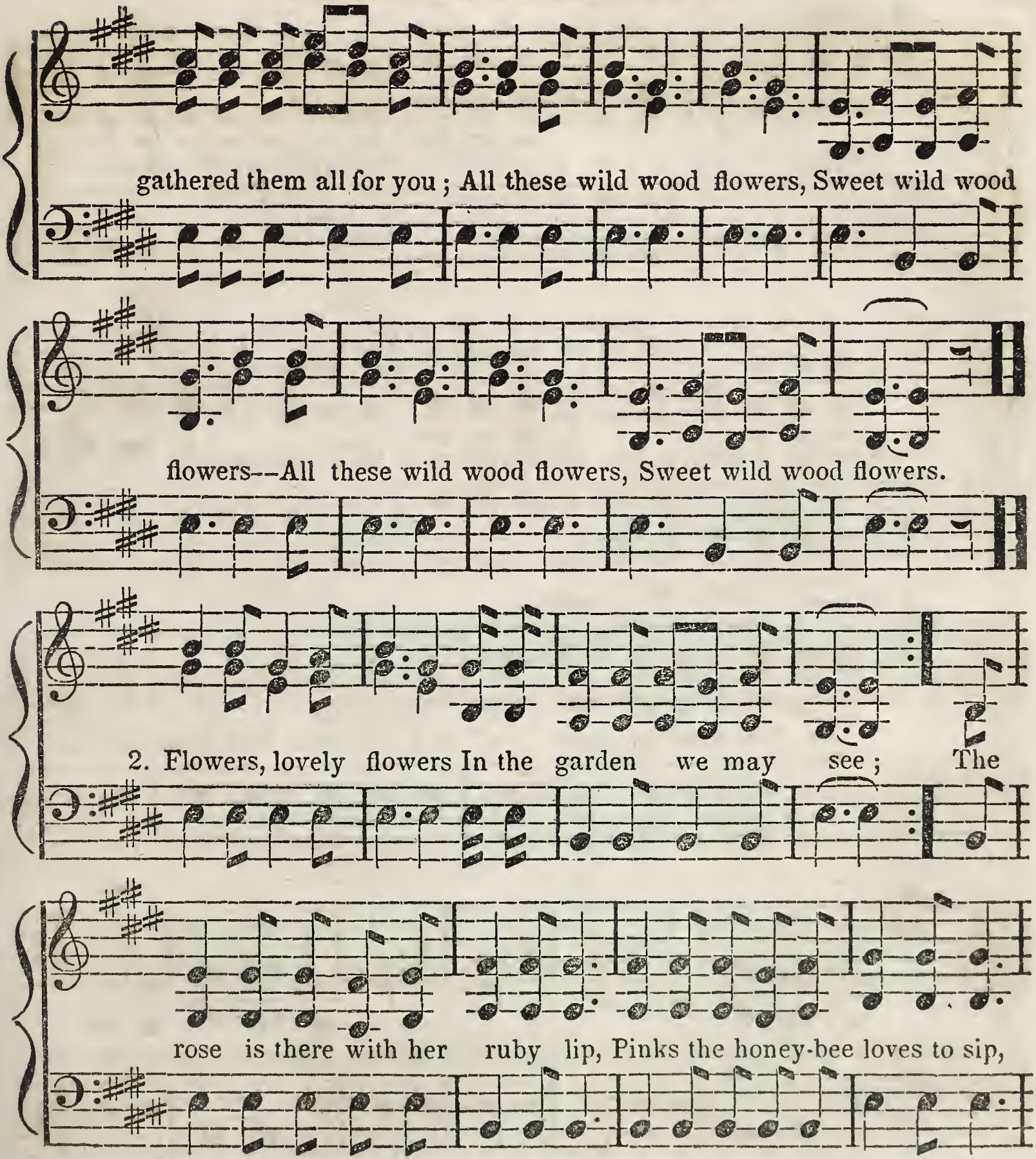
4

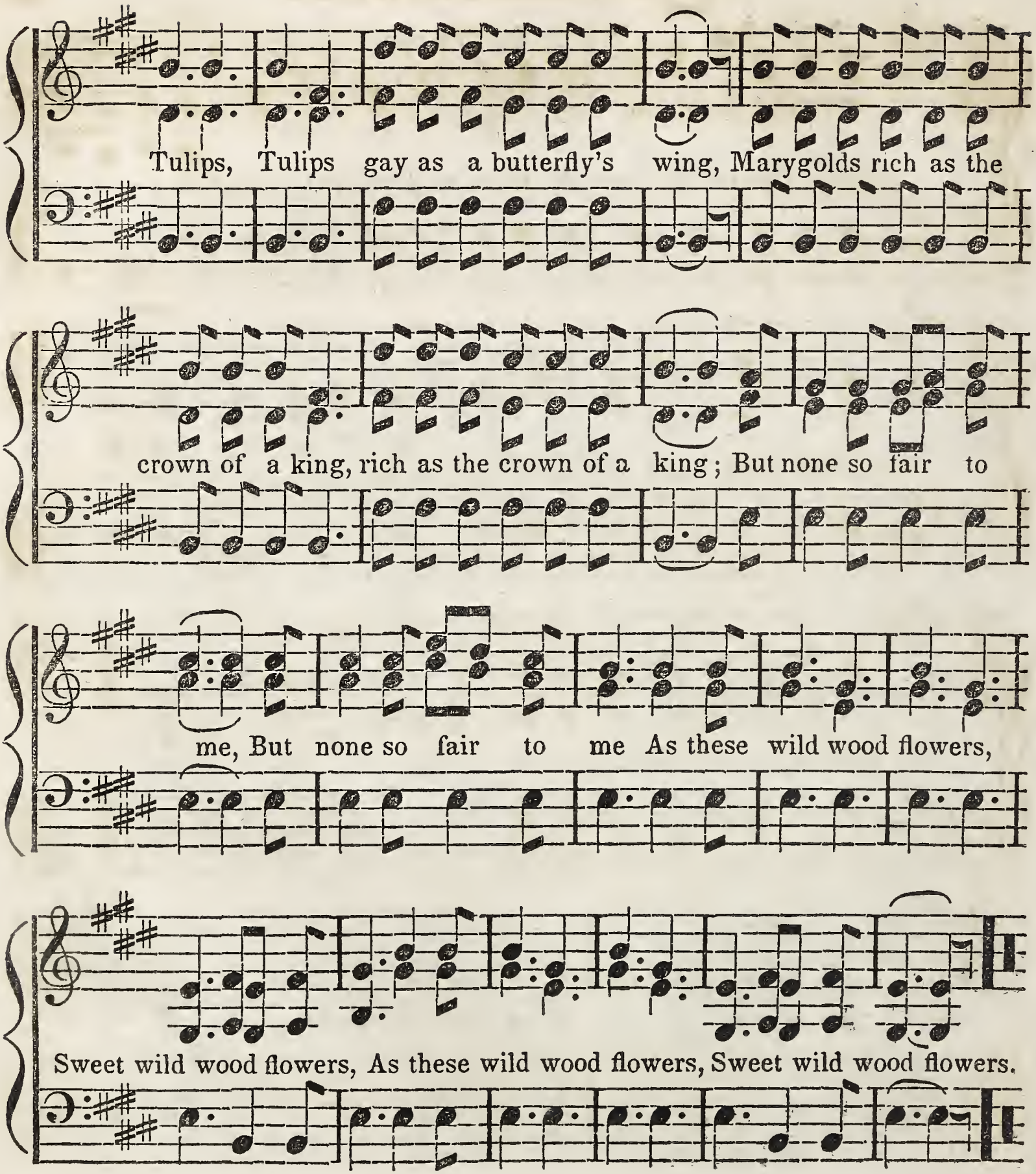
Oh, dark and chilly is the night,
And long before the dawning;
As if it were the sun's delight,
To rob us of the morning :-
We care not for the night so long,
For soon will come the days of song,
The earth with buds, &c.

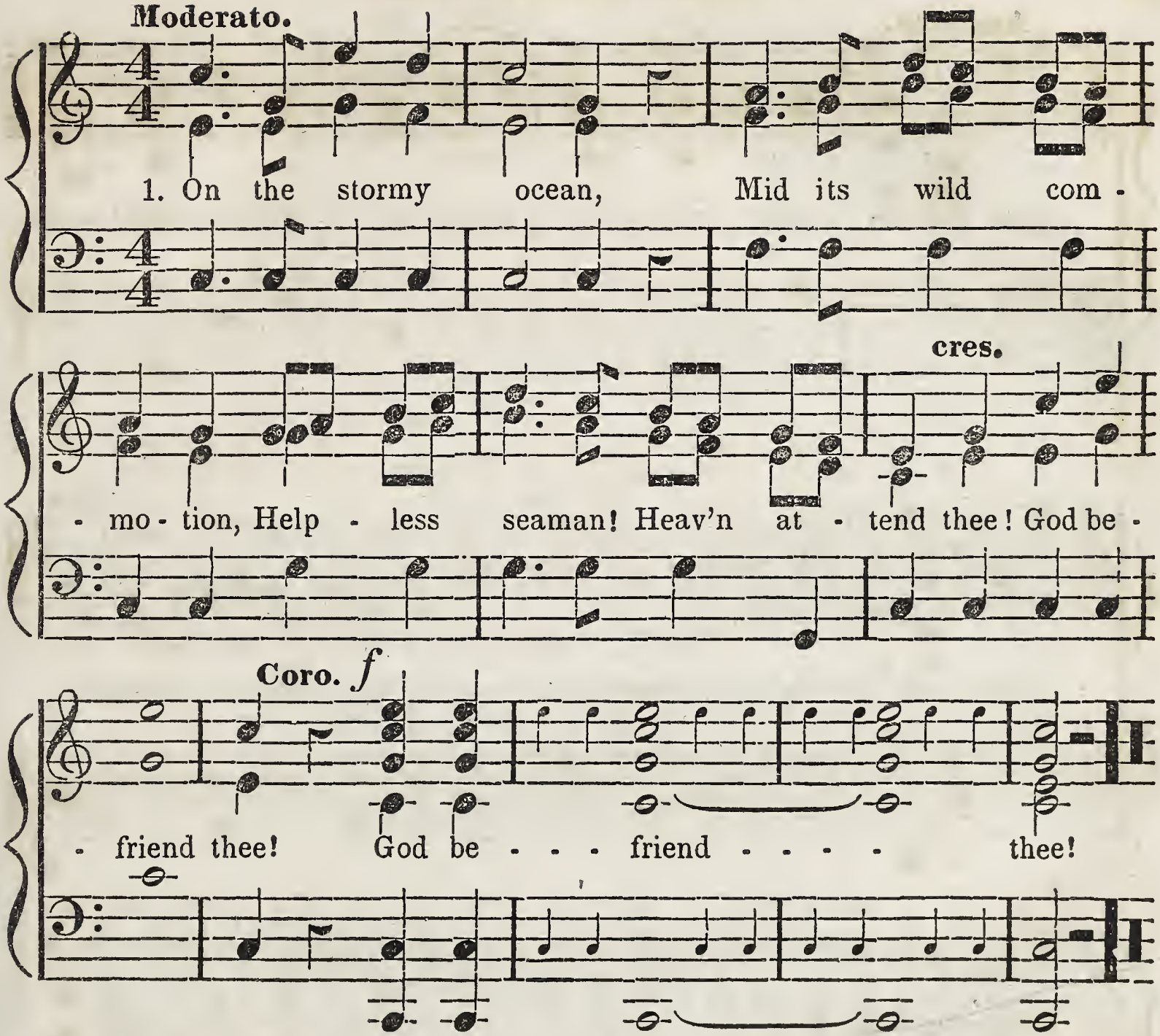
5

The chilling frost conceals the ground,
And snow so deep is lying;
Without a pleasant sight or sound,
The day of life is flying:
The stormy wind will pass away,
And warm will be the spring-tide ray,
The earth with buds, &c.


Lively.
1. Flowers, wild wood flowers! In a sheltered dell they grew; I
hurried along and I chanced to spy This small star flower with its silvery eye;
Then this blue daisy peeped up its head, Sweetly this purple
orchis spread, I gathered them all for you— I


gathered them all for you ; All these wild wood flowers, Sweet wild wood
flowers--All these wild wood flowers, Sweet wild wood flowers.
2. Flowers, lovely flowers In the garden we may see ; The
rose is there with her ruby lip, Pinks the honey-bee loves to sip,


Tulips, Tulips gay as a butterfly's wing, Marygolds rich as the
crown of a king, rich as the crown of a king; But none so fair to
me, But none so fair to me As these wild wood flowers,
Sweet wild wood flowers, As these wild wood flowers, Sweet wild wood flowers.

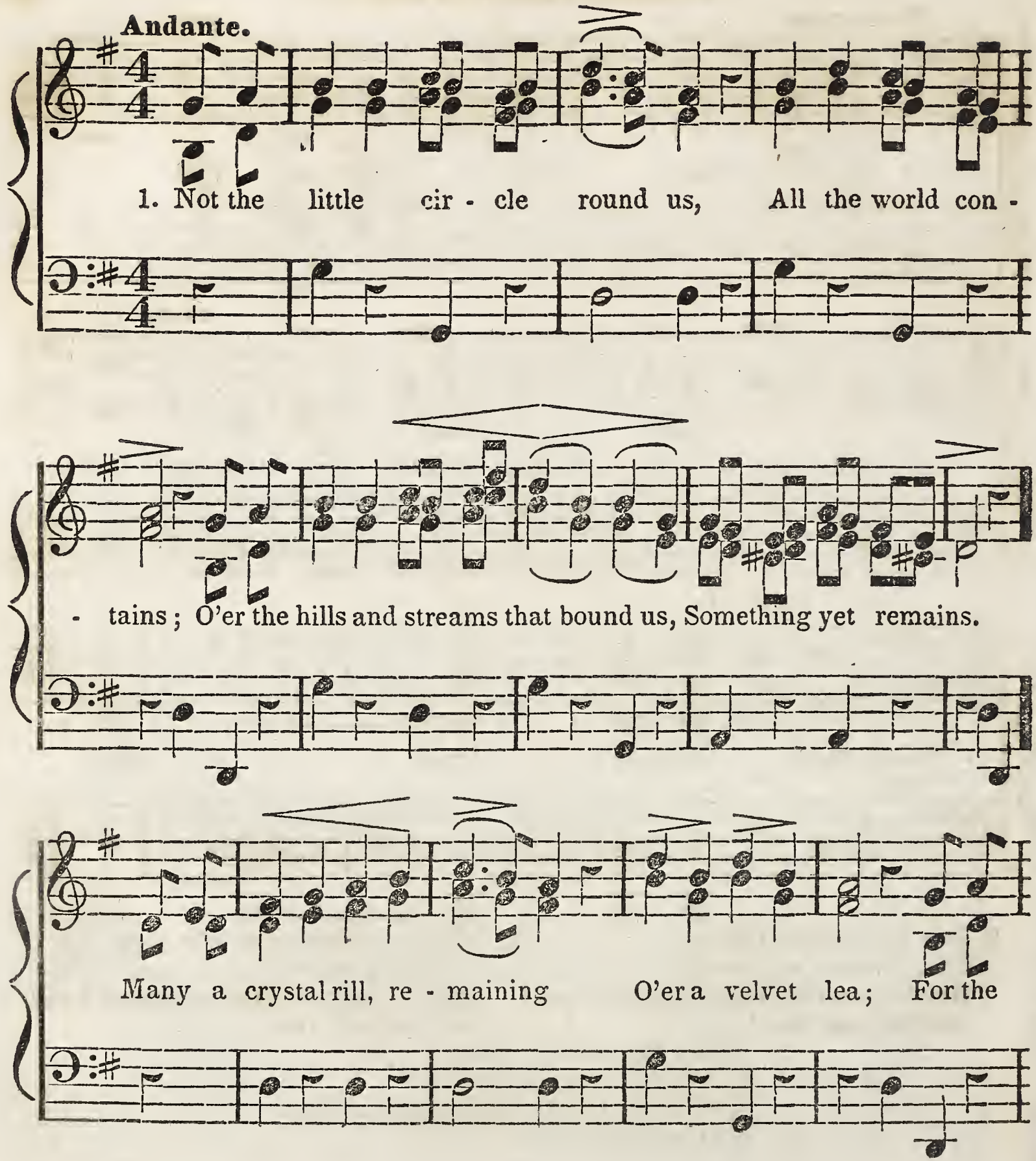


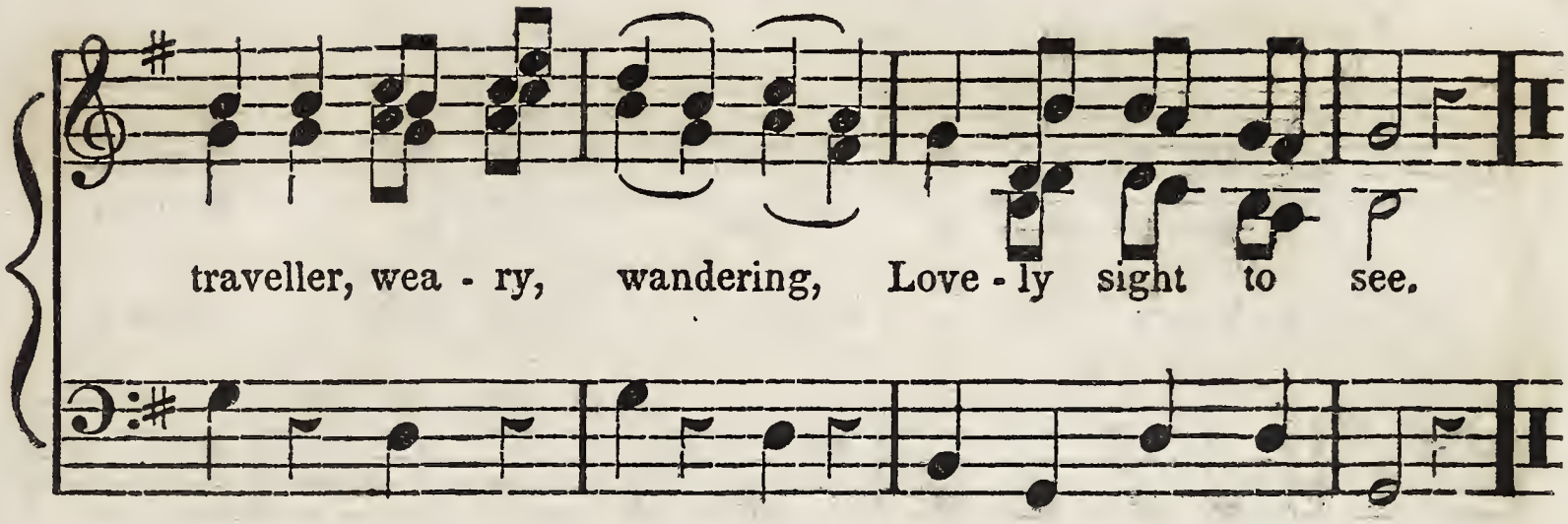
2. O'er life's ocean dreary,
Faint, forlorn and weary,
Helpless mortal! Heaven attend thee!
God befriend thee!

3. When no star smiles o'er thee,
Frowning waves before thee,
Child of sorrow! Heaven attend thee!
God befriend thee!

4

When the gloomy billow
Seems thy dying pillow,
Trembling spirit! Heaven attend thee!
God befriend thee!


Andante.
1. Not the little cir - cle round us, All the world con -
- tains; O'er the hills and streams that bound us, Something yet remains.
Many a crystal rill, re - maining O'er a velvet lea; For the



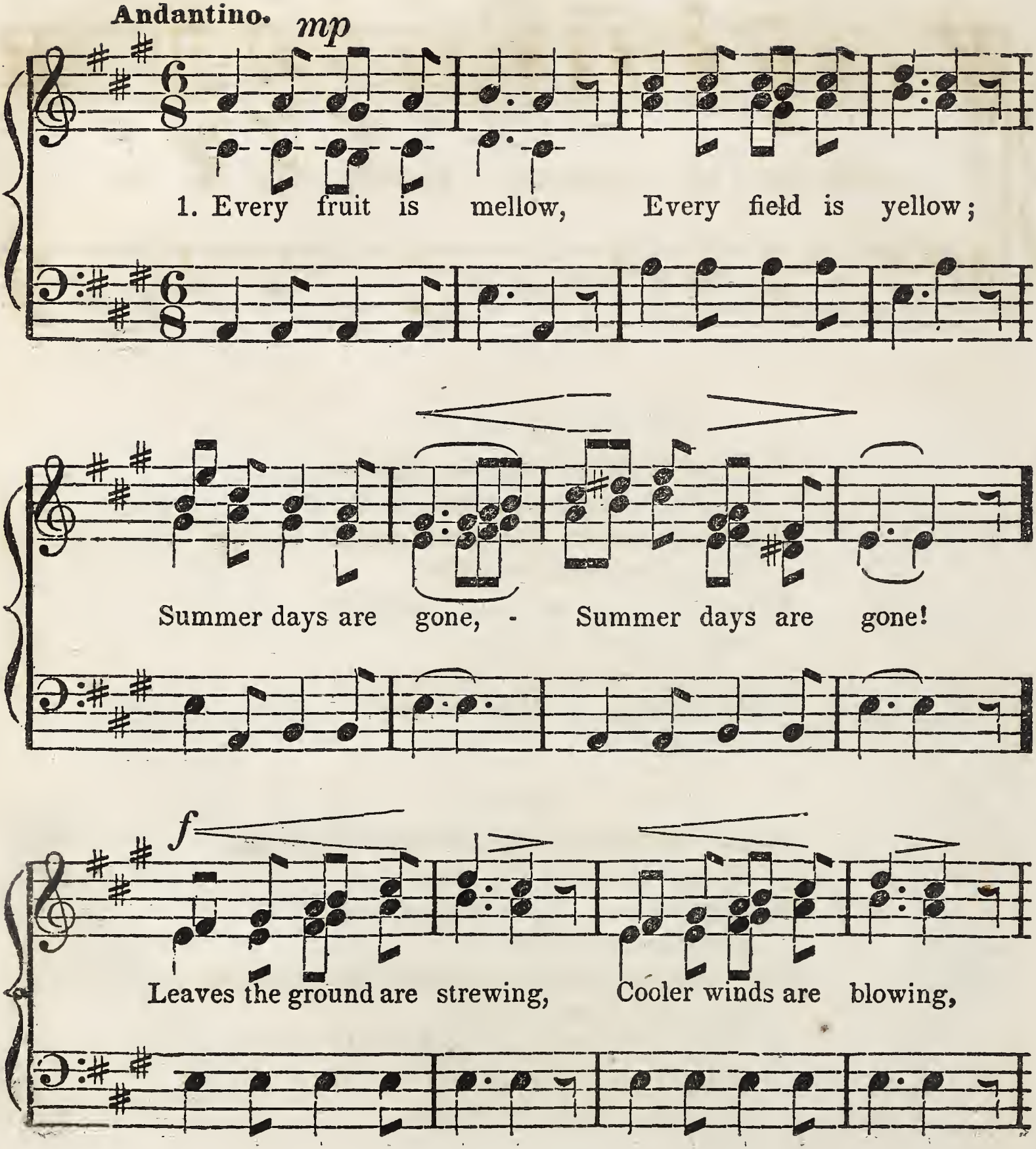
2

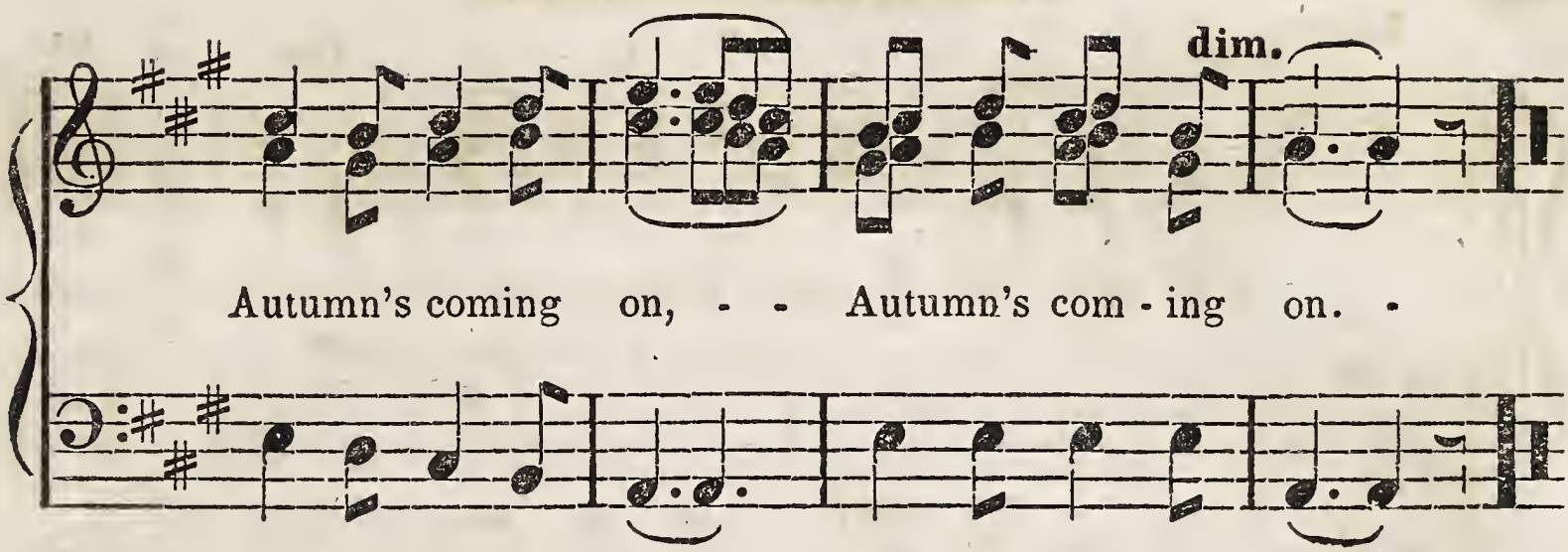
Verdant hills and forests waving,
On the mountain-side;
Running brooks the green banks laving
With their mimic tide:
Rivers vast, in torrents pouring
Into boundless deep,
See, lit up at sunset, showering
Fire-flakes, as they sweep.

3

Round wild breakers, fiercely dashing,
Foams the stormy sea;
In fair havens, lightly flashing,
Surges die away.
O'er yon tall heights, mantling proudly,
Rise yet many more:
O'er yon ocean, roaring loudly
Others loudly roar.

HARVEST SONG.





2

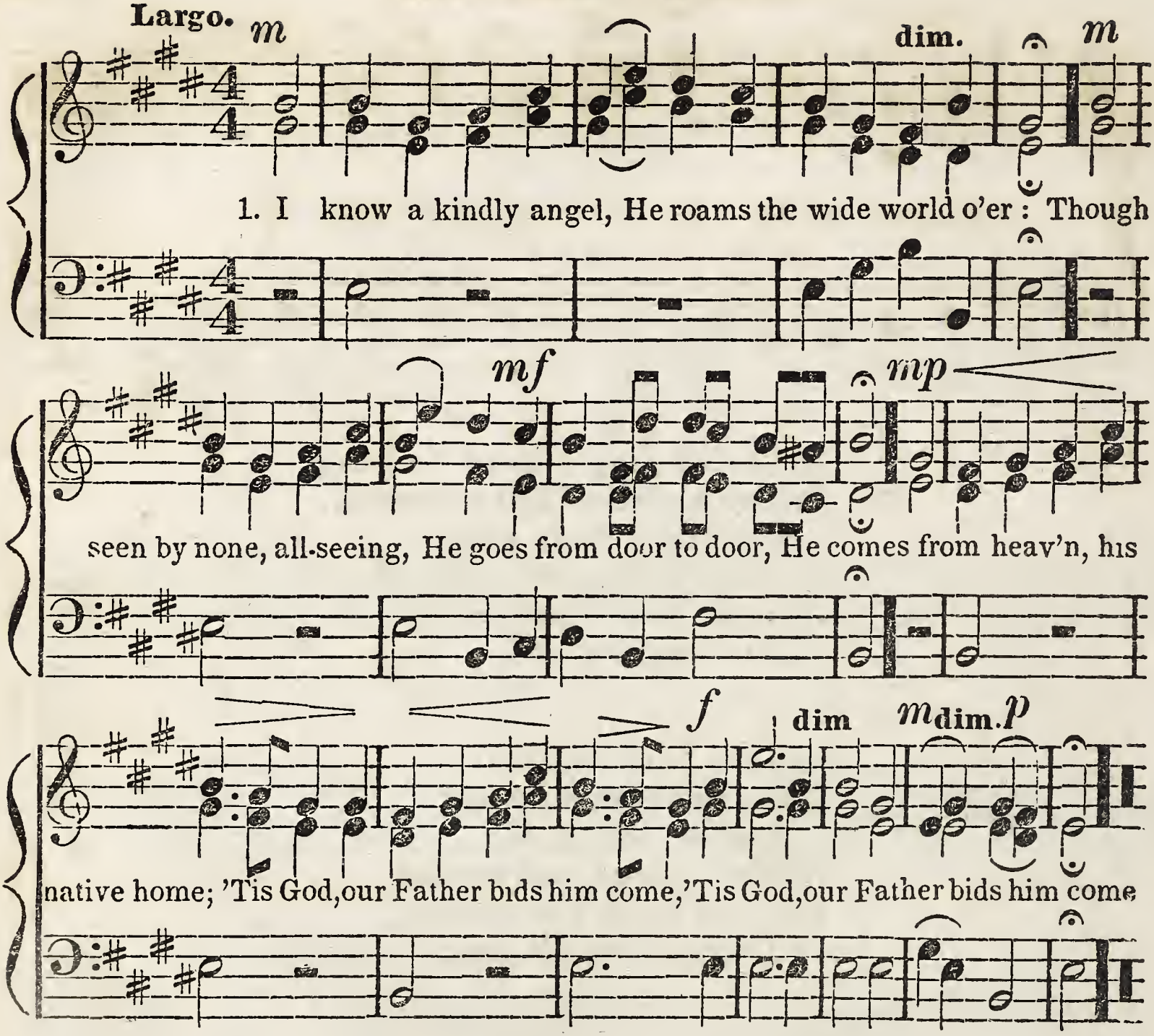
Clustered grapes hang sleeping
Where the wind soft creeping,
Lifts their leafy shade:
See the wall-pears ripening,
Golden colored deepening
Into blushing red.

3

See the busy maiden
With her basket laden!
Apricot and plum;
Golden quince, and berries,
Red and black she carries,
Tripping lightly home.

4

Every fruit is mellow,
Every field is yellow,
Summer days are gone!
Leaves the ground are strewing,
Cooler winds are blowing,
Autumn has begun.

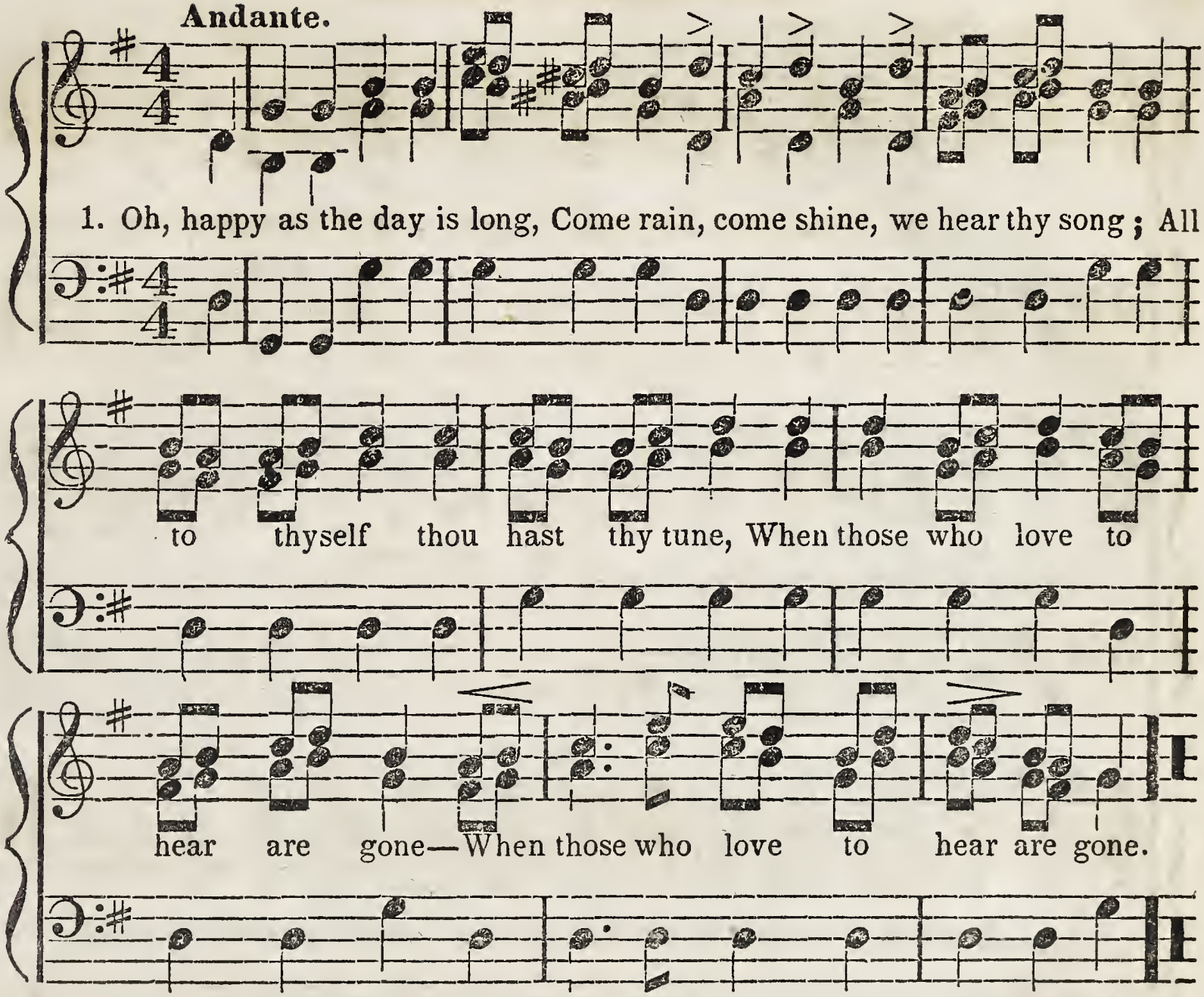


2

Where'er in all his wand'rings,
He finds a gentle child,
The joy of friends and parents,
So patient, good, and mild ;
In that bright home he long will dwell,
And bless the child he loves so well.

3

All day he'll smile so sweetly,
And then when night draws nigh
Will bid him softly slumber
And close his weary eye ;
And watch through all the silent night,
Around his couch till morning light.



2

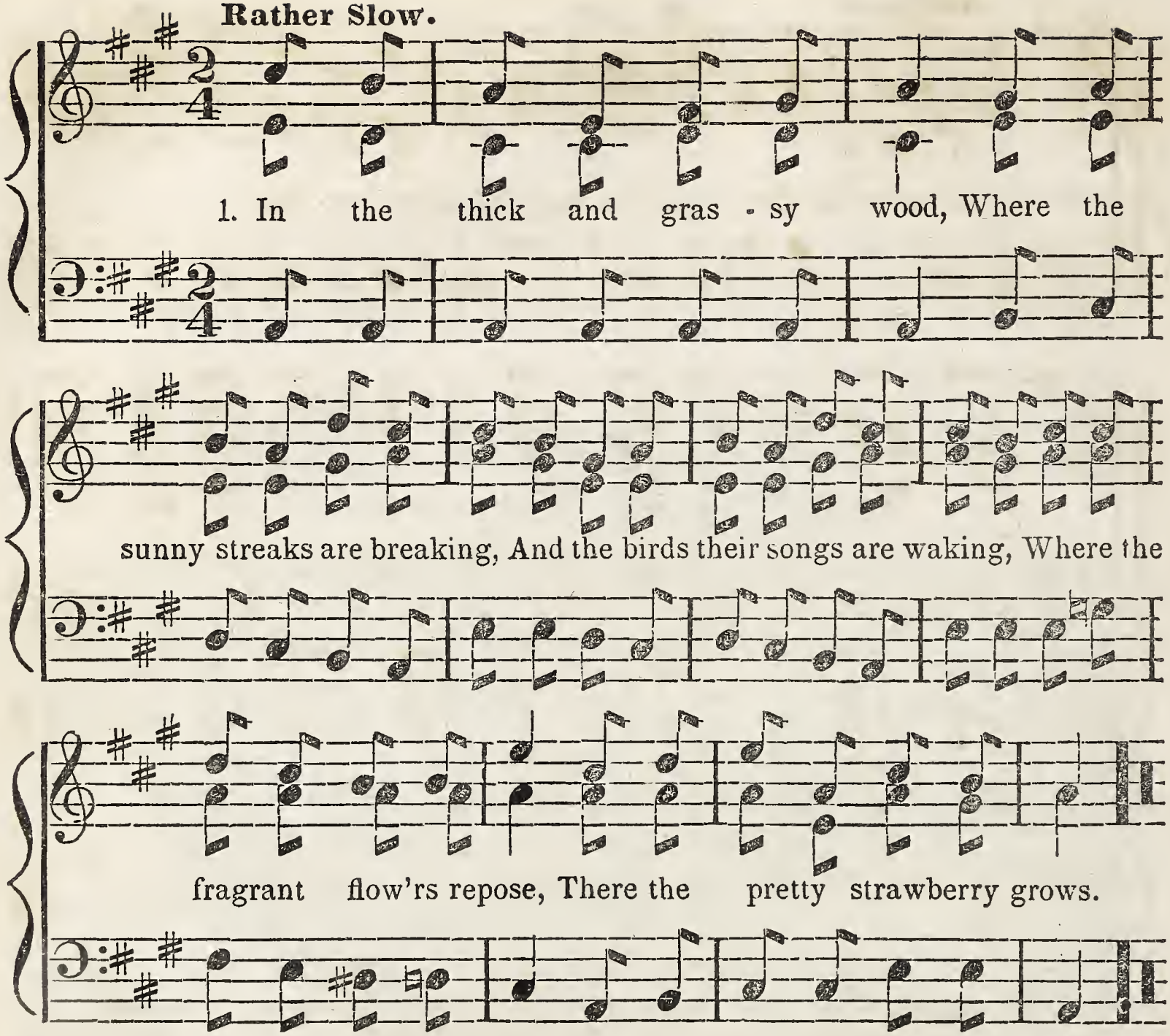
Thy pleasant thoughts are with thee still,
They quickly come when thou dost will ;
And, self-amused, thou 'st never known,
What 'tis to be left all alone.

3

Oh lovely child so bright and free,
Must this cold world e'er narrow thee?
No ! thou may'st live an endless youth,
If thou wilt early love the truth.

4

Then shrink from nothing but the wrong,
So thou shalt never want a song ;
Sweet thoughts will ev'n unbidden start
While thou dost keep a simple heart.

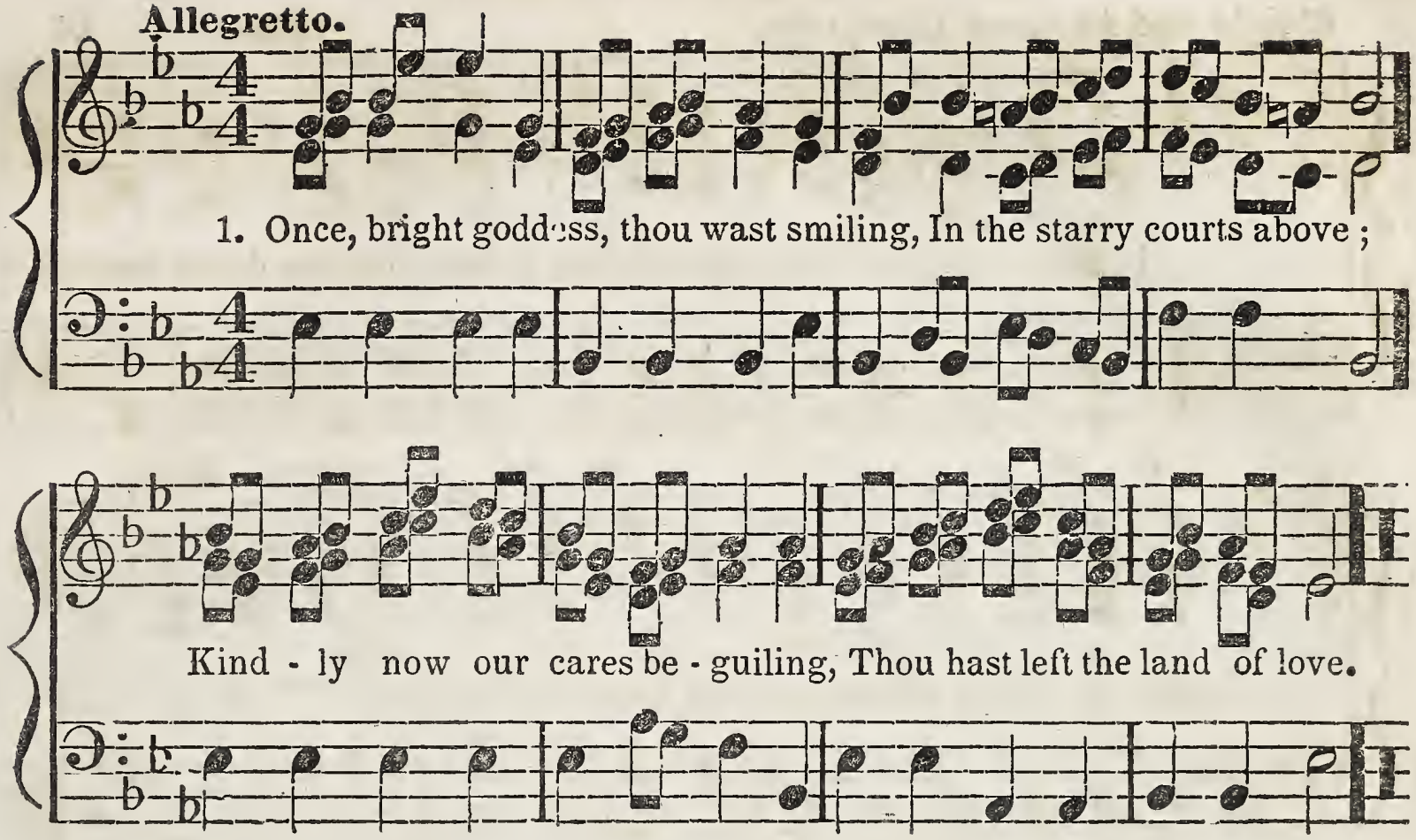


2

Tell me strawberry, fresh and sweet,
Who made all your red so shining,
Like the crimson sun declining,
And who gave your pleasant smell?
Tell me, pretty strawberry, tell.

3

It was God who made you so—
He your lively color brightens,
He your charming odor heightens;
Humble vines and lofty wood,
Ever tell us, "God is good."



2

Mistress of the golden lyre,
Of the harp's melodious strain ;
Thou canst bid the trembling wire
Waken joy, or solace pain.

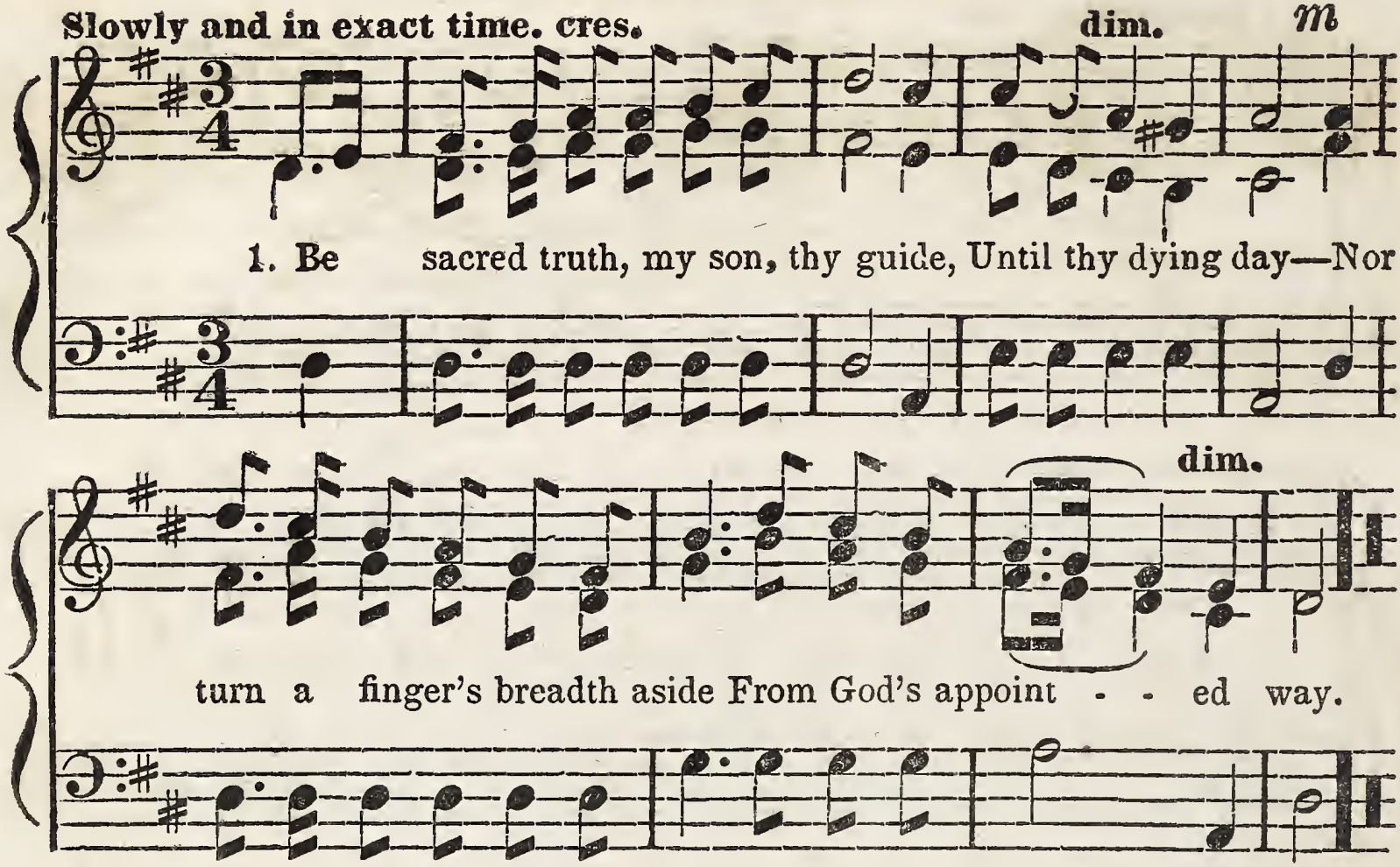
3

Give me songs, when sunny pleasure,
Fills my heart with joy and light ;
Soothe me with a sadder measure,
In the gloom of sorrow's night.

4

Call the winning forms of beauty,
By thy softest, sweetest note ;
Fire my soul for truth and duty,
When thy nobler numbers float.

BE SACRED TRUTH, MY SON, THY GUIDE.



2

Thy heart shall then be free and light,
And near the crystal spring,
Thy music be more gay and bright
Than where the wicked sing.

3

For oh, no joy shall that man know,
Who bears a guilty breast;
His conscience drives him to and fro,
And never lets him rest.

4

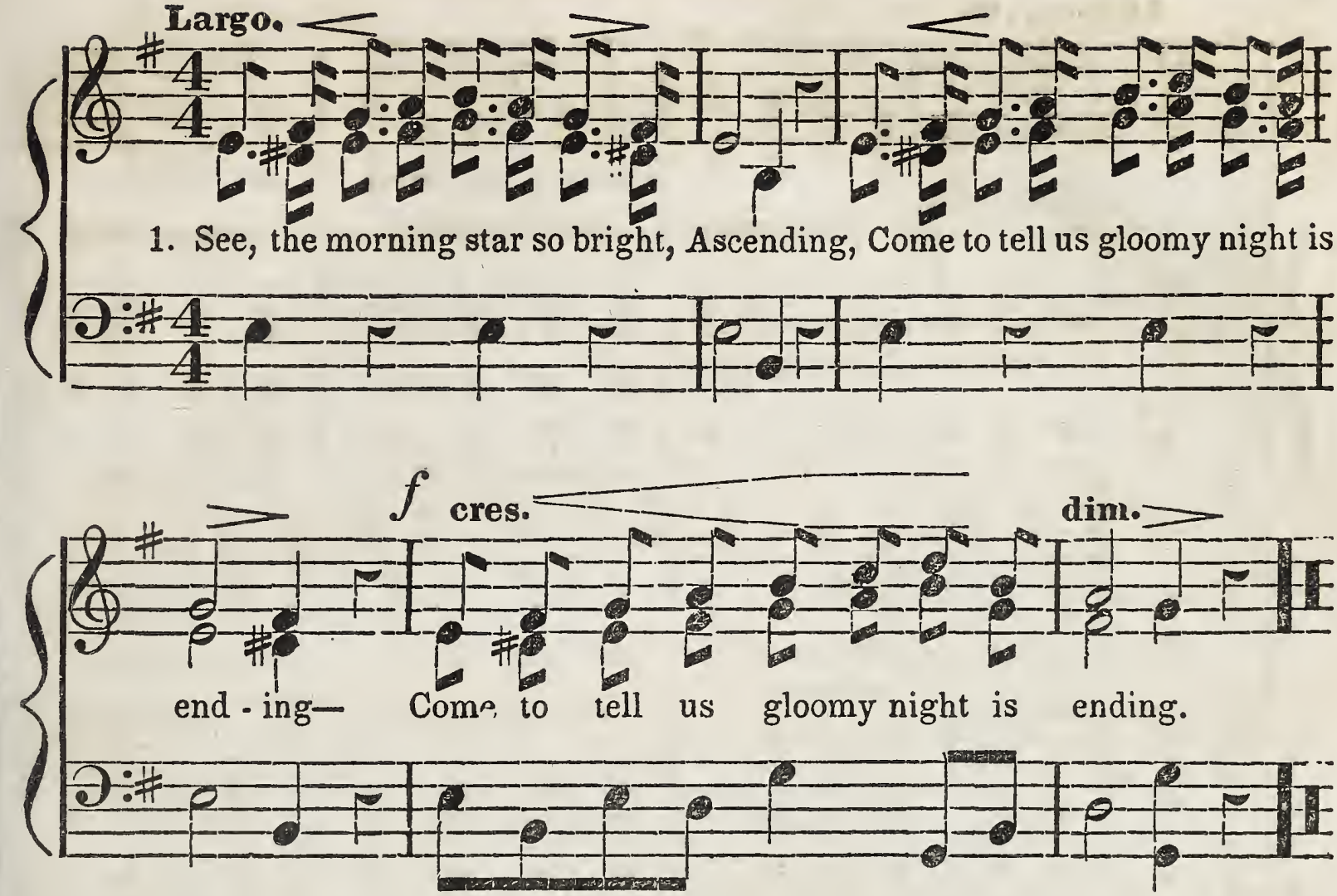
For him no vernal sunshine smiles,
No gales breathe softly round,
And in the grave—that home of rest,
No peace for him is found.

5

Oh, then be sacred truth thy guide,
Until thy dying day;
Nor turn a finger's breadth aside
From God's appointed way.

6

Thy children then shall nightly come,
And weep around thy tomb;
And flowers above thy moistened grave
Shall shed their sweet perfume.



2

Paler now, it paler beams,
'Tis morning;
Eastern skies are bright with gleams
Of dawning.

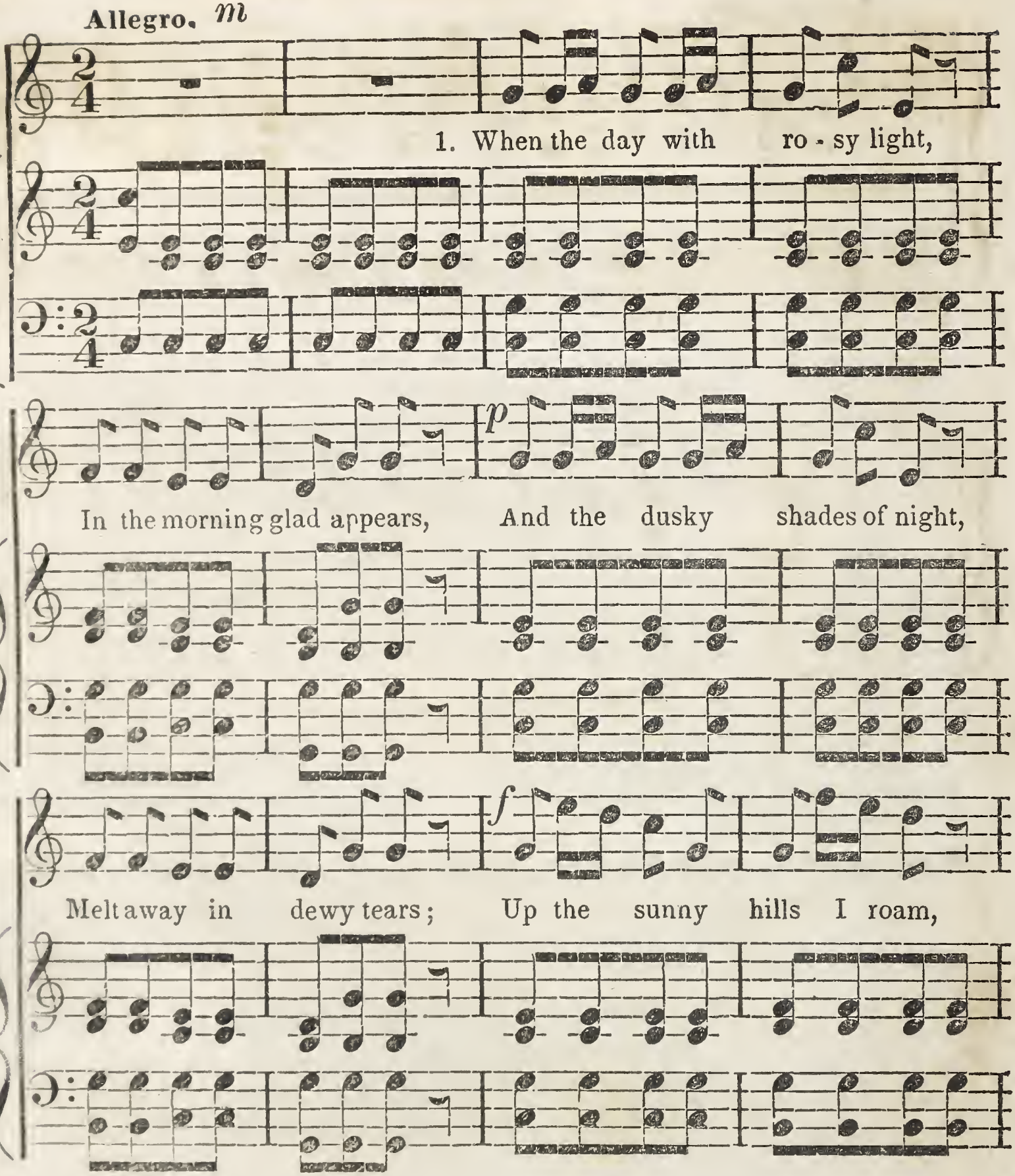
3

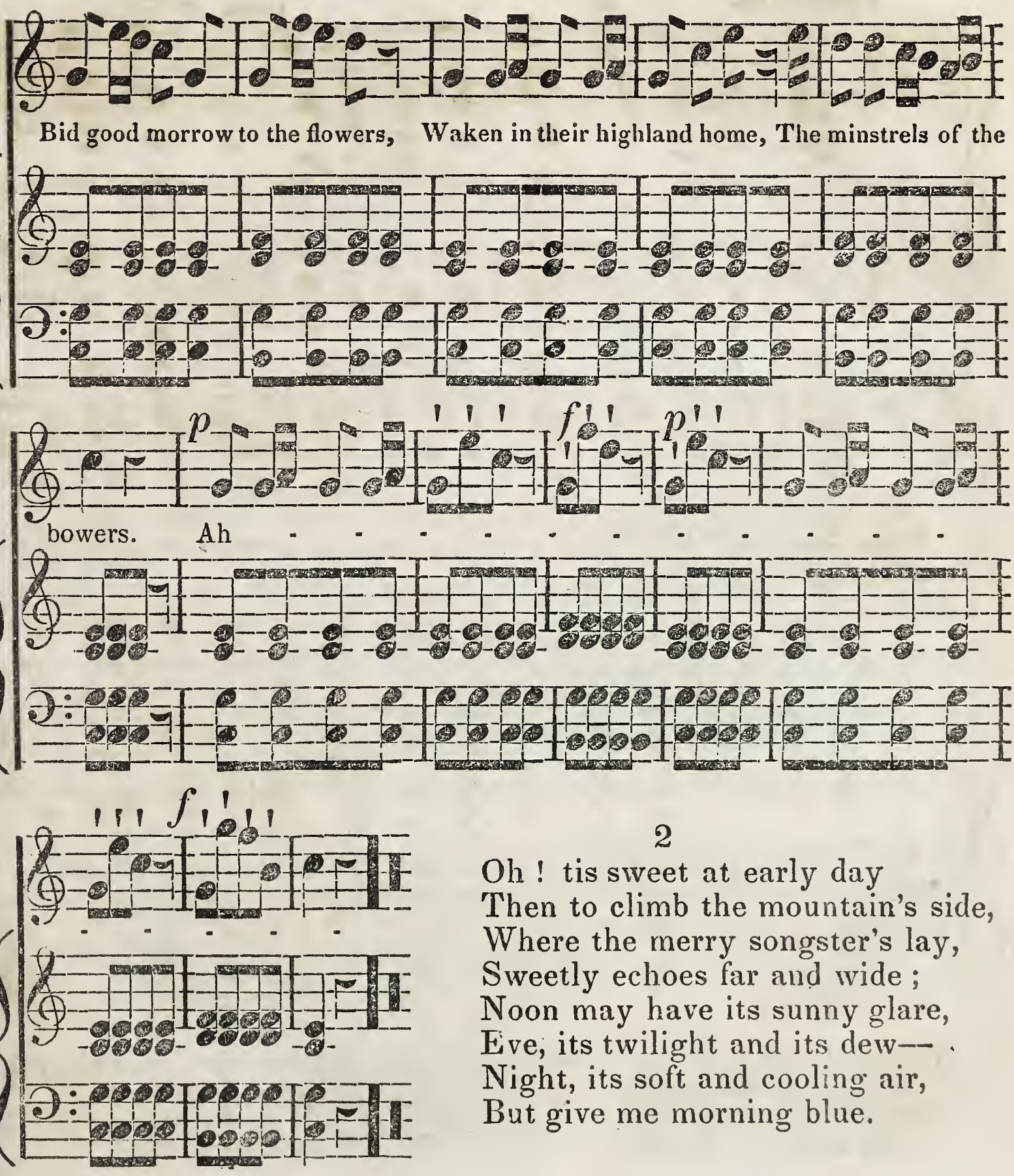
Happy hour, so bright and calm,
We greet thee!
All the air is breathing balm,
How sweetly.

4

Grateful earth her songs of praise
Is pouring;
Hallelujahs we will raise
Adoring.

WHEN THE DAY WITH ROSY LIGHT.

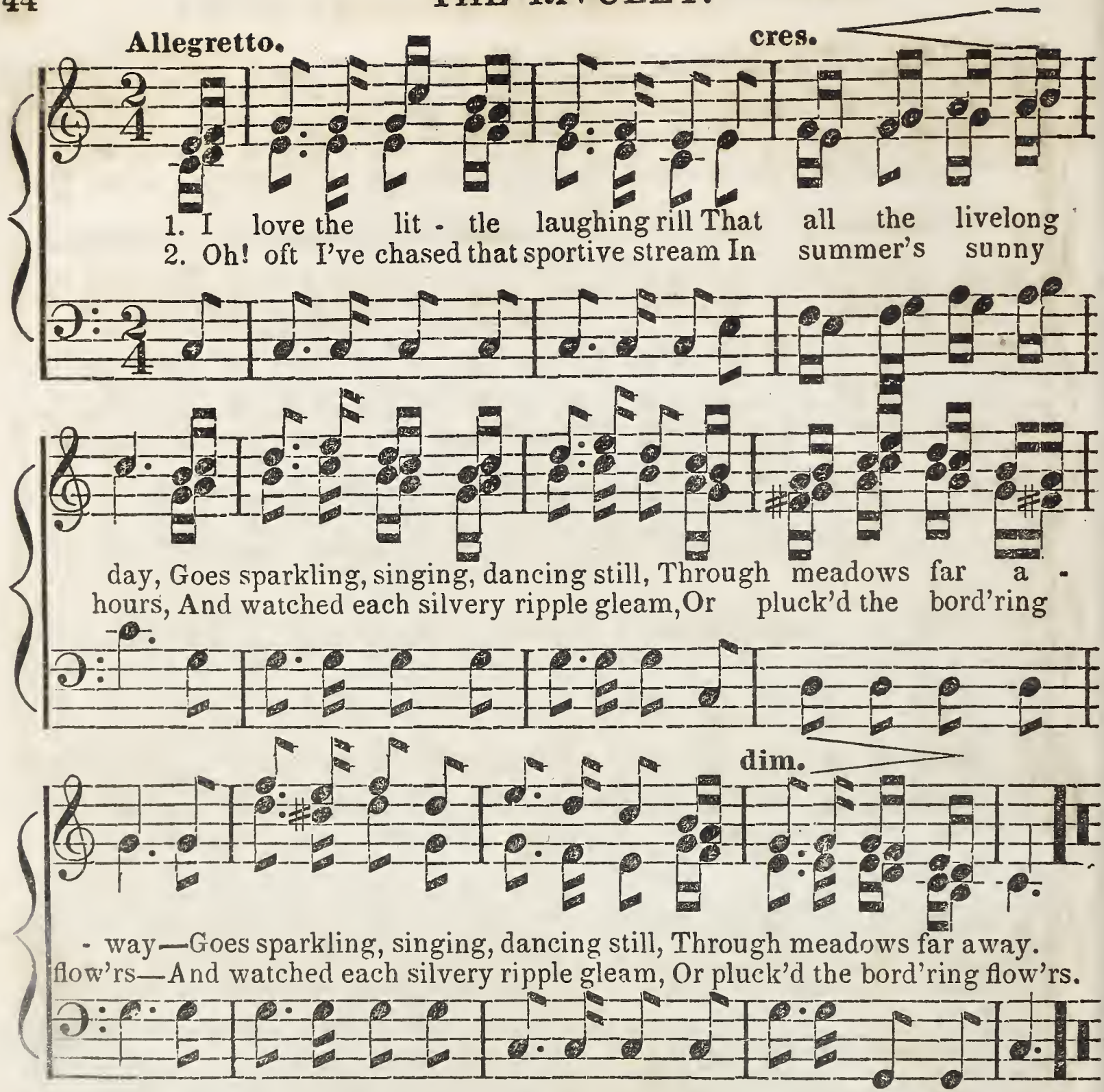




2

Oh ! tis sweet at early day
Then to climb the mountain's side,
Where the merry songster's lay,
Sweetly echoes far and wide ;
Noon may have its sunny glare,
Eve, its twilight and its dew—
Night, its soft and cooling air,
But give me morning blue.

THE RIVULET.



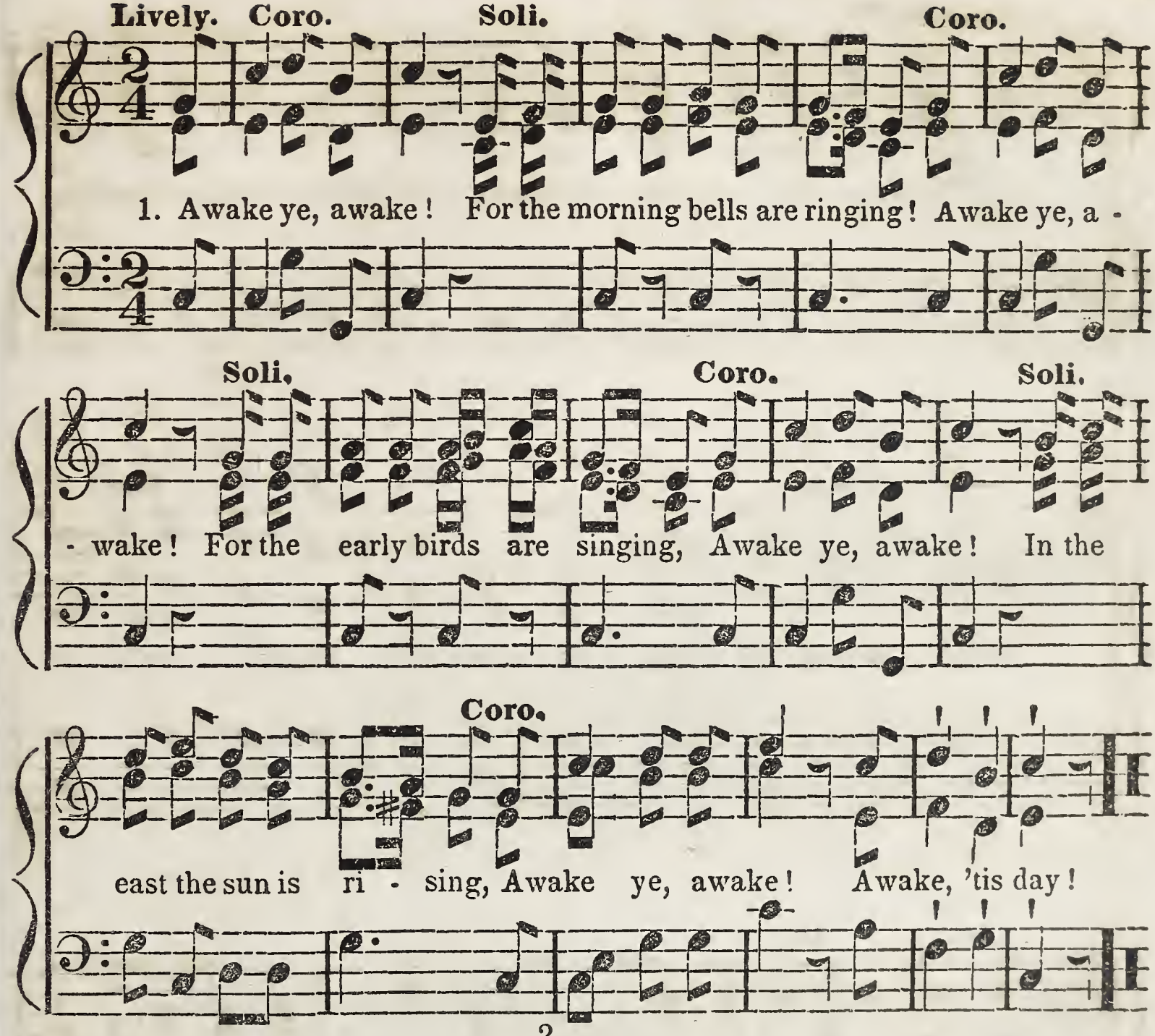
3

And still I love to stand and gaze
Along its winding shore;
And sing of happy, happy days
That will return no more.

4

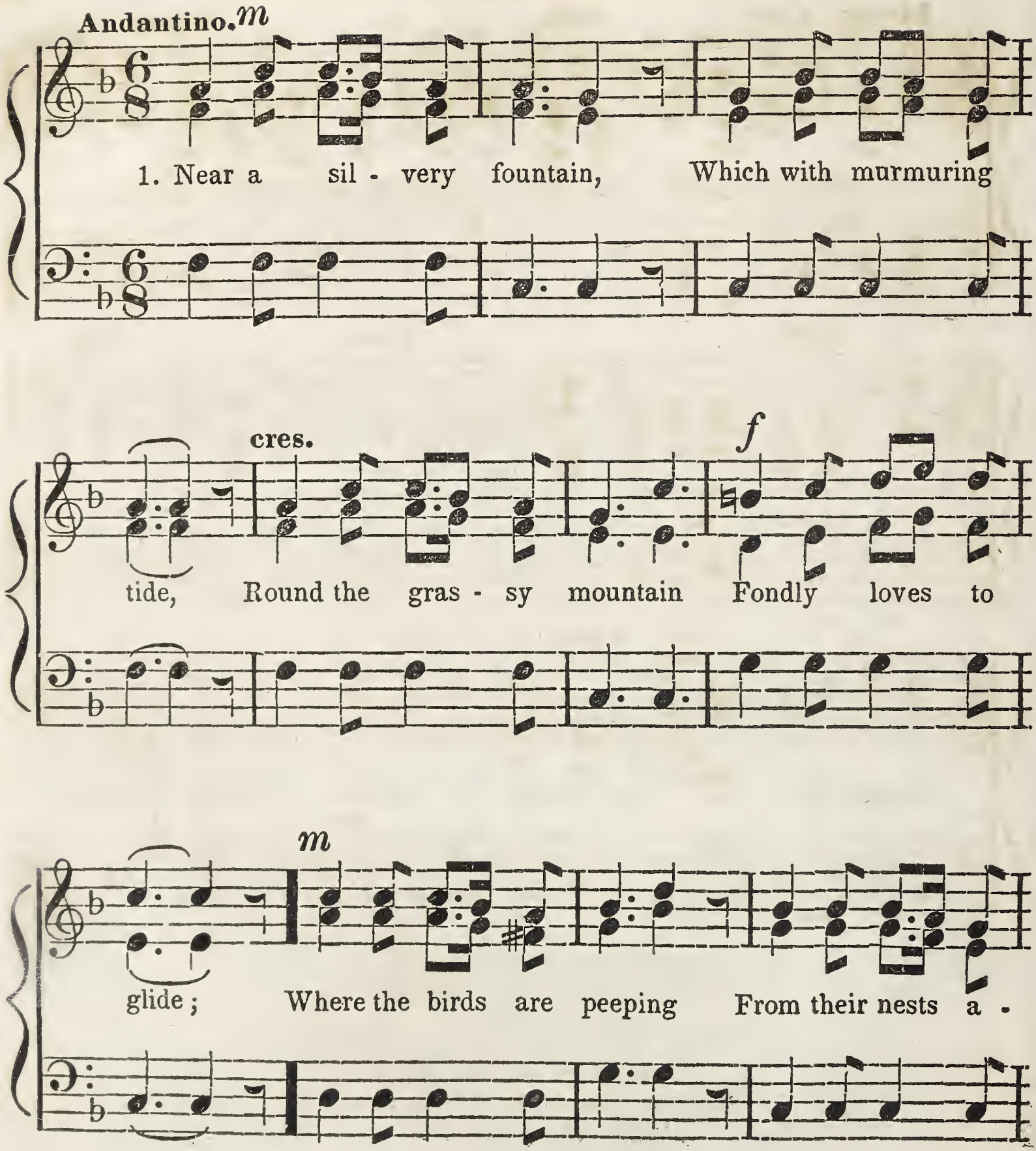
But life, like thee, flows on, sweet rill,
And I, like thee, must haste
Each day to do my Father's will,
Nor turn one hour to waste.

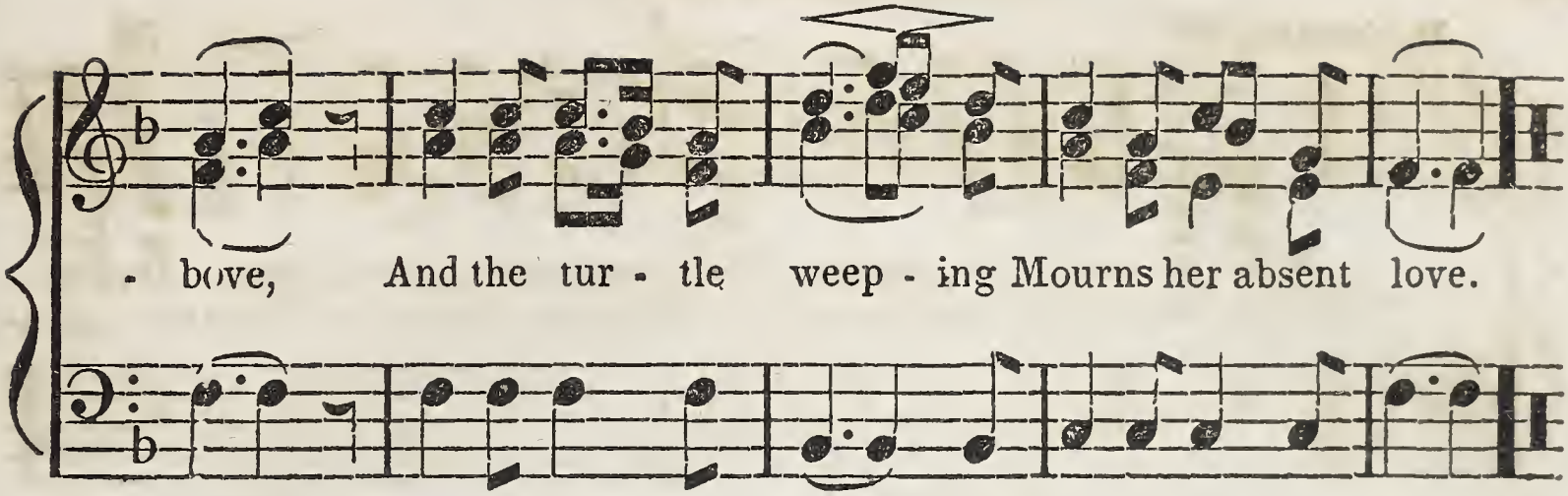
AWAKE YE, AWAKE.



2

Awake ye, awake!
For the night is now departing,
Awake ye, awake!
Up the mountain mists are creeping,
Awake ye, awake!
See the diamond dew-drops sparkling,
Awake ye, awake!
Awake, 'tis day!


Andantino. m
1. Near a sil - very fountain, Which with murmuring
cres.
f
tide, Round the gras - sy mountain Fondly loves to
m
glide; Where the birds are peeping From their nests a -

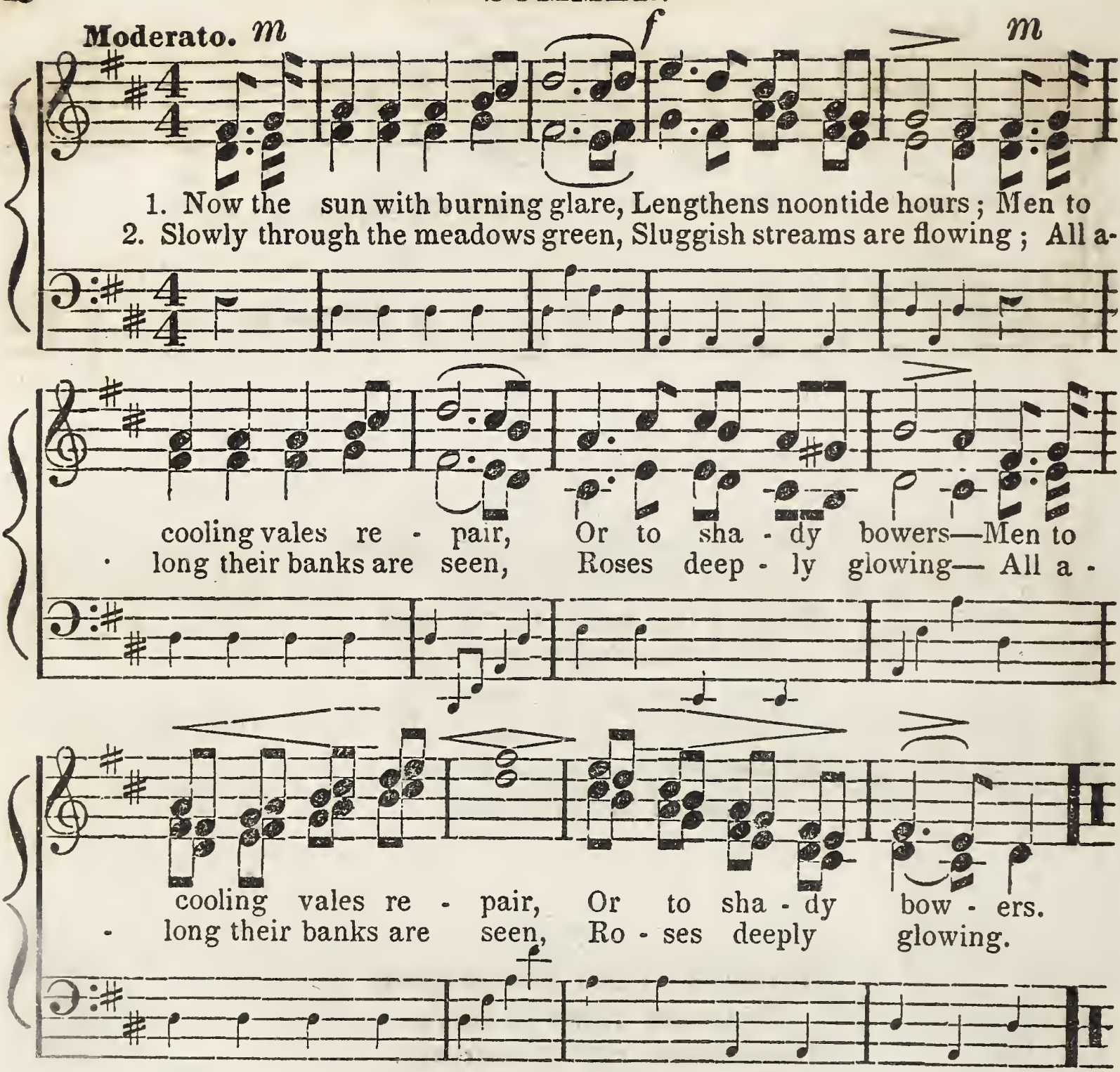


2

Where the whispering bowers
Lend a cooling shade,
Where the sweetest flowers
Deck the fragrant glade;
There I build my dwelling,
Waving bough above;
There my notes are telling
Tales of faithful love.

3

When the bell's low pealing
Tells the close of day,
Homeward, softly stealing,
Then I wing my way;
There, night's curtains o'er me,
Hushed is all the grove,
While I sing the story
Of a Father's love.

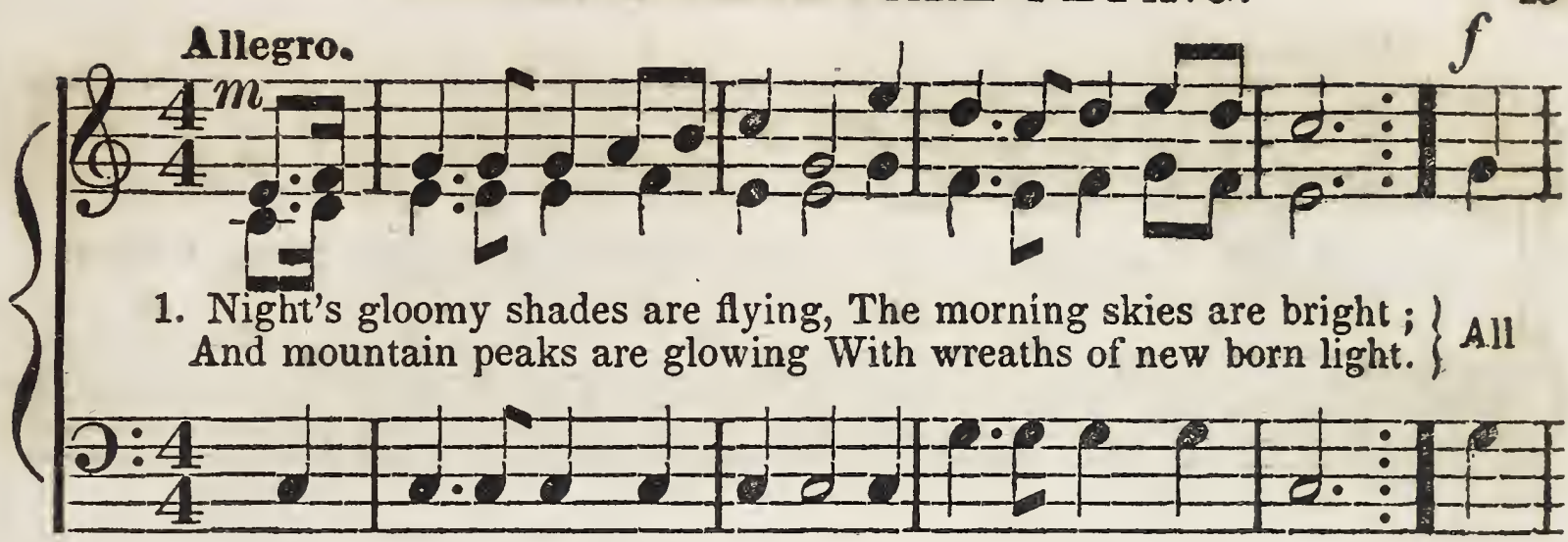


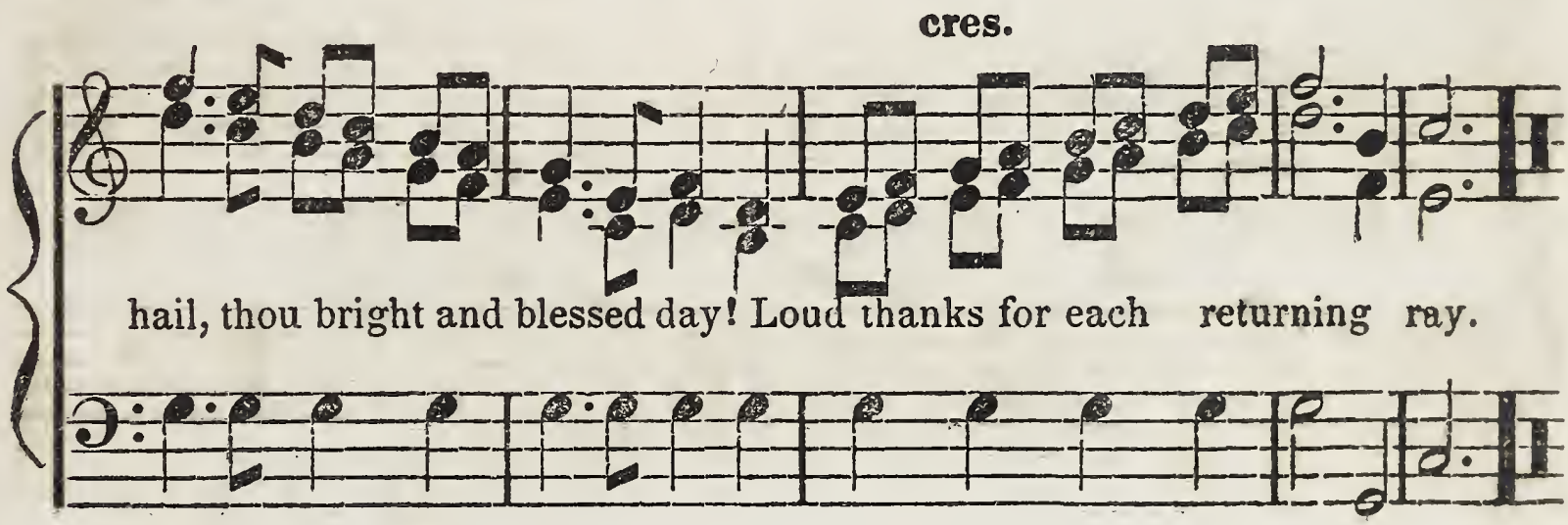
3

Come, we'll seek the leafy grove,
Sip the cooling fountain,
And when evening steals, we'll rove
Round the shady mountain.

4

Then at night-fall, we will throng
Home, through balmy flowers,
And with many a grateful song,
Bless the summer hours.

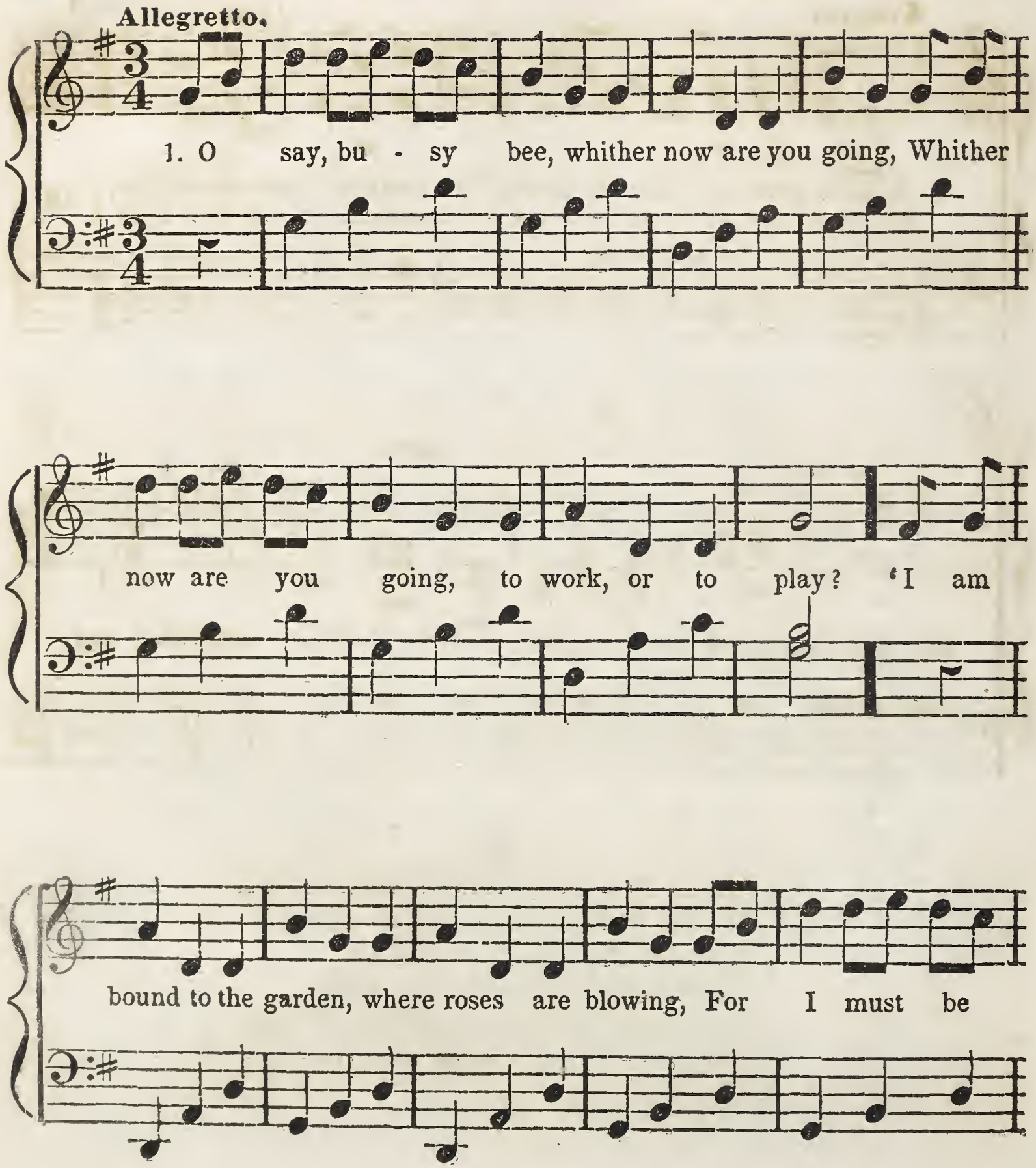


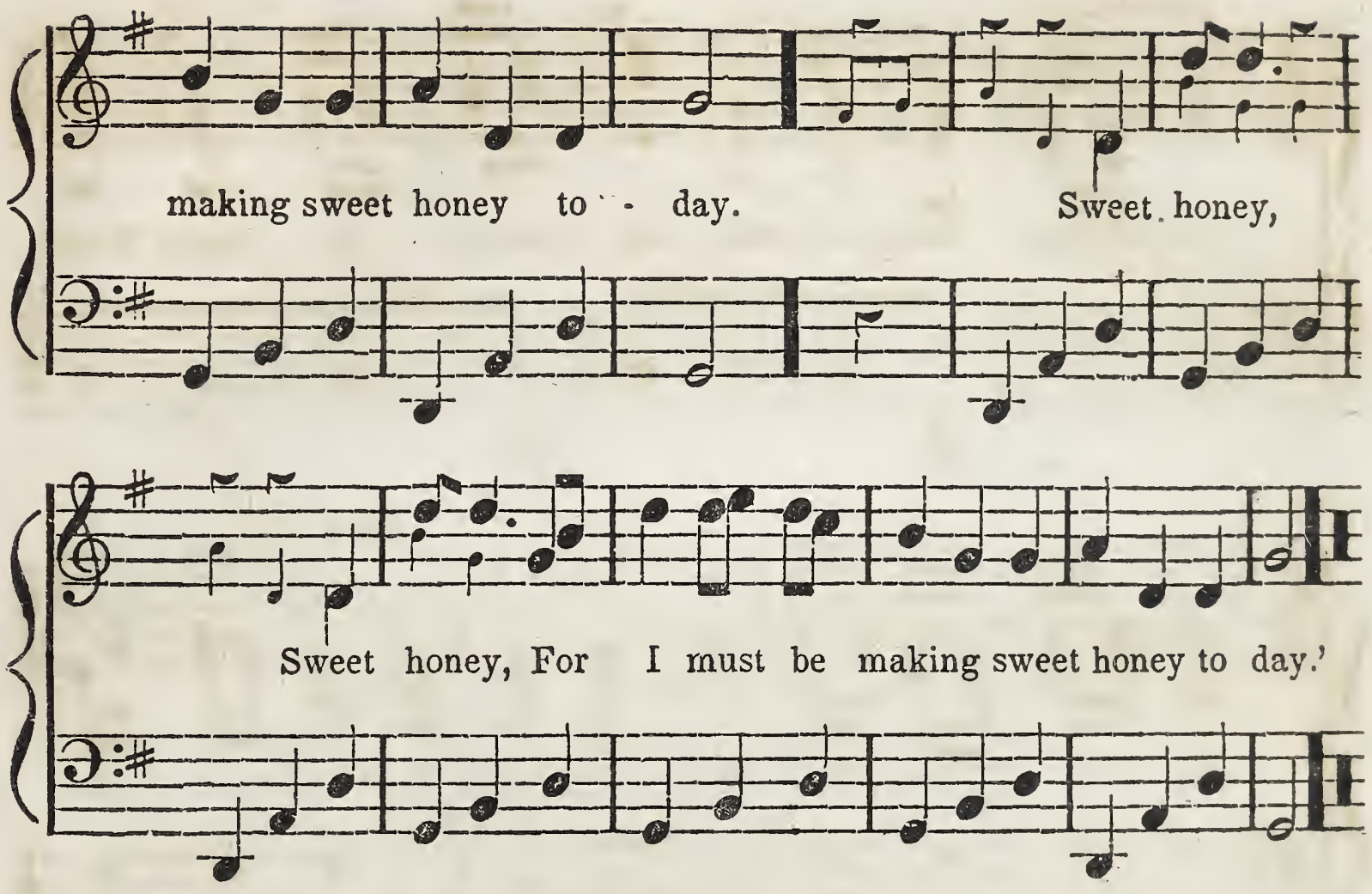


2

Great Source of light ! befriend us,
While life's dark paths we tread !
And let thy smile attend us,
When earthly lights are fled,
And from thy safe and sacred way,
Oh, never, never may we stray.

O SAY, BUSY BEE.





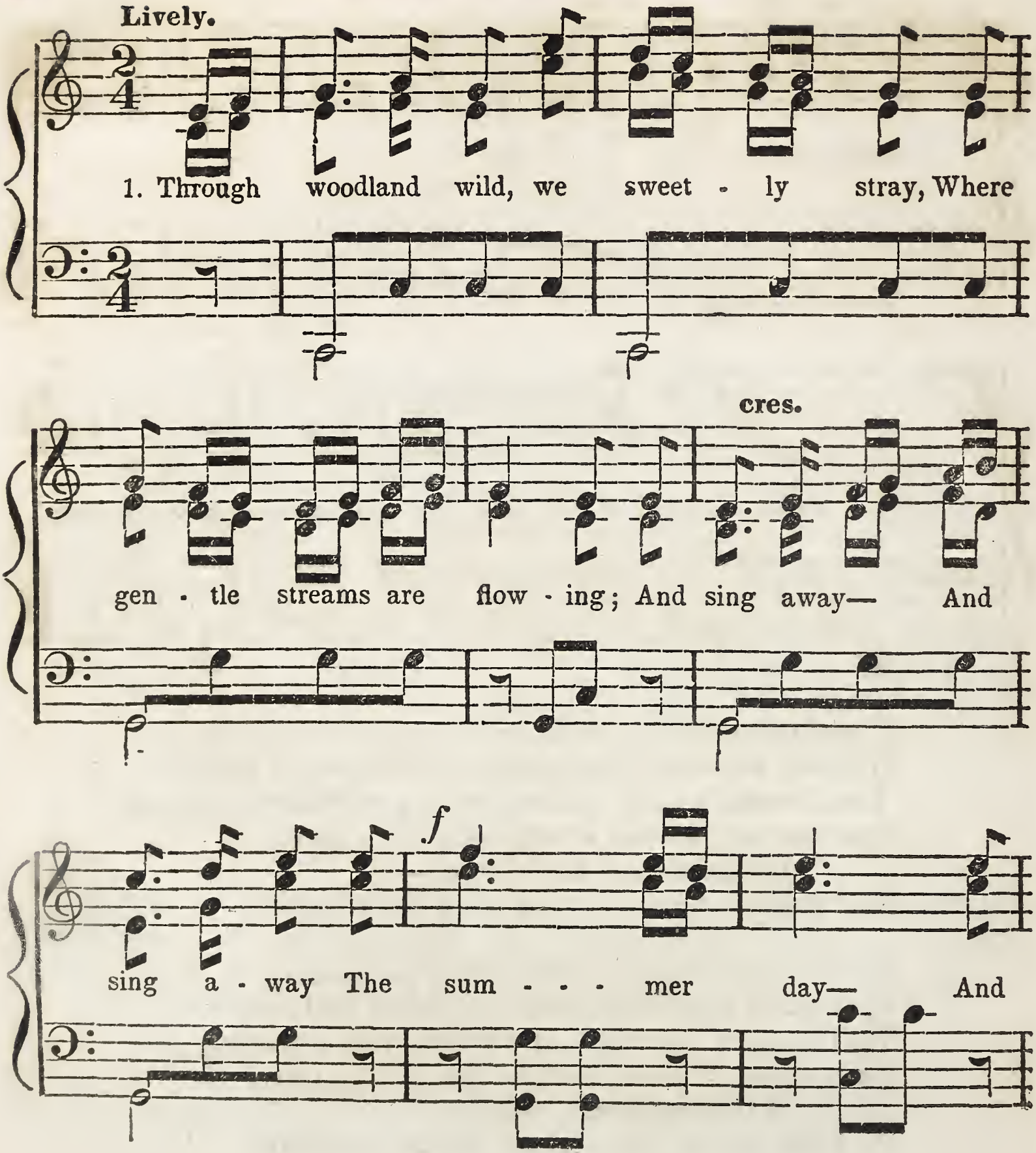
2

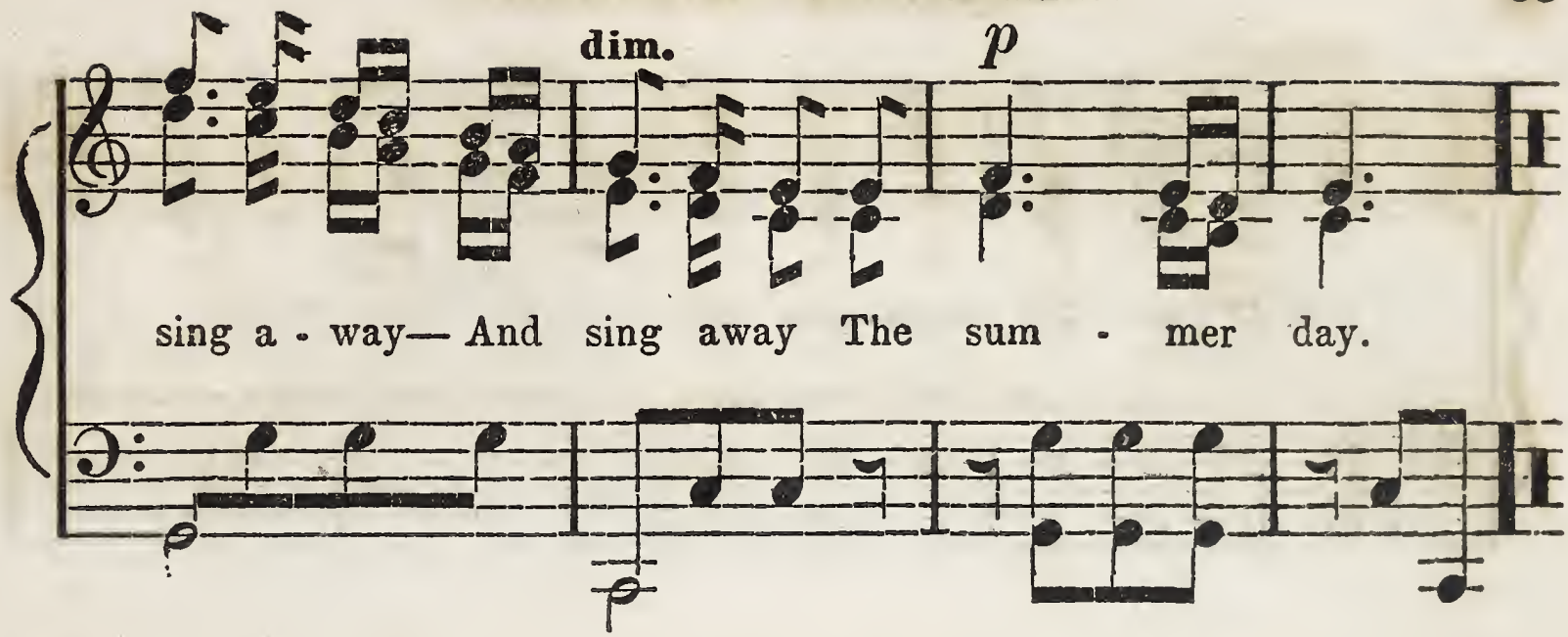
O say, pretty dove, whither now are you flying,
Whither now are you flying, to London or Rome?
'I am bound to my nest where my partner is sighing,
And waiting for me in my snug little home.
Little home—little home—
And waiting for me in my snug little home.'

3

So we, all so happy, while daily advancing
In wisdom and knowledge, in virtue and love,
Will sing on our way, in our progress rejoicing,
As brisk as the bee, and as true as the dove.
Will sing—will sing—
As brisk as the bee, and as true as the dove.

SONG OF THE BIRDS.





2

We build our sheltering nest on high,
Where summer boughs are waving;
When night is nigh, :‖ } *Repeat.*
Then home we fly.

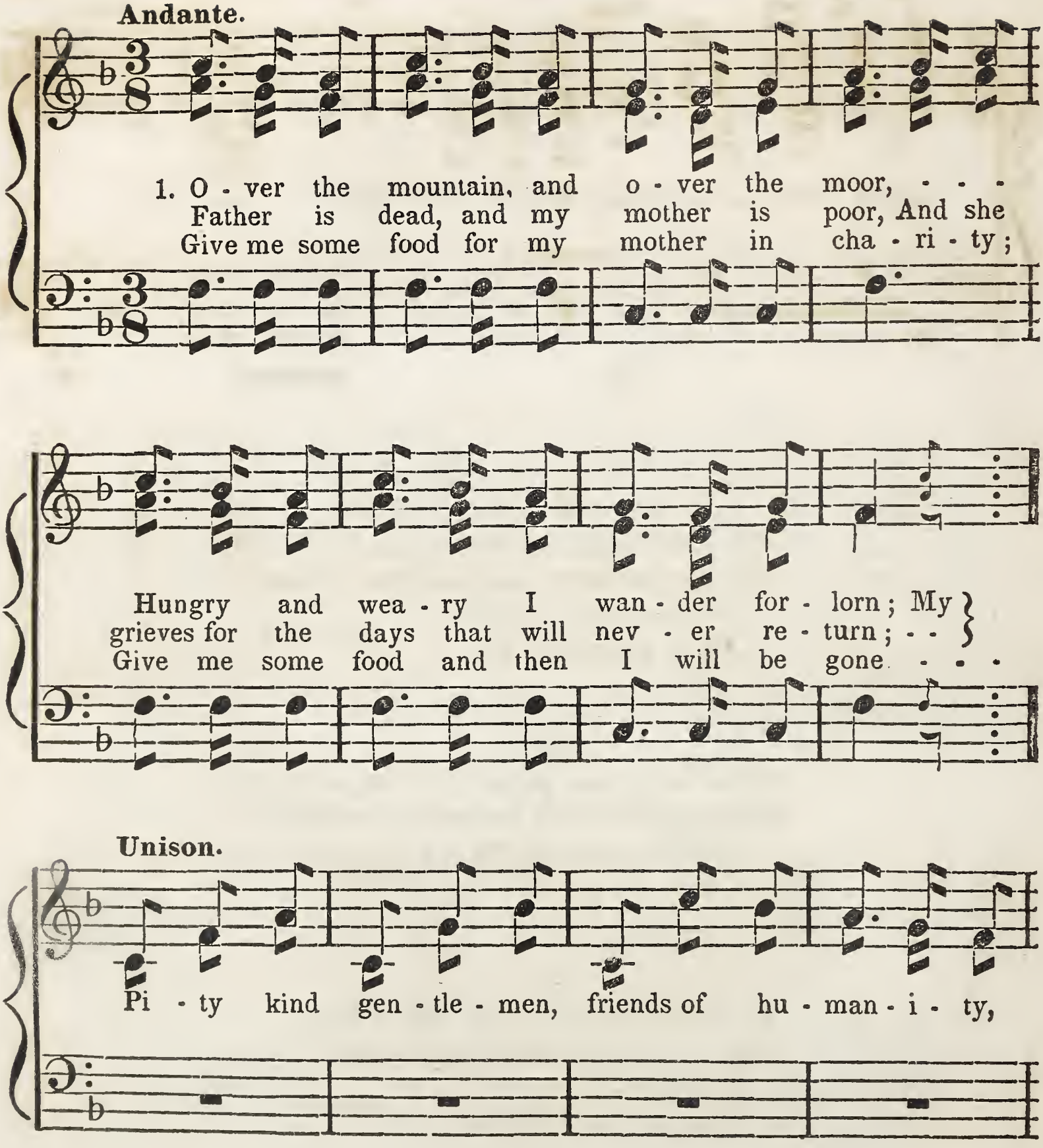
3

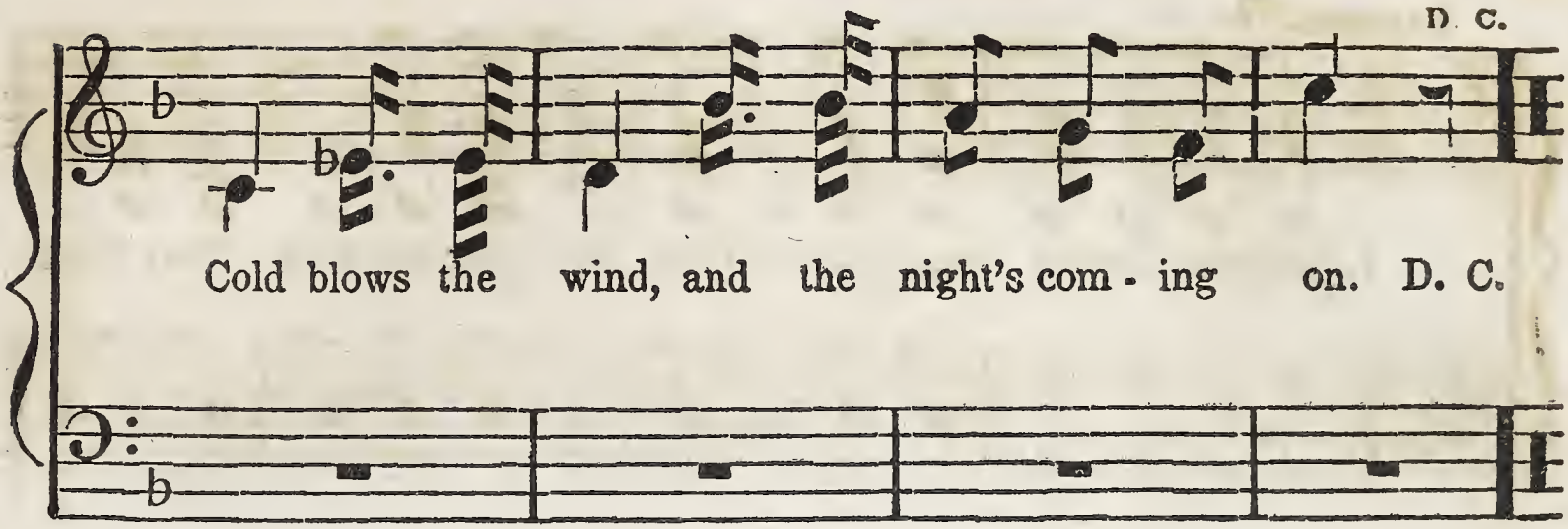
Fond love and peace within our nest,
Have made their home so sweetly;
No fears molest :‖ } *Repeat.*
Their holy rest.

4

As sweetly glides our life away,
We chant our Maker's praises,
In grateful lay :‖ } *Repeat.*
Through all the day.

OVER THE MOUNTAIN.

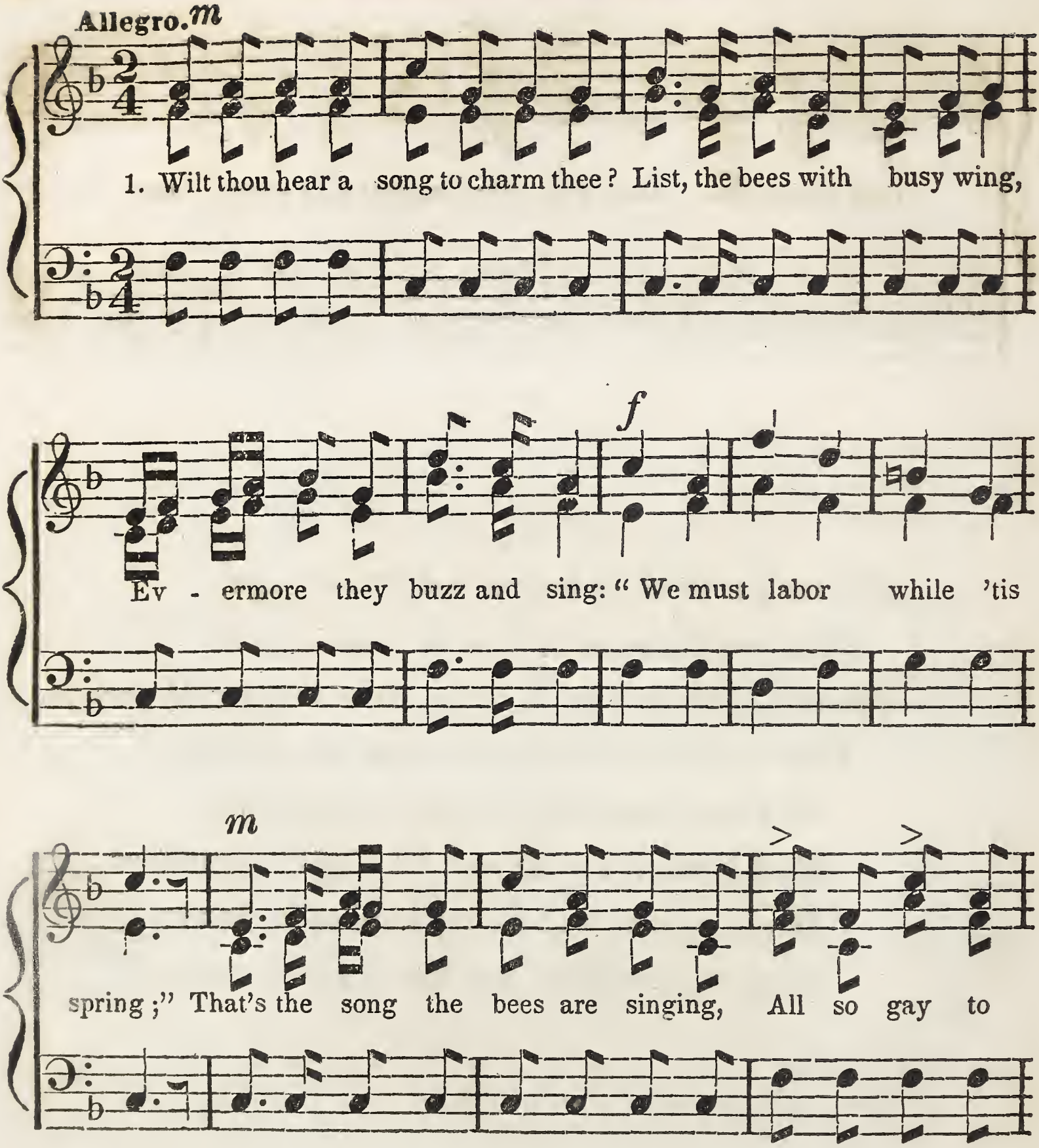


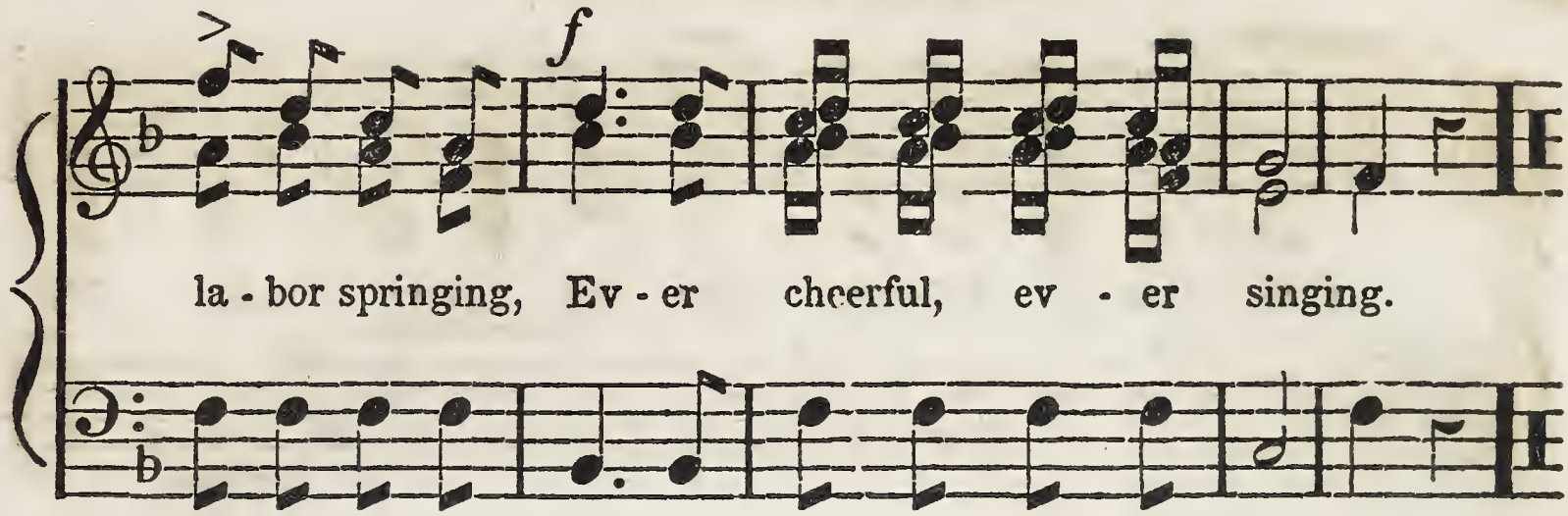


2

Call me not indolent beggar and bold enough,
Fain would I learn both to knit and to sew;
I've two little brothers at home, when they're old enough,
They will work hard for the gifts you bestow.
Pity kind gentlemen, friends of humanity,
Cold blows the wind, and the night's coming on;
Give me some food for my mother, in charity,
Give me some food, and then I will be gone.

SONG OF THE BEES.





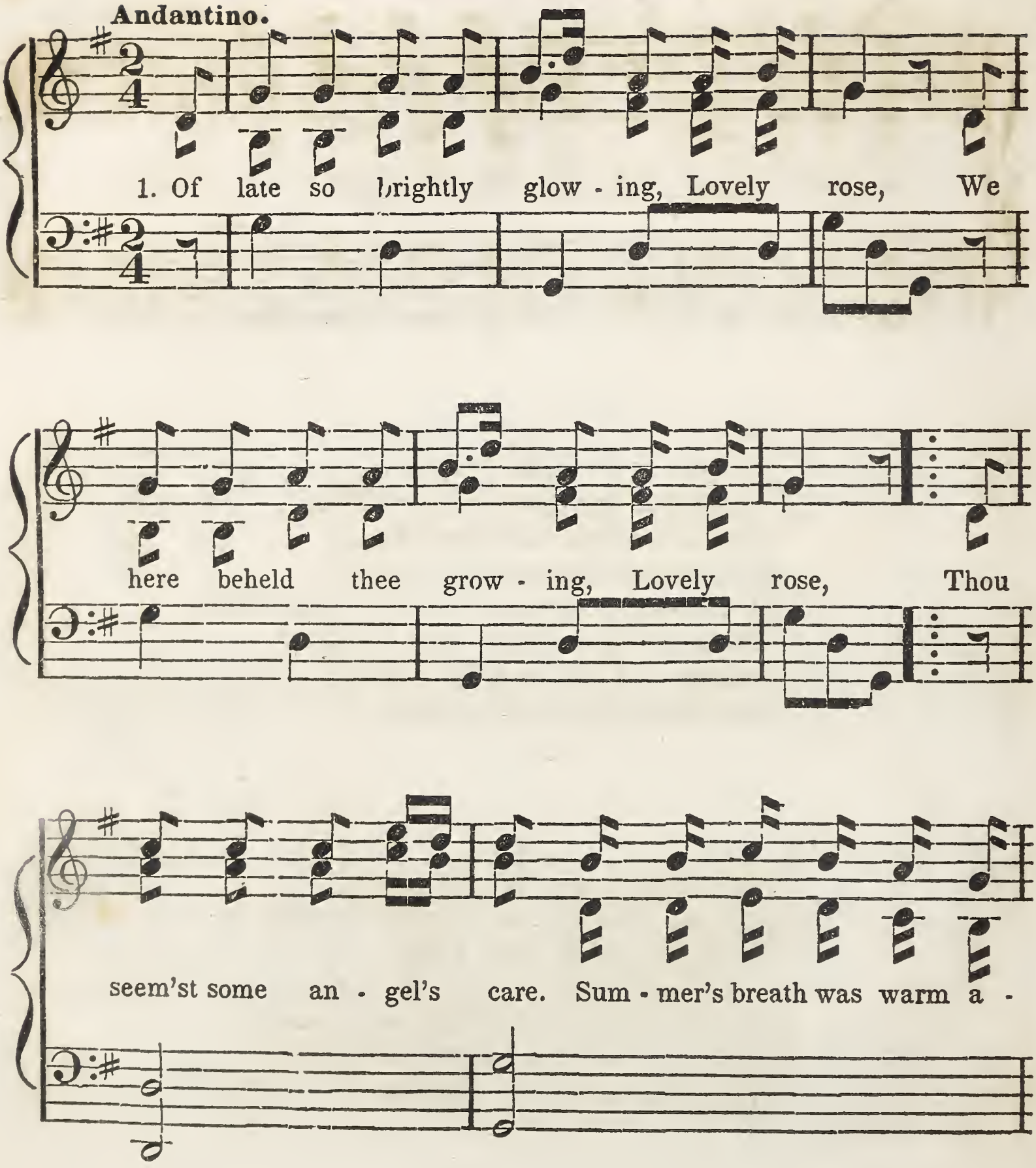
2

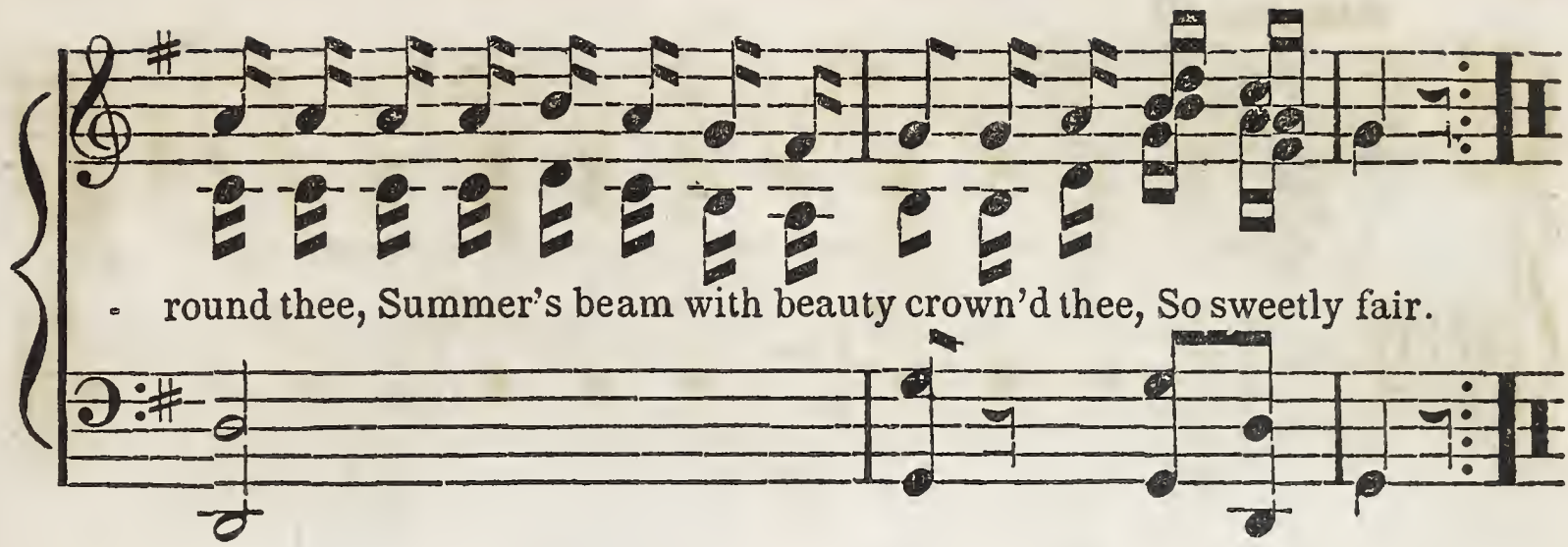
Come and see the busy dwelling,
Airy chambers neat and fine!
How the waxen arches shine!
What sweet stores the white walls line,
There not one his time is wasting,
Young and old to labor hasting,
Ever cheerful, ever singing.

3

List thou to the lovely music,
List the bees the while they sing,
Evermore with busy wing,
"We must labor while 'tis spring;"
That's the song the bees are singing:
Up! like them to labor springing,
Ever cheerful, ever singing.

LOVELY ROSE.


Andantino.
1. Of late so brightly glow - ing, Lovely rose, We
here beheld thee grow - ing, Lovely rose, Thou
seem'st some an - gel's care. Sum - mer's breath was warm a -



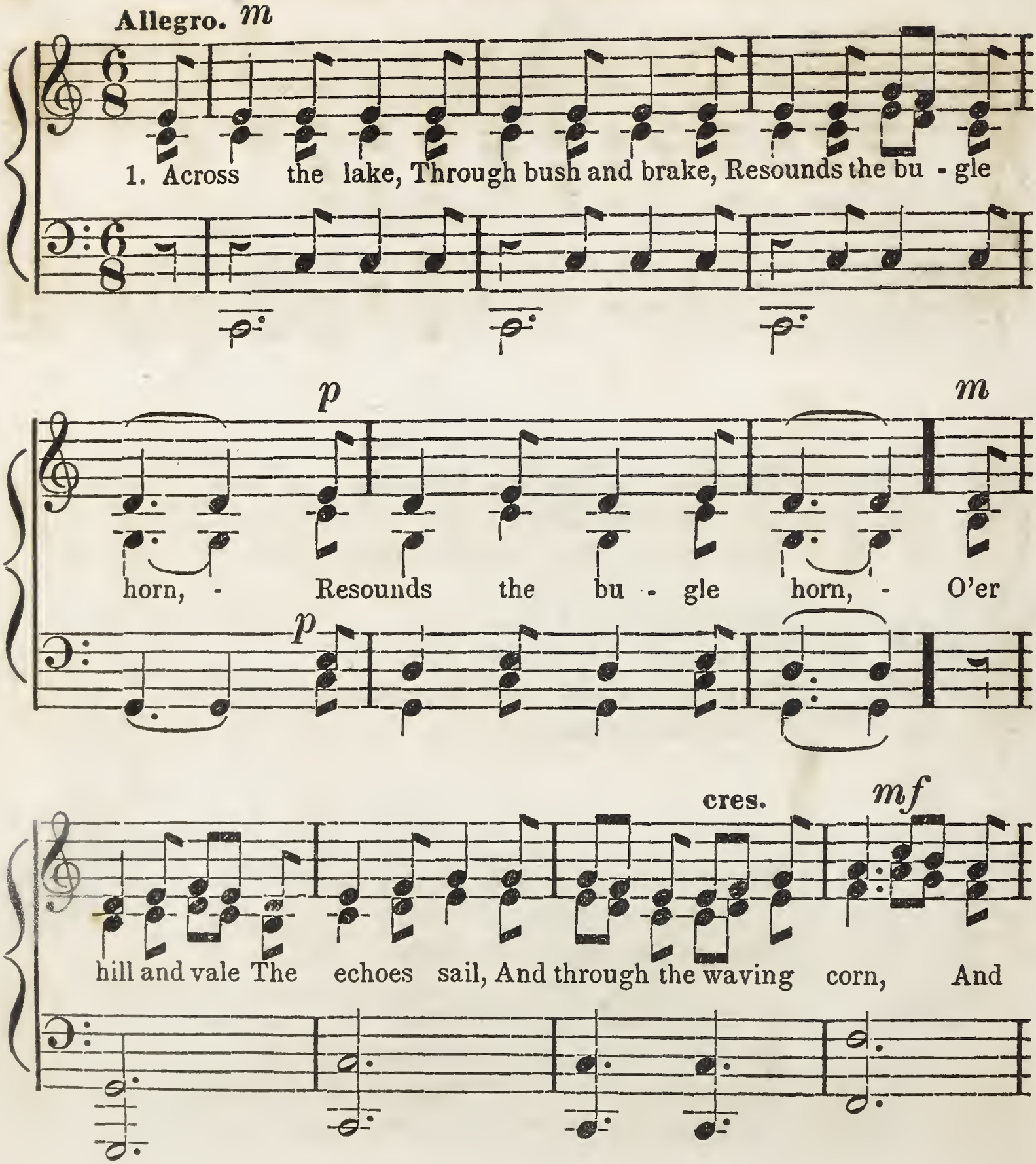
2

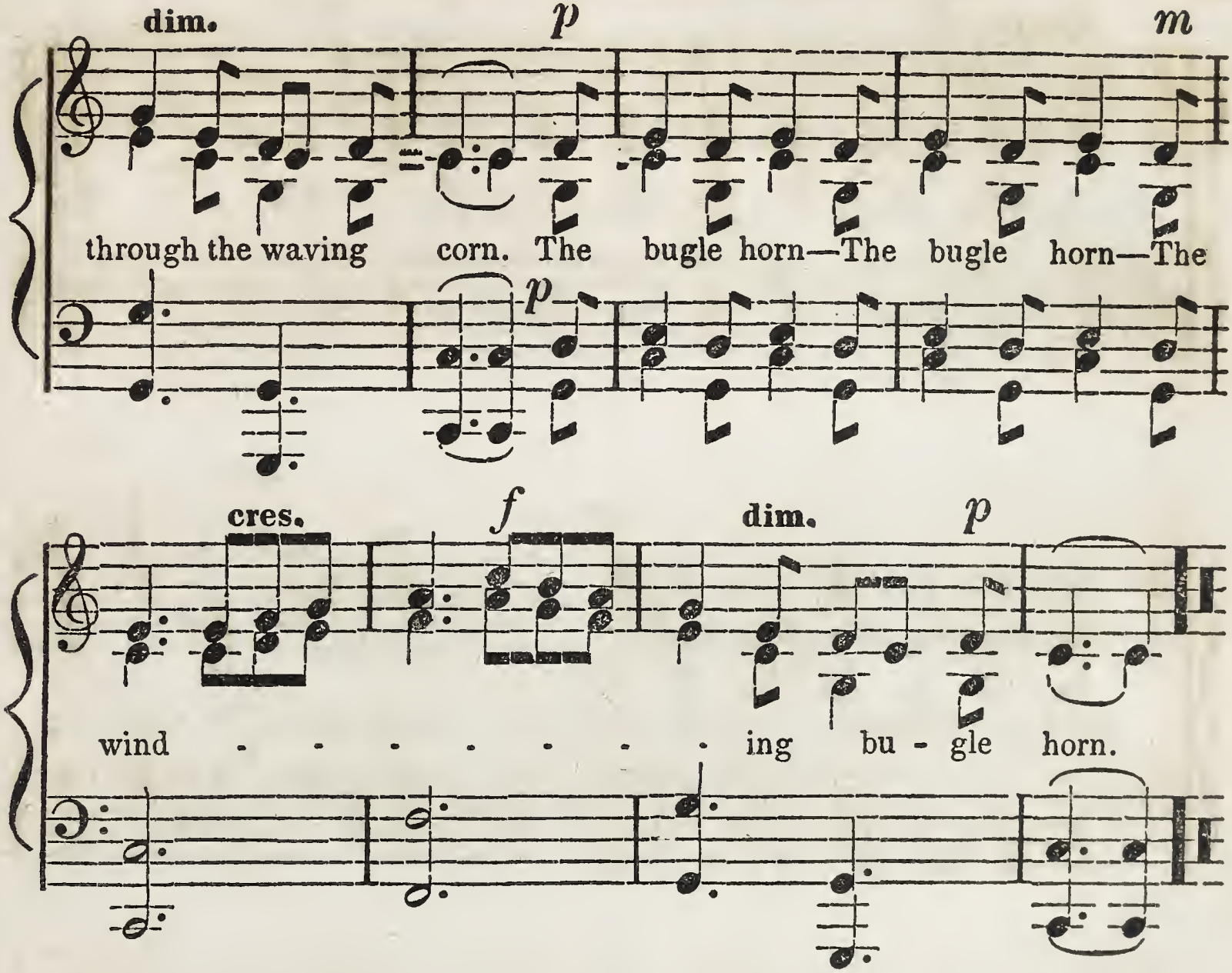
The blast too rudely blowing,
Lovely rose,
Thy tender form o'erthrowing.
Lovely rose,
Alas! hath laid thee low.
Now amid thy native bed,
Envious weeds, with branches spread,
Unkindly grow.

3

No freshening dew of morning,
Lovely rose,
Thy infant buds adorning,
Lovely rose,
To thee shall day restore.
Zephyrs soft, that late caress'd thee,
Evening smiles, that parting bless'd thee,
Return no more.

THE BUGLE HORN.





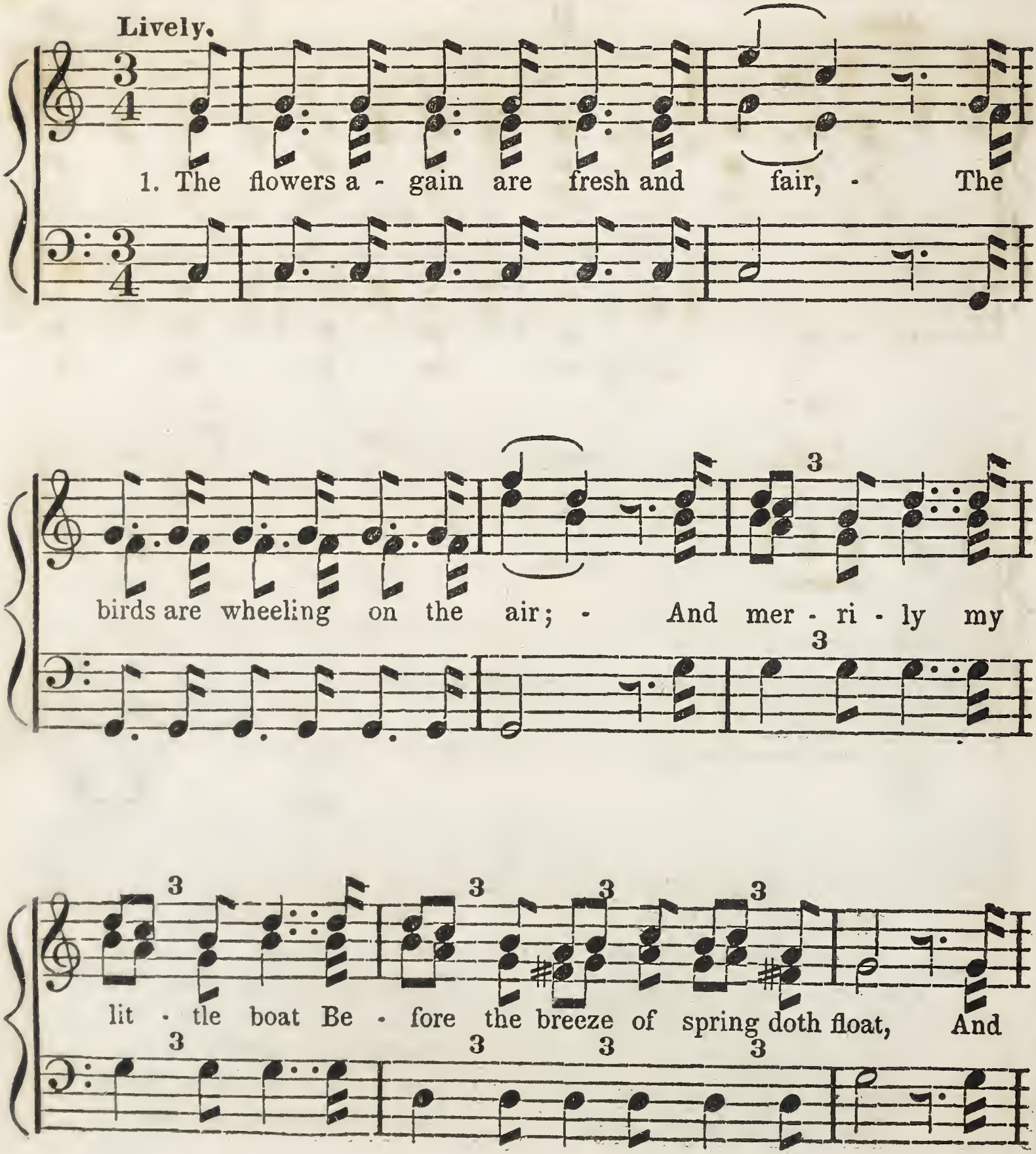
2

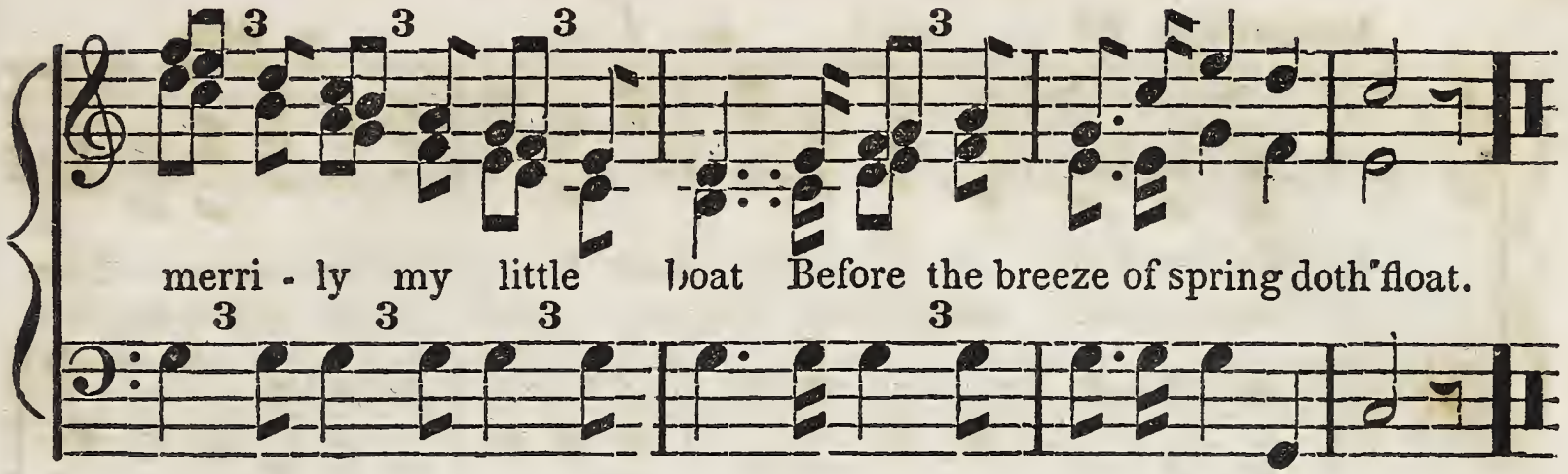
The sky is clear,
The flowers appear
On every side so gay,
The brook flows by,
So merrily
Along its pebbly way.
The bugle horn, &c.

3

The echoes flow
As on we go
Through forest, vale and lawn
And far and near,
Again we hear
The winding bugle horn.
The bugle horn, &c.

THE FLOWERS AGAIN ARE FRESH AND FAIR.





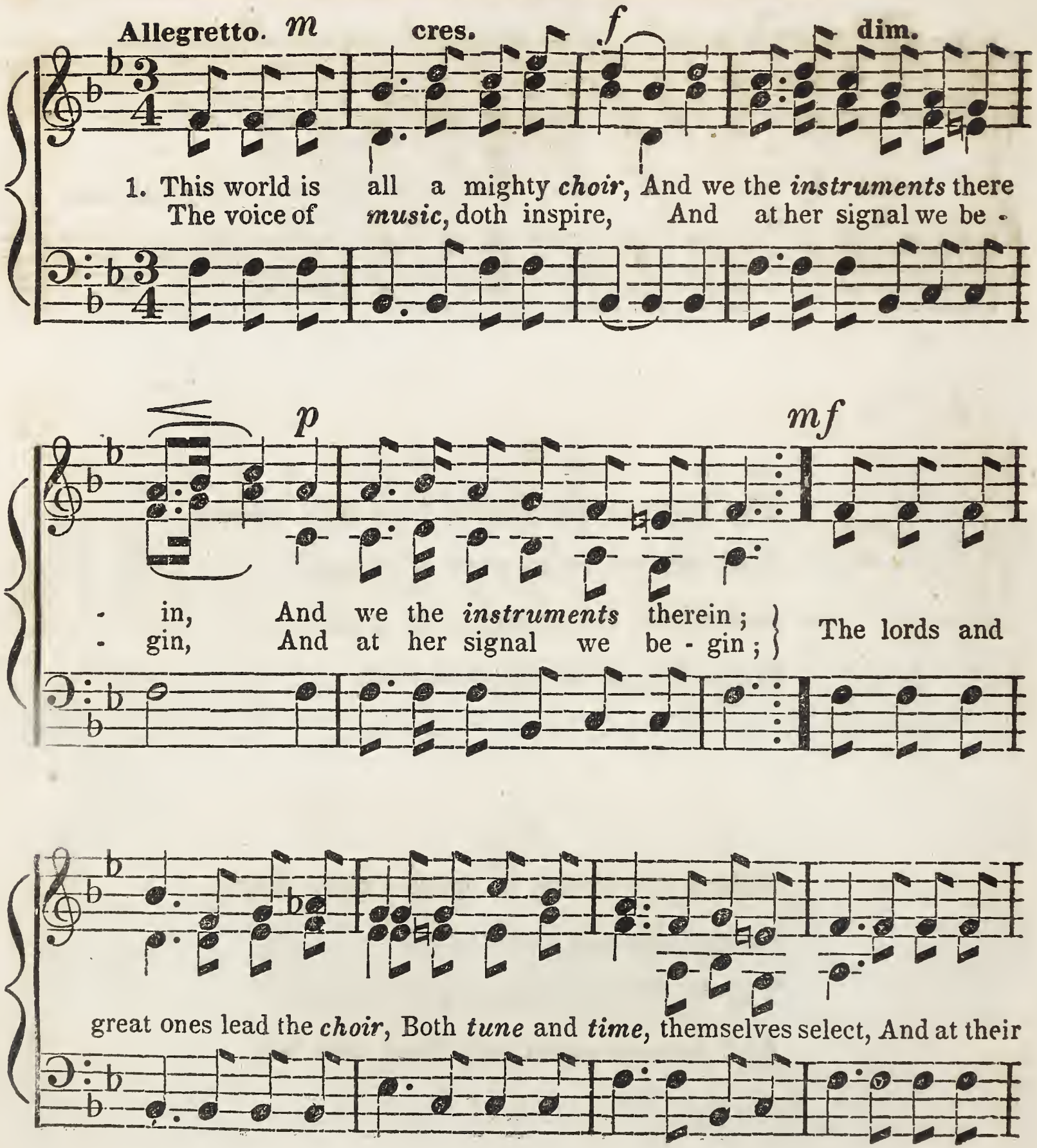
2

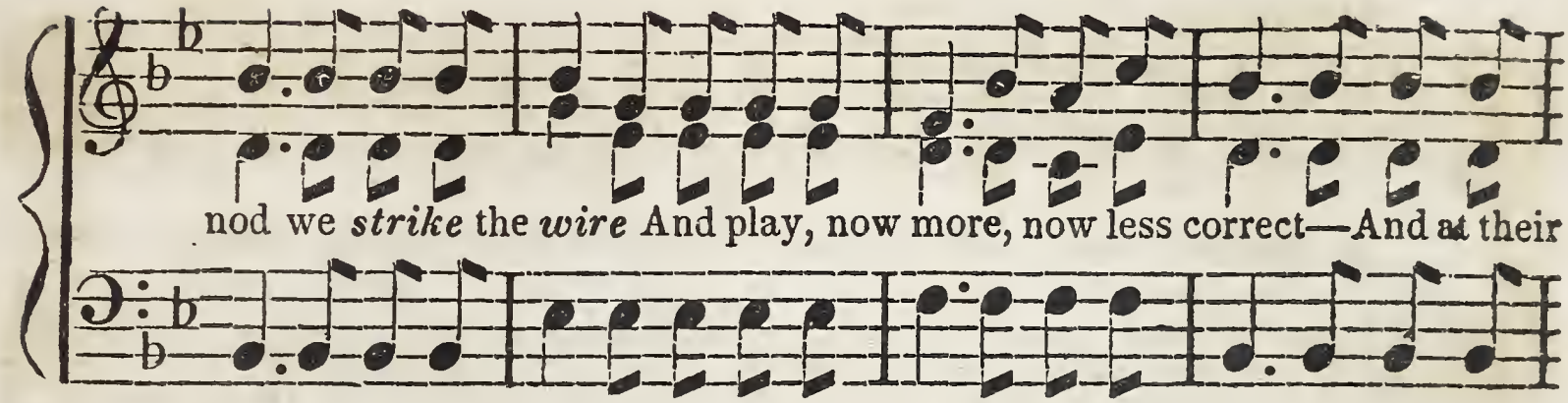
The bowers are shaded well with green,
And reddest roses peep between;
And music borne upon the gale,
Is swelling over hill and dale.

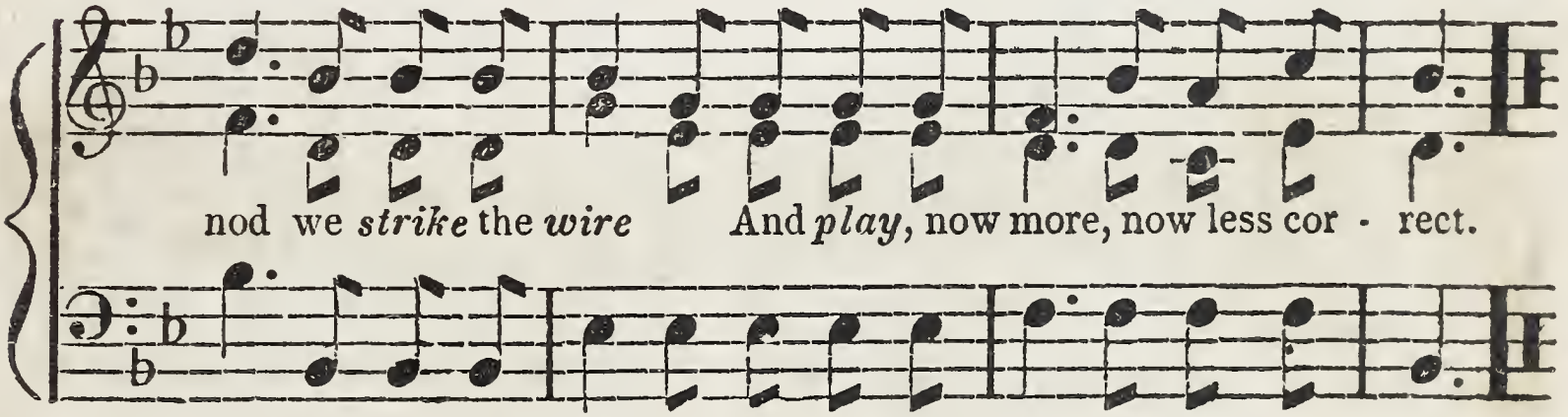
3

Before the breeze of spring doth float,
So merrily my little boat;
The birds are wheeling on the air,
And flowers again are fresh and fair.

THIS WORLD IS ALL A MIGHTY *CHOIR.*



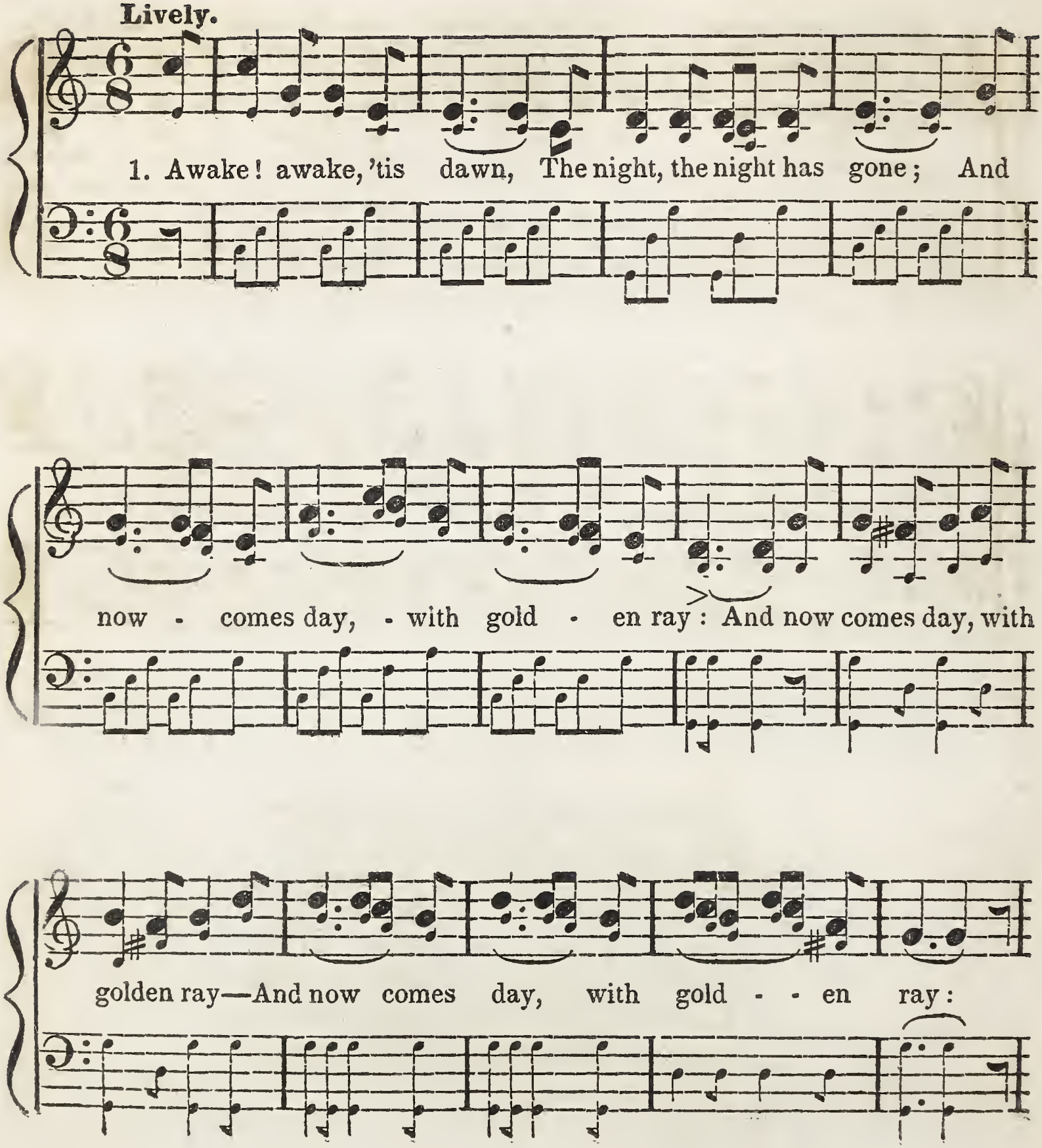


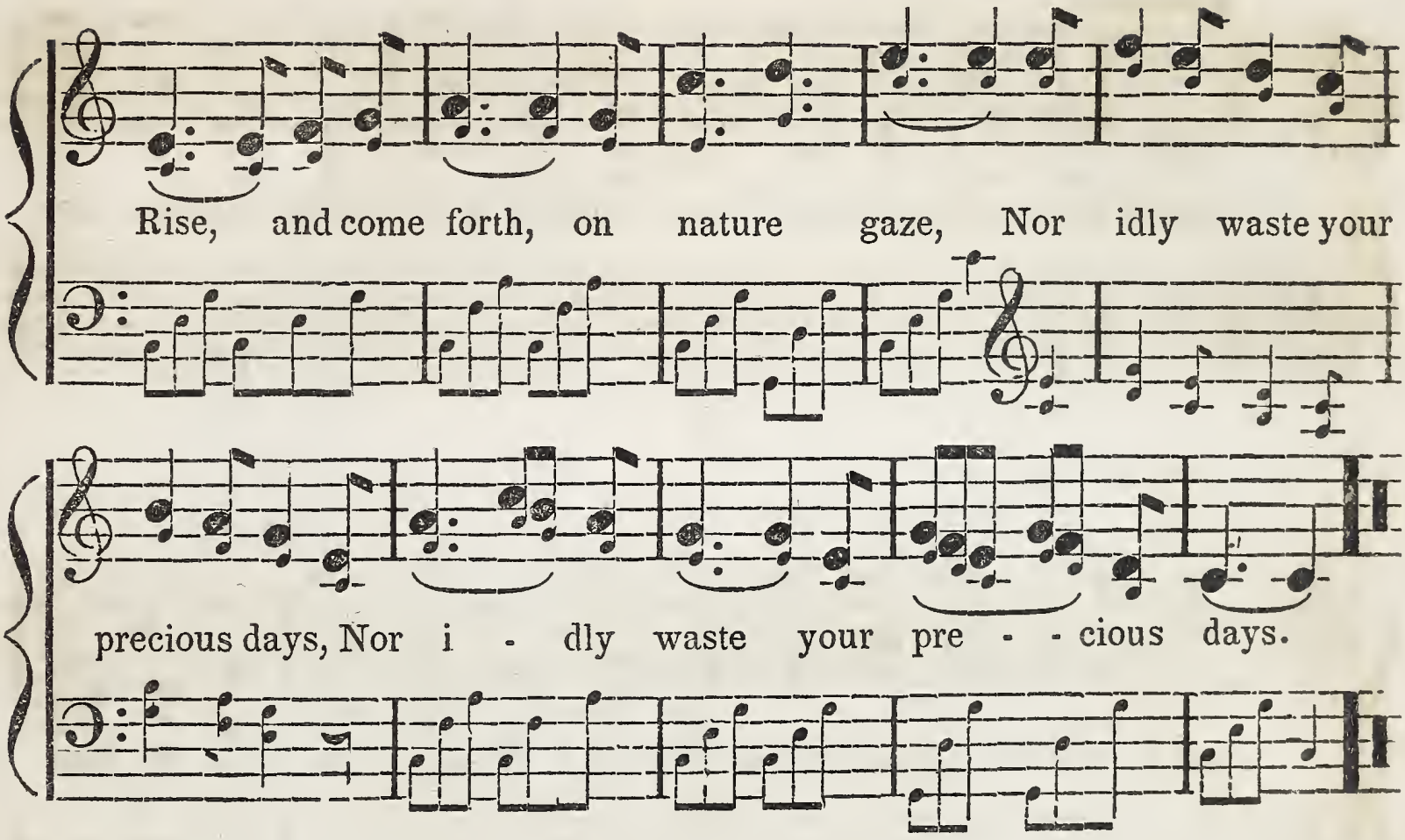


2

Andante is the poor-man's *tempo;*
The rich in *Allegro* you'll find,
With them it's *Forte, Maestoso;*
But we unheard, are oft behind;
Yet many a one *plays* very vainly,
And many a *harp* is poorly *strung;*
And many you'll find expected only
To *blow the bellows* all life long.

AWAKE! AWAKE, 'TIS DAWN.



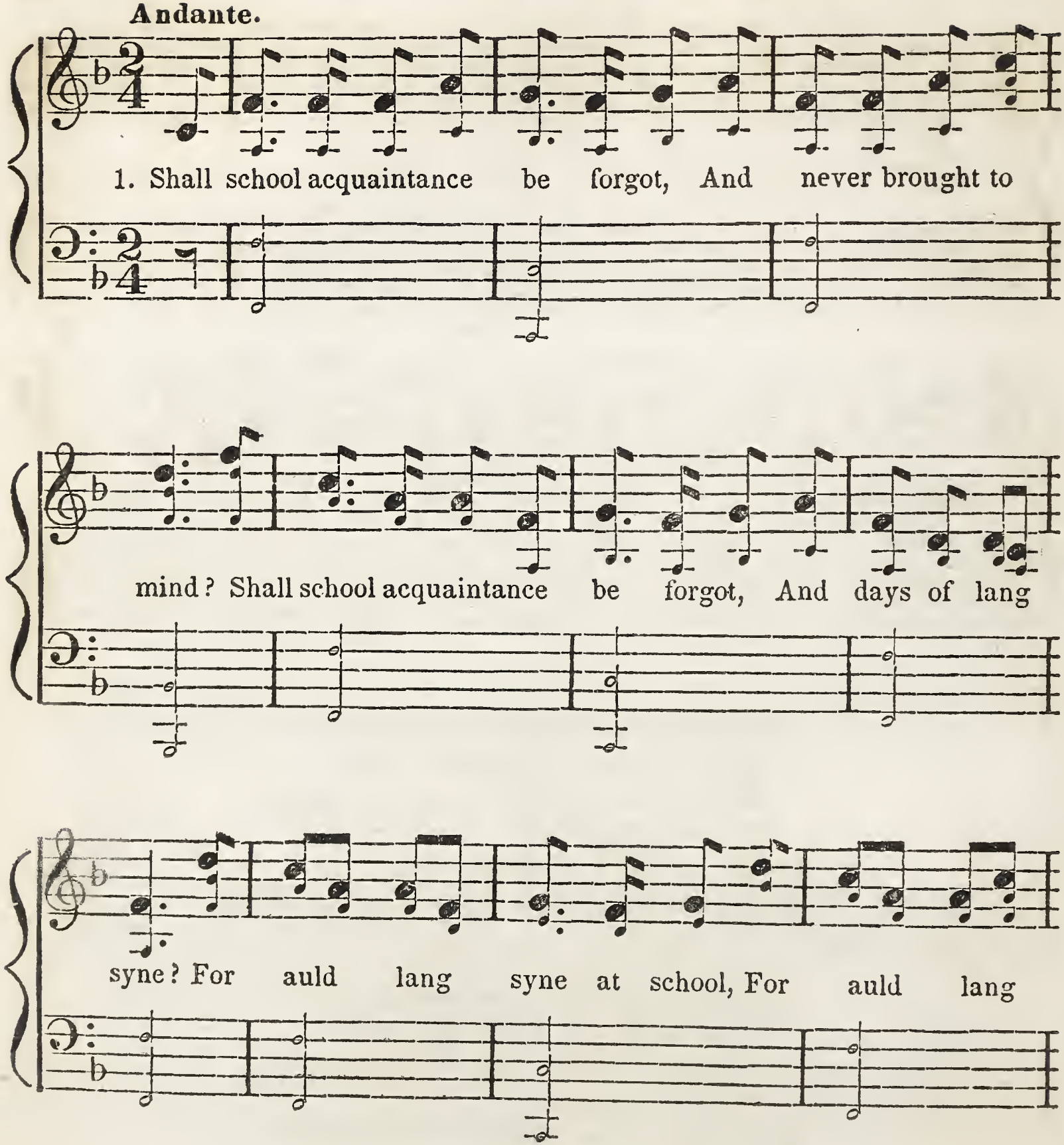


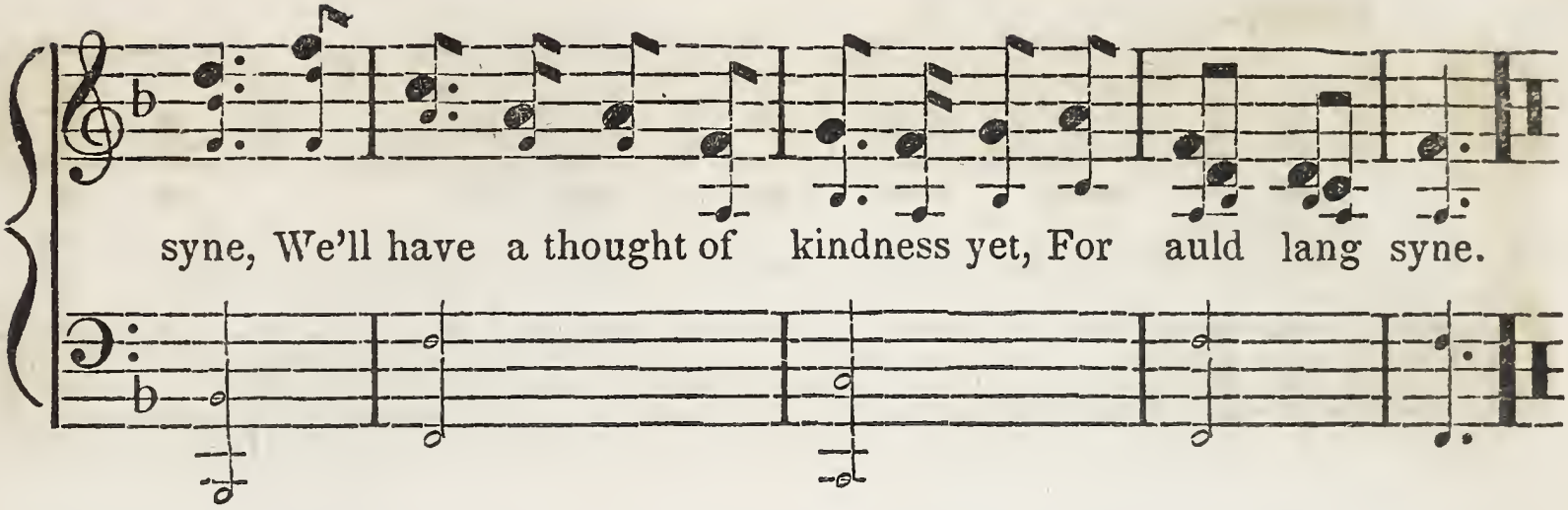
2

The birds, the birds now sing,
And meadows, meadows ring;
With joyous sound } *Repeat twice.*
Of praise around, }
Sister awake! with joy arise,
Shake drowsy sleep from off your eyes.

3

Awake! awake, 'tis dawn,
The night, the night has gone,
And now comes day } *Repeat twice.*
With golden ray; }
Rise, and come forth, on nature gaze,
Nor idly waste your precious days.


Andante.
1. Shall school acquaintance be forgot, And never brought to
mind? Shall school acquaintance be forgot, And days of lang
syne? For auld lang syne at school, For auld lang



2

We oft have run about the fields,
And culled the flowers fine;
We'll ne'er forget these hours, when they
Are auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

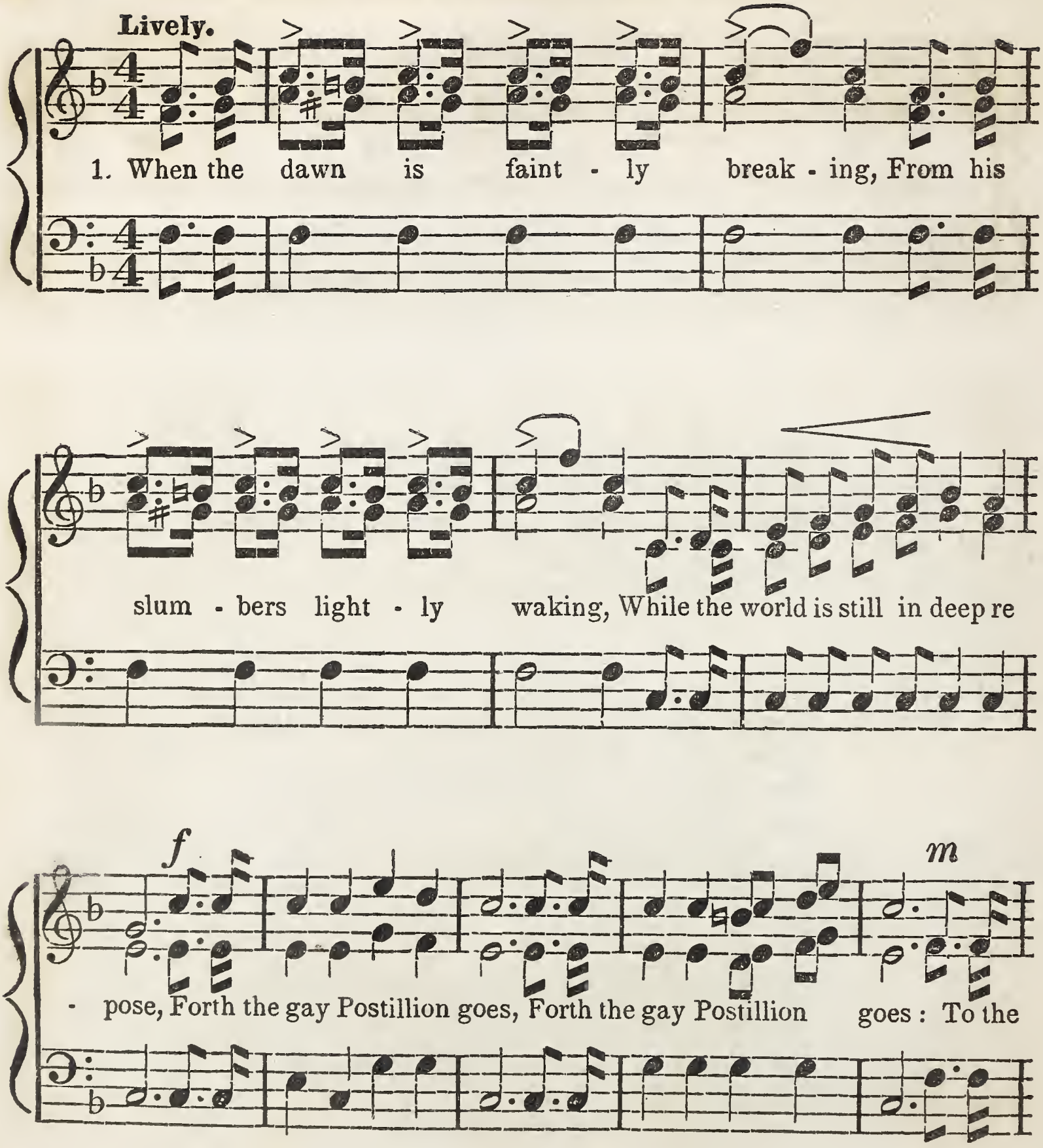
3

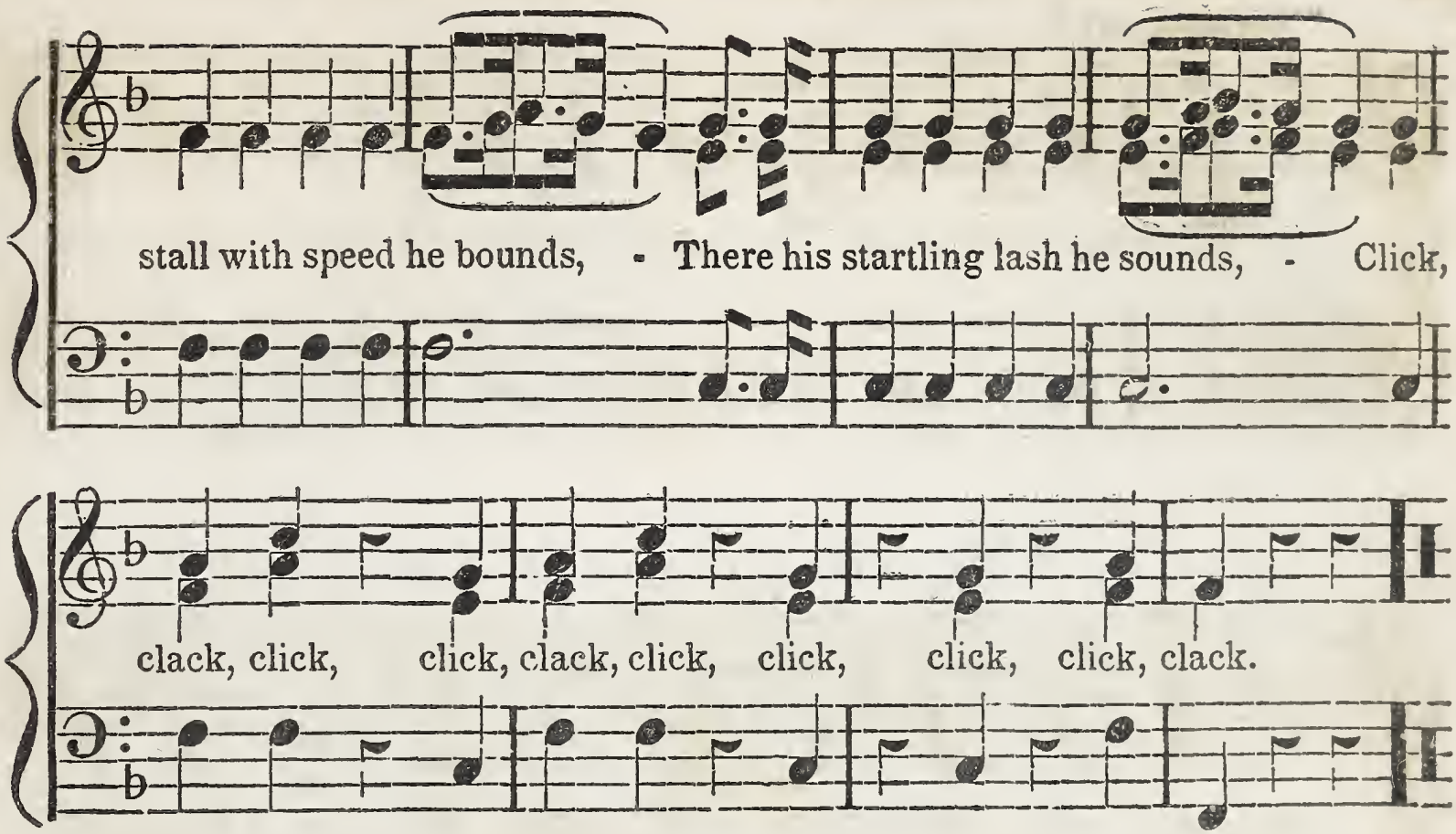
We oft have cheered each other's task,
From morn till day's decline,
But memory's night shall never rest
On auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

4

Then take the hand that now is warm,
Within a hand of thine;
No distant day shall lose the grasp
Of auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

THE POSTILLION.





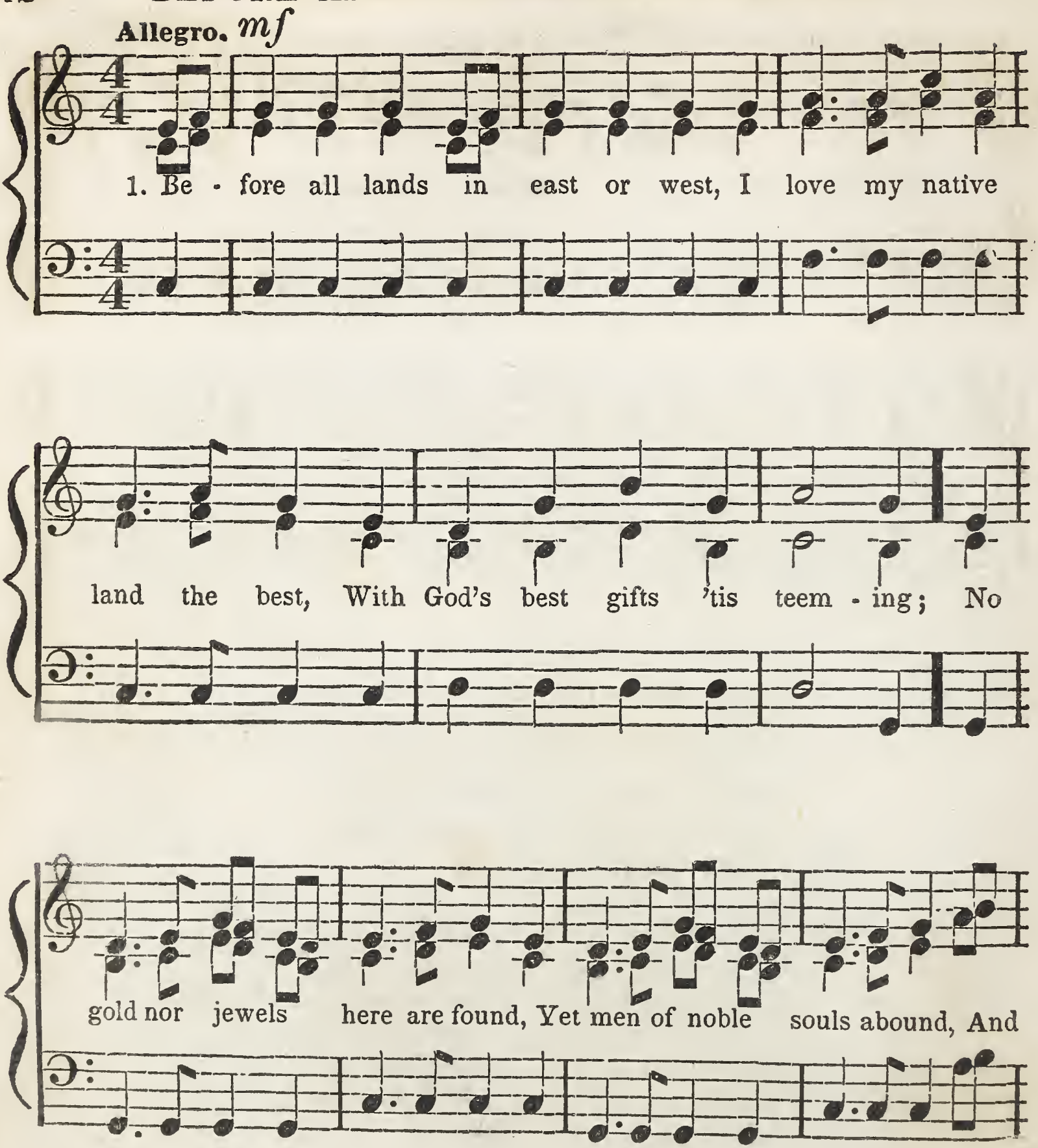
2

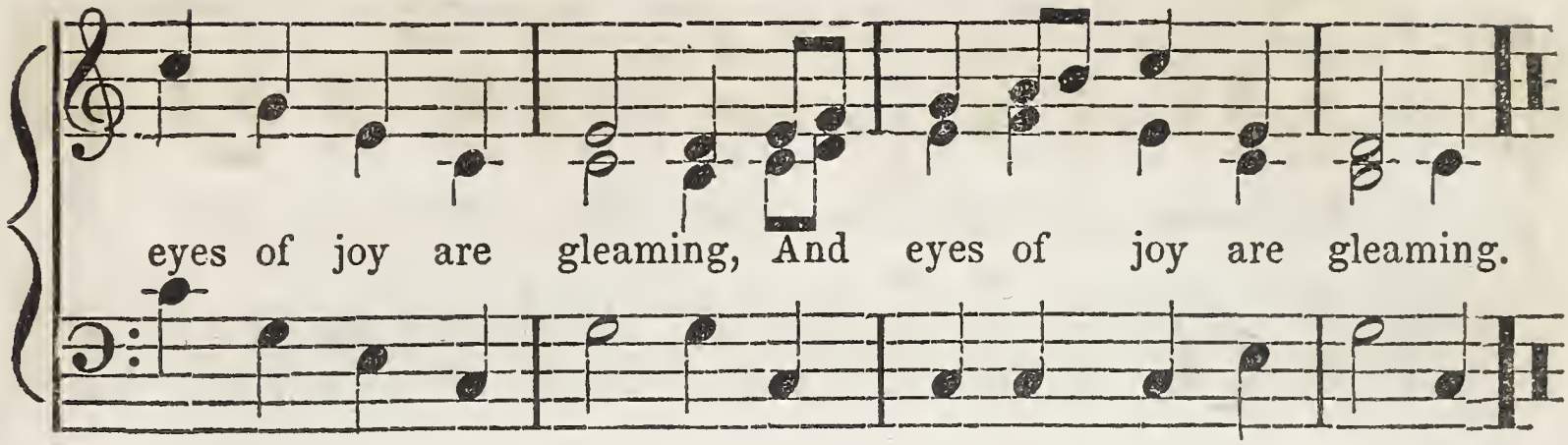
See his steeds now proudly prancing,
Through the city gates advancing,
While the rising sun's all-gilding rays,
Over mount and valley blaze :‖:
Up and down the hills they fly,
Now the plains before them lie.
Click, clack, click, &c.

3

Then when night comes faintly darkling,
And the peaceful stars are sparkling,
Lo the goal is near—the glad steeds bound,
Soon the rattling streets resound ; :‖:
Now the post-horn pours its blast,
While the sounding lash falls fast.
Click, clack, click, &c.

BEFORE ALL LANDS IN EAST OR WEST.





2

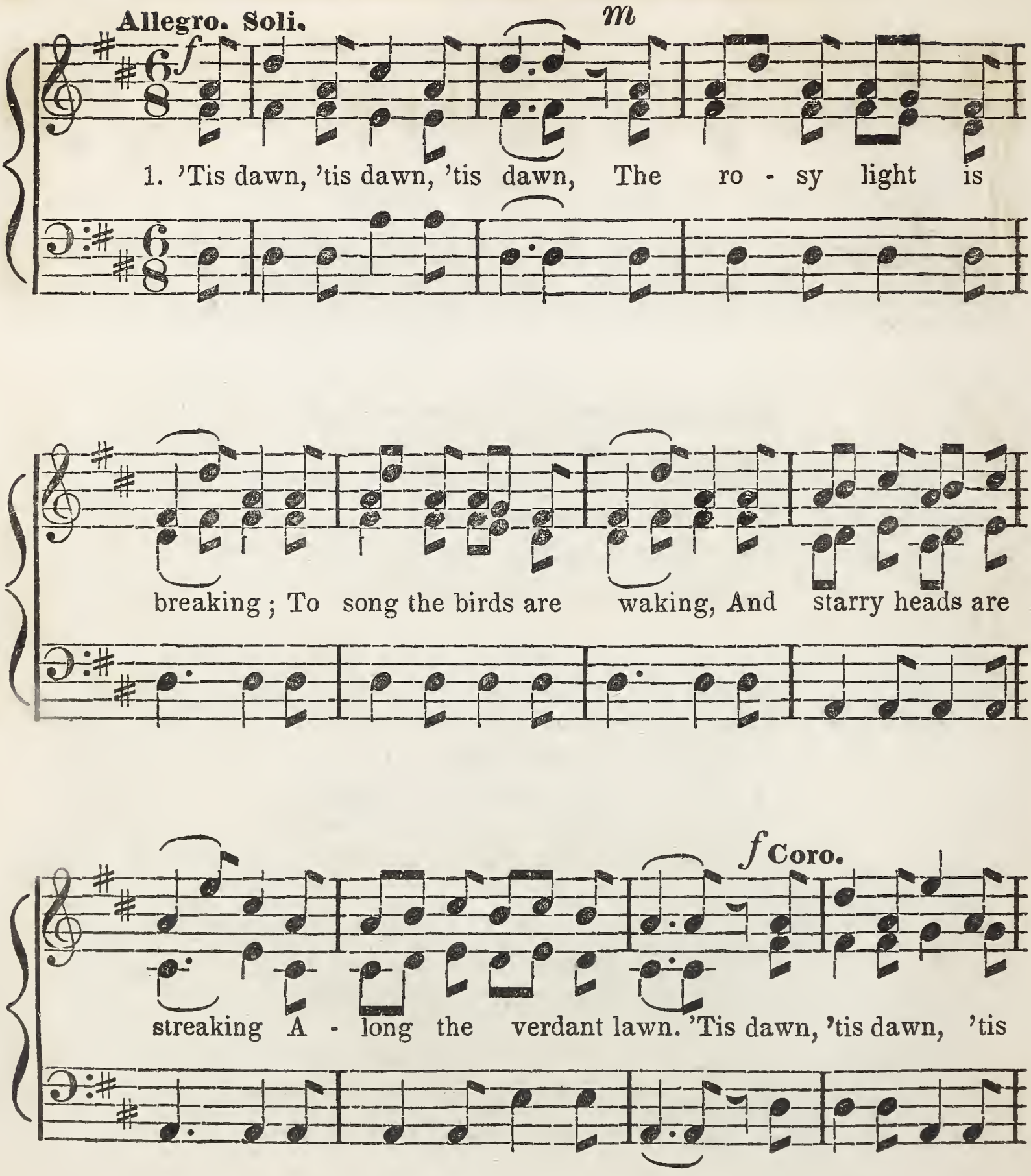
Before all tongues in east or west,
I love my native tongue the best;
  Though not so smoothly spoken,
Nor woven with Italian art:
Yet when it speaks from heart to heart,
  The word is never broken.

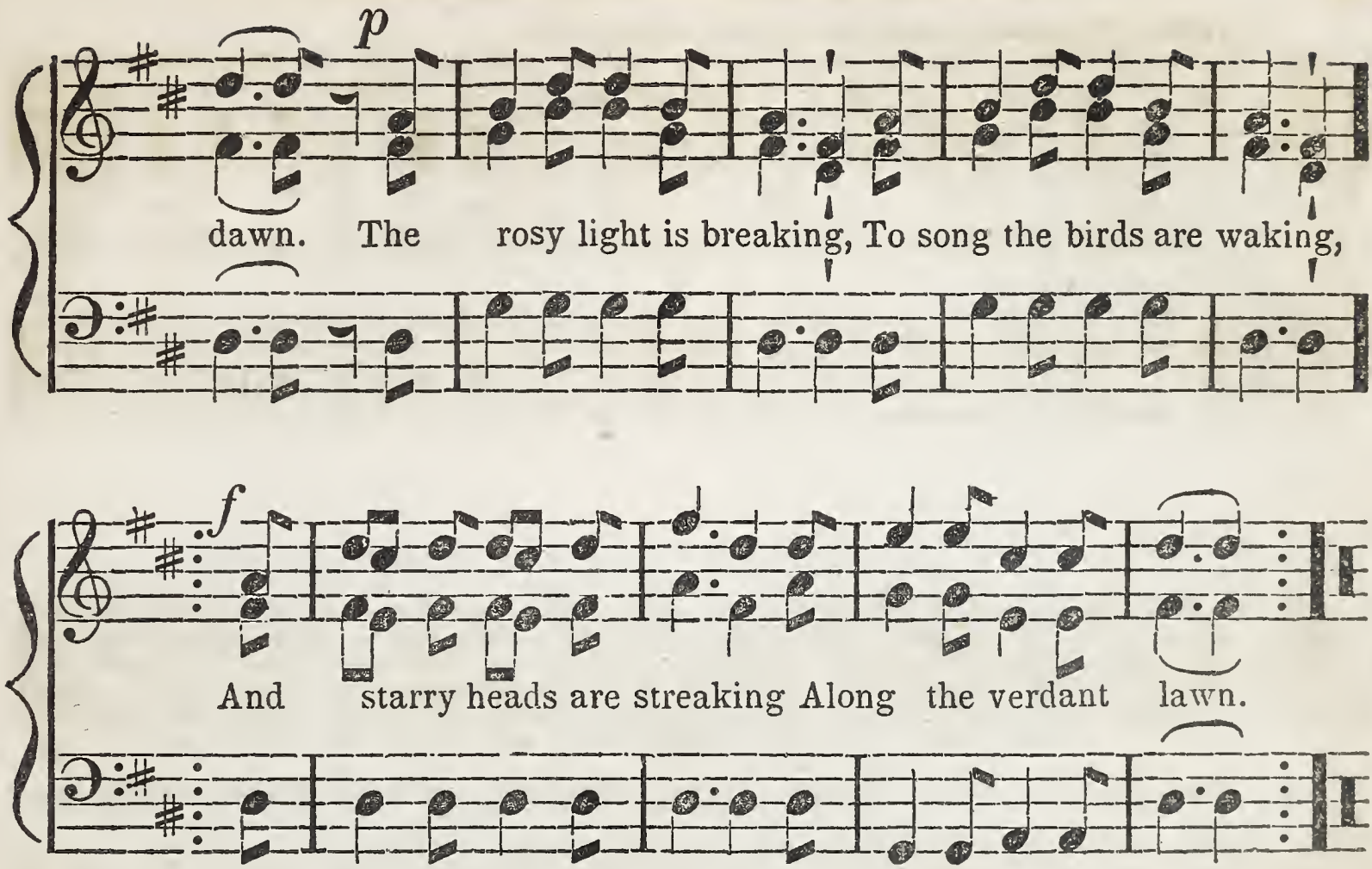
3

Before all people east or west,
I love my countrymen the best,
  A race of noble spirit:—
A sober mind, a generous heart,
To virtue trained, yet free from art,
  They from their sires inherit.

4

To all the world I give my hand,
My *heart* I give my native land:
  I seek her good, her glory;
I honor every nation's name,
Respect their fortune and their fame,
  But I love the land that bore me.


Allegro. Soli.
f
m
1. 'Tis dawn, 'tis dawn, 'tis dawn, The ro - sy light is
breaking ; To song the birds are waking, And starry heads are
f Coro.
streaking A - long the verdant lawn. 'Tis dawn, 'tis dawn, 'tis



2

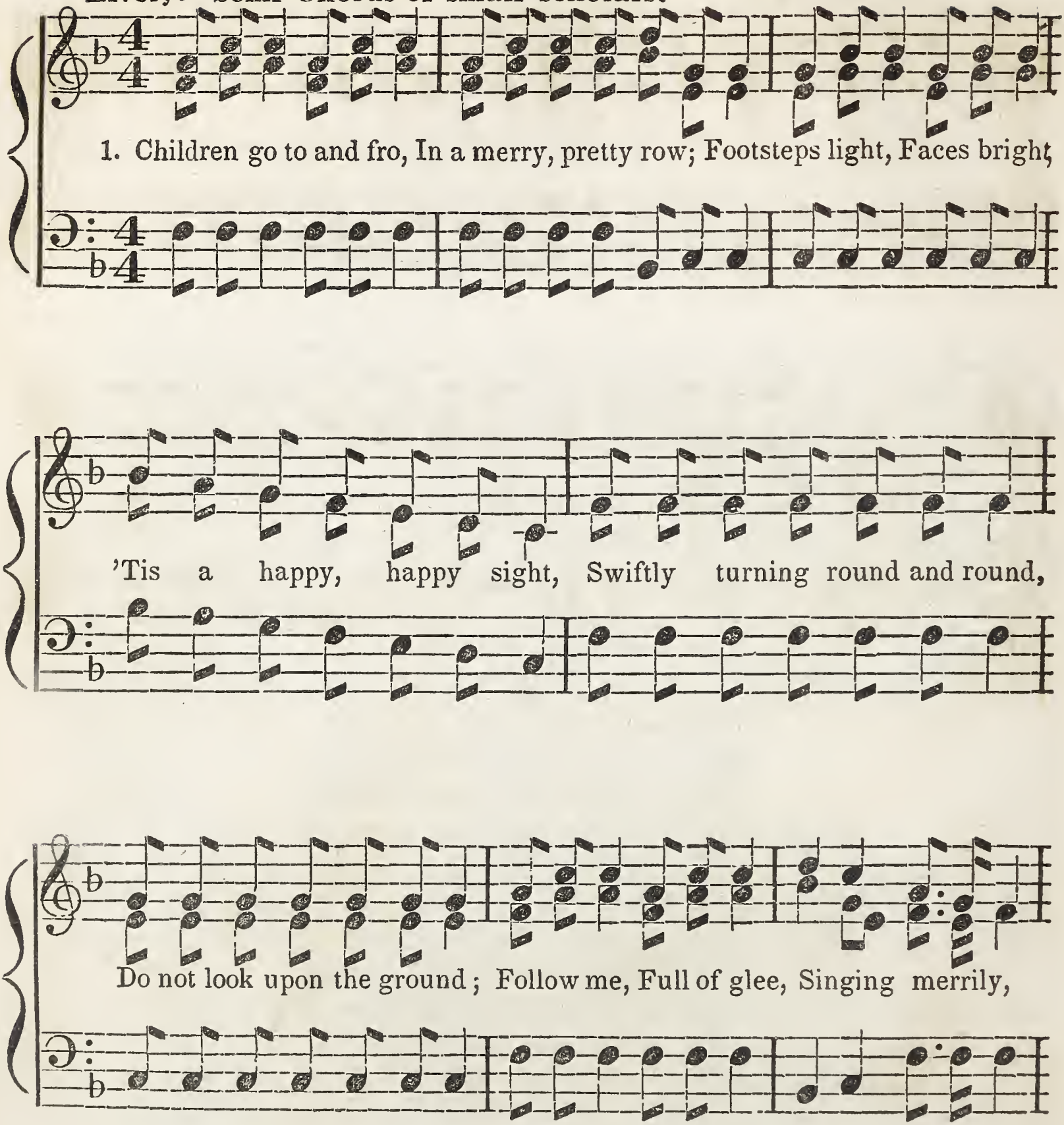
'Tis noon, 'tis noon, 'tis noon,
Blue rise the hills before me,
Blue smiles the azure o'er me,
And radiant blossoms pour me,
The balmy breath of June.
'Tis noon, &c.

3

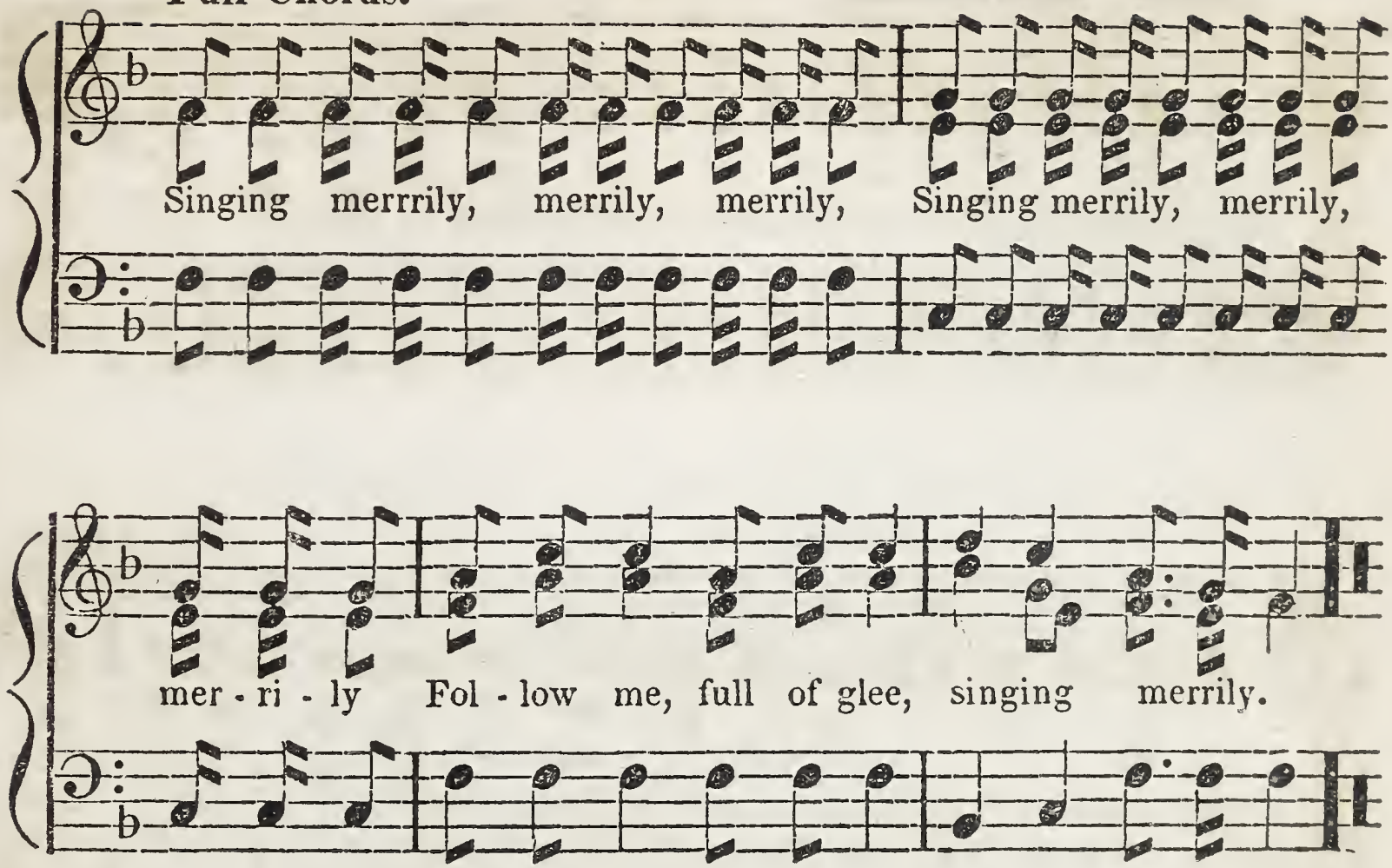
'Tis night, 'tis night, 'tis night,
The world now hushed and still,
Dim towers the shadowy hill,
Earth's guardian spirits fill
Their ways with softer light.
'Tis night, &c.

CHILDREN GO TO AND FRO.

Lively. Semi-Chorus of small scholars.



Full Chorus.



2

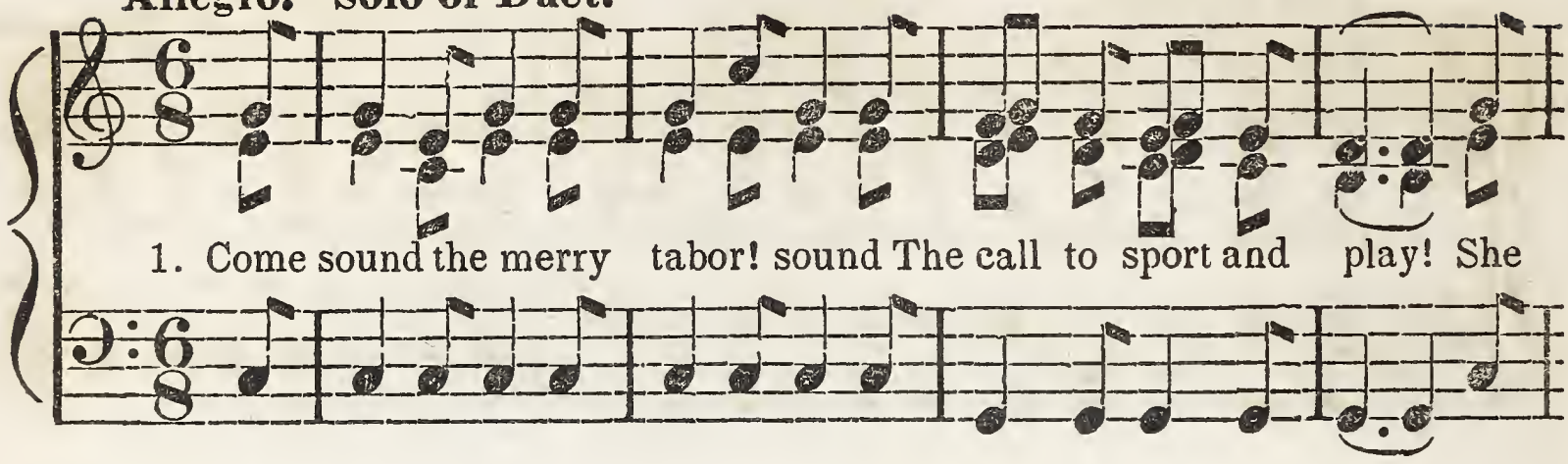
Birds are free,
So are we,
And we live as happily;
Work we do,
Study too,
Learning daily something new;
Then we laugh,and dance,and sing,
Gay as birds, or any thing.
Follow me, &c.

3

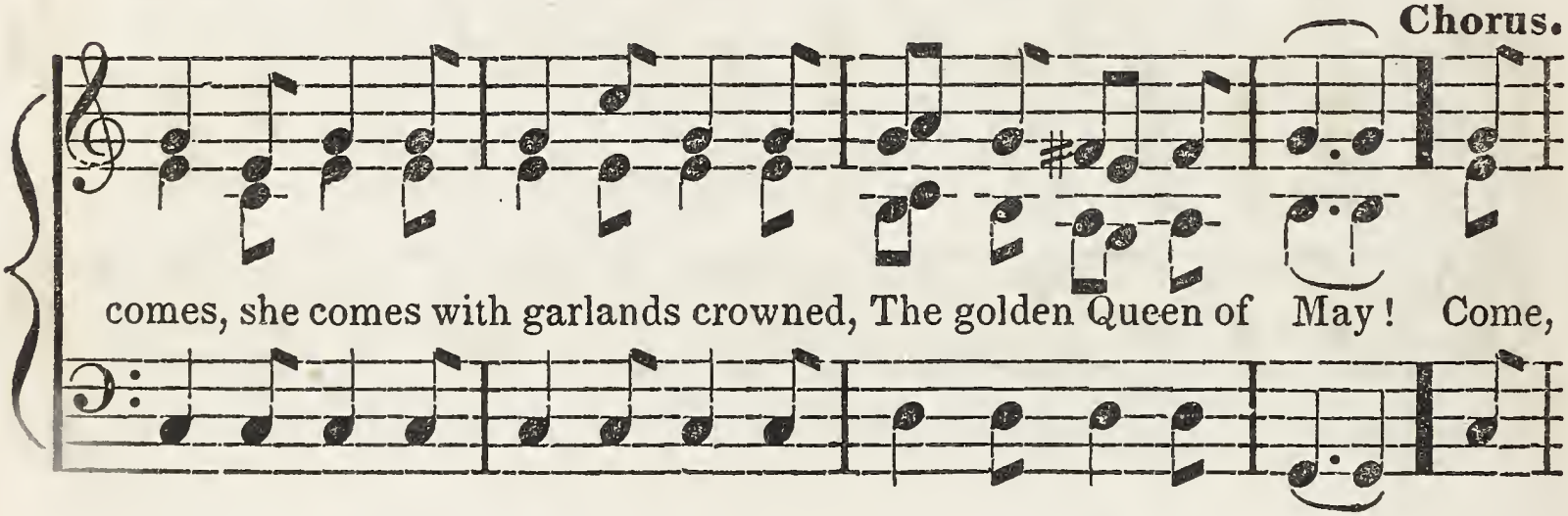
Work is done,
Play's begun,
Now we have our laugh and fun
Happy days,
Pretty plays,
And no naughty, naughty ways;
Holding fast each other's hand,
We're a cheerful, happy band
Follow me, &c.

COME, SOUND THE MERRY TABOR.

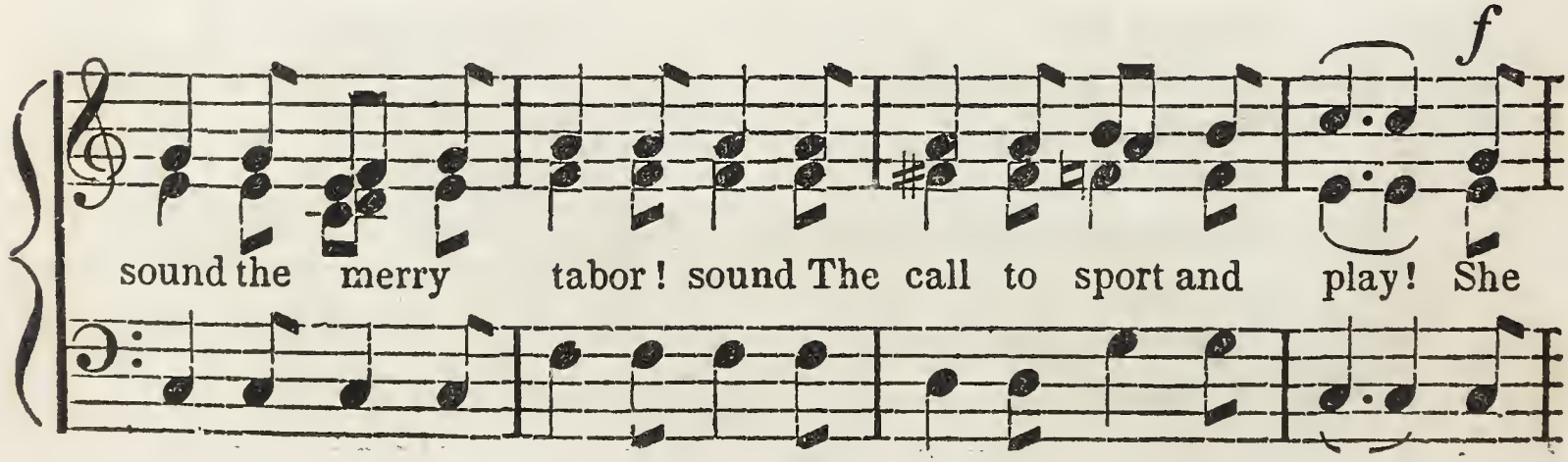
Allegro. Solo or Duet.

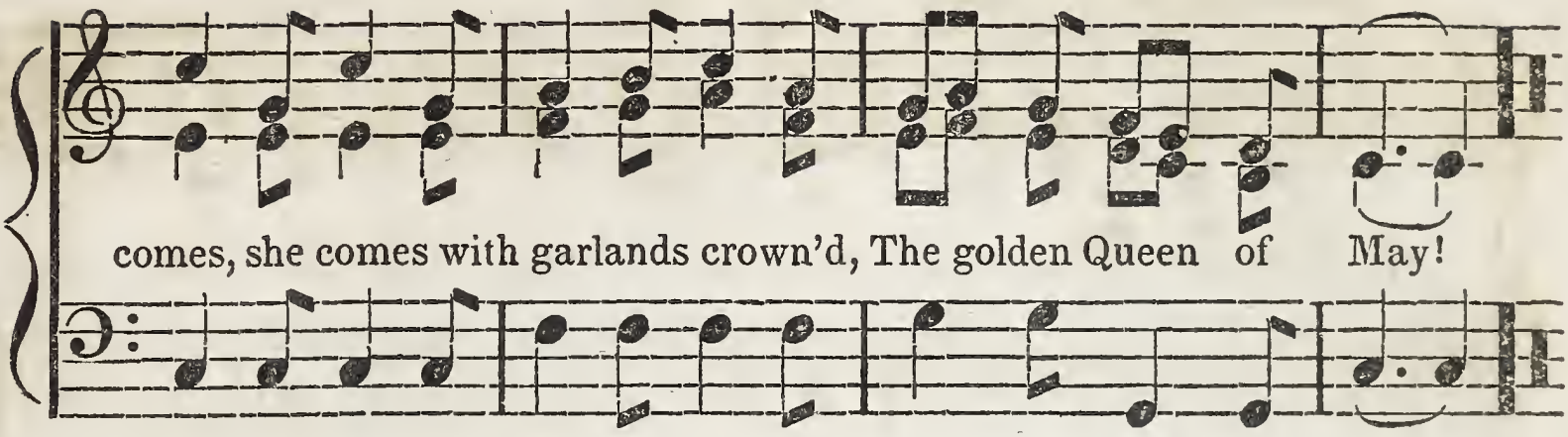


Chorus.



f





2

She clothes the groves in glittering green,
She smiles on hill and plain;
And mantling all her paths is seen,
A rosy, blooming, train.
Then sound the merry tabor, &c.

3

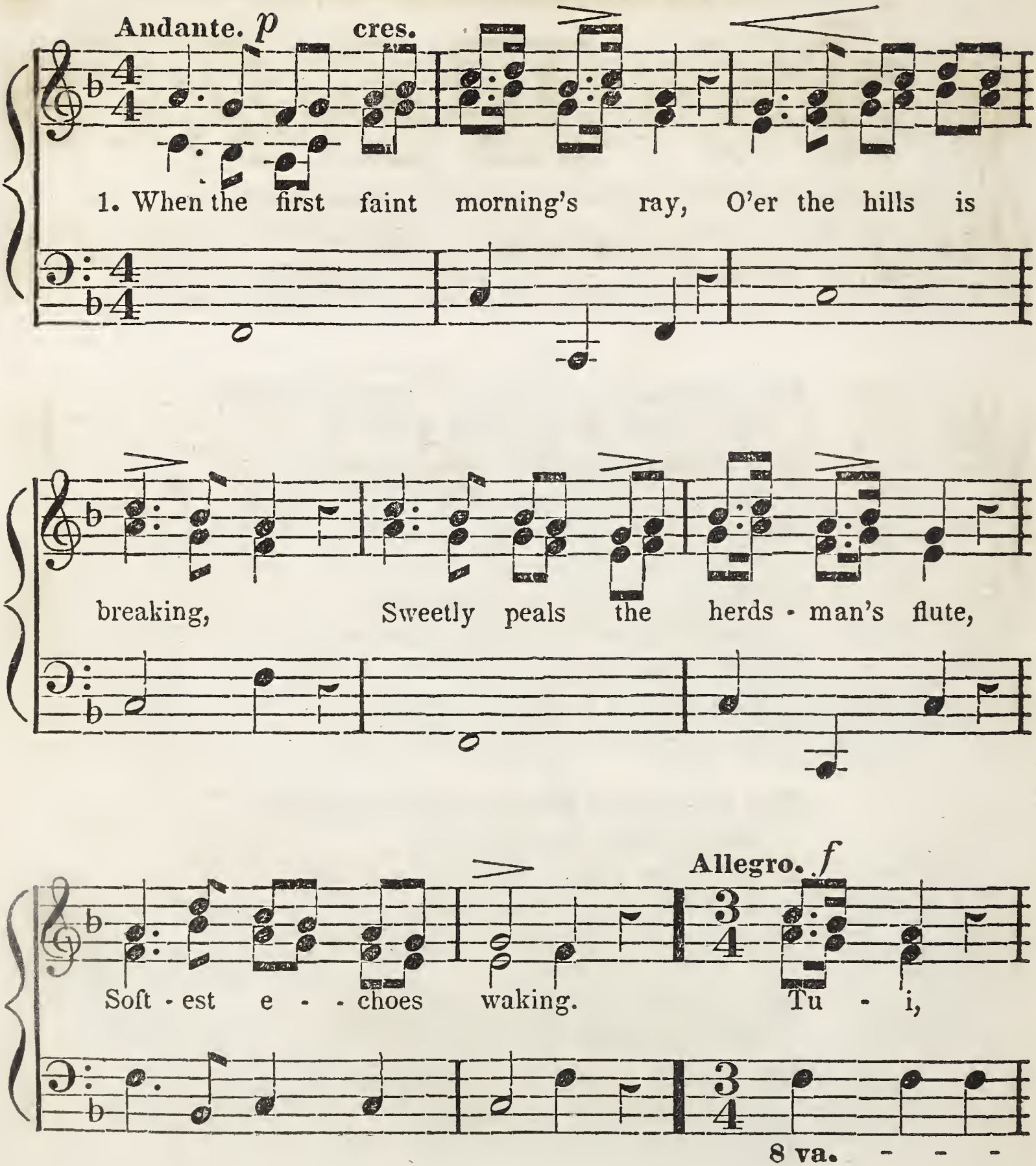
Her gentle breath inspires the air,
And breathes soft music round,
It gives the flowers a fragrance fair,
The groves a silvery sound.
Then sound the merry tabor, &c.

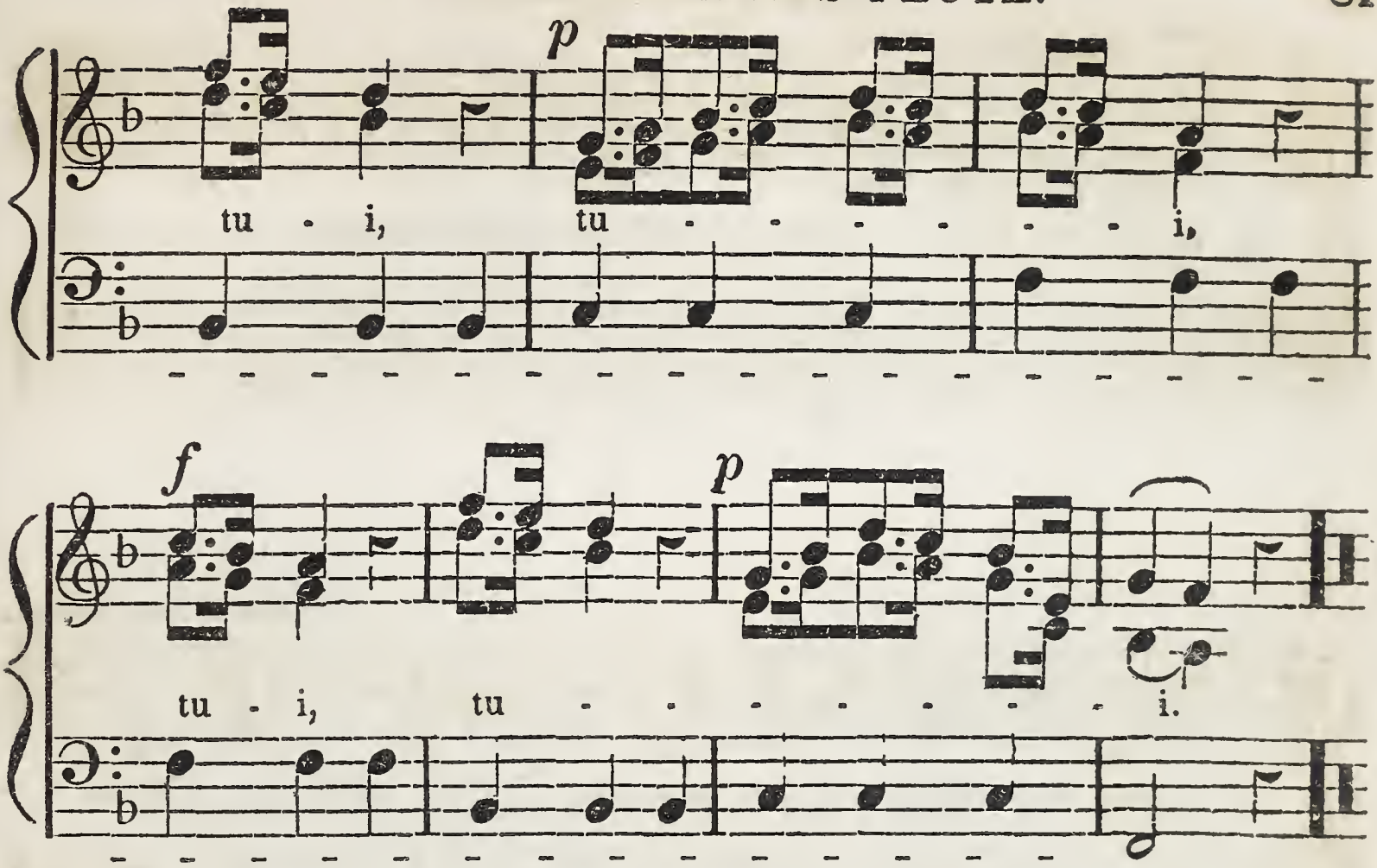
4

She strews her flowers along the heath,
And up the mountain side,
A glittering carpet spreads beneath,
And fairy footsteps glide.
Then sound the merry tabor, &c.

5

Beneath her soft enchanting hand,
Old wrinkled care retires;
She mildly moves her magic wand,
And harmless joy inspires.
Then sound the merry tabor, &c.


Andante. p
cres.
1. When the first faint morning's ray, O'er the hills is
breaking, Sweetly peals the herds - man's flute,
Allegro. f
Soft - est e - - - choes waking. Tu - i,
8 va. - - -



2

Lo ! impatient for the call,
Forth the herds are bounding,
Joyfully they quit the stall,
While the flute is sounding.
Tui, &c.

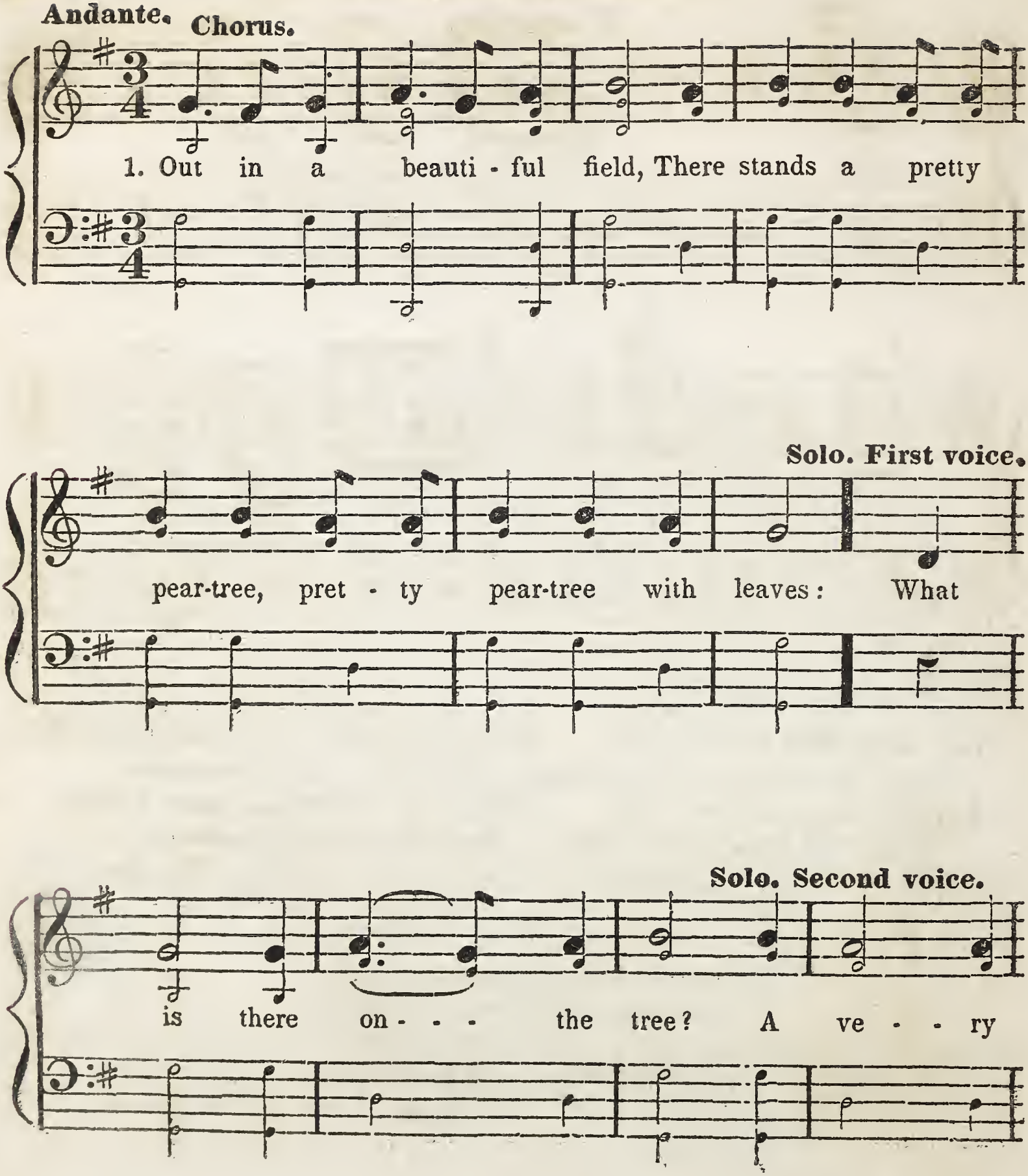
3

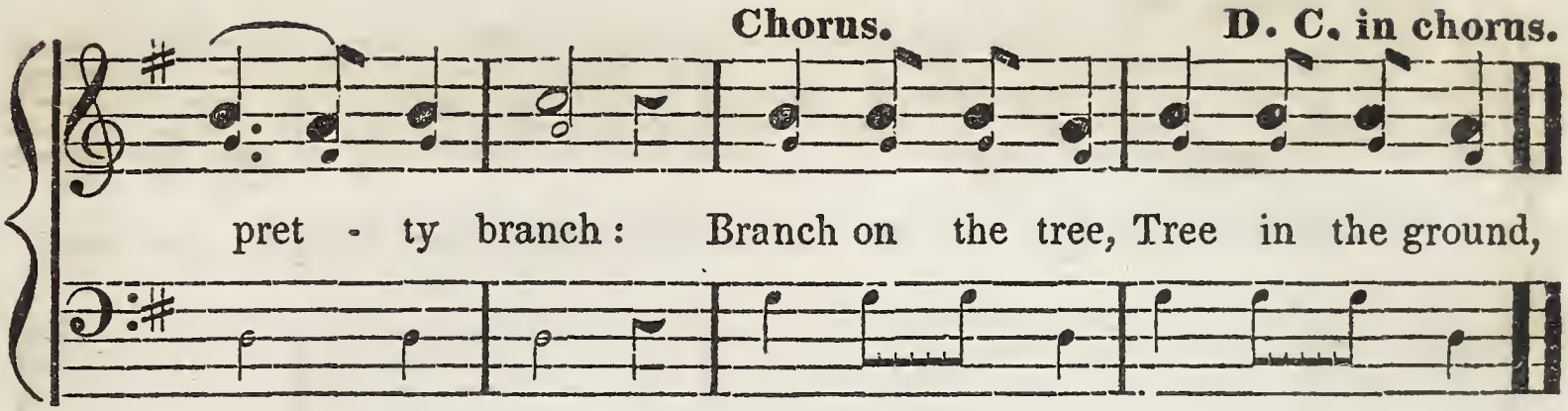
Now they graze where streamlets flow,
Climb the sunny mountain,
While the herdsman pipes below,
Near the shady fountain.
Tui, &c.

4

When the silvery evening star,
Sees them homeward stealing,
Listening peasants from afar,
Hear that flute still pealing.
Tui, &c.

THE PEAR TREE.





2

SOLO 1.
What is there on the branch?
SOLO 2.
A very pretty bough:
CORO.
Bough on the branch,
Branch on the tree,
Tree in the ground,
Out in a beautiful field, &c.

3

SOLO 1.
What is there on the bough?
SOLO 2.
A very pretty nest:
CORO.
Nest on the bough,
Bough on the branch,
Branch on the tree,
Tree in the ground,
Out in a beautiful field, &c.

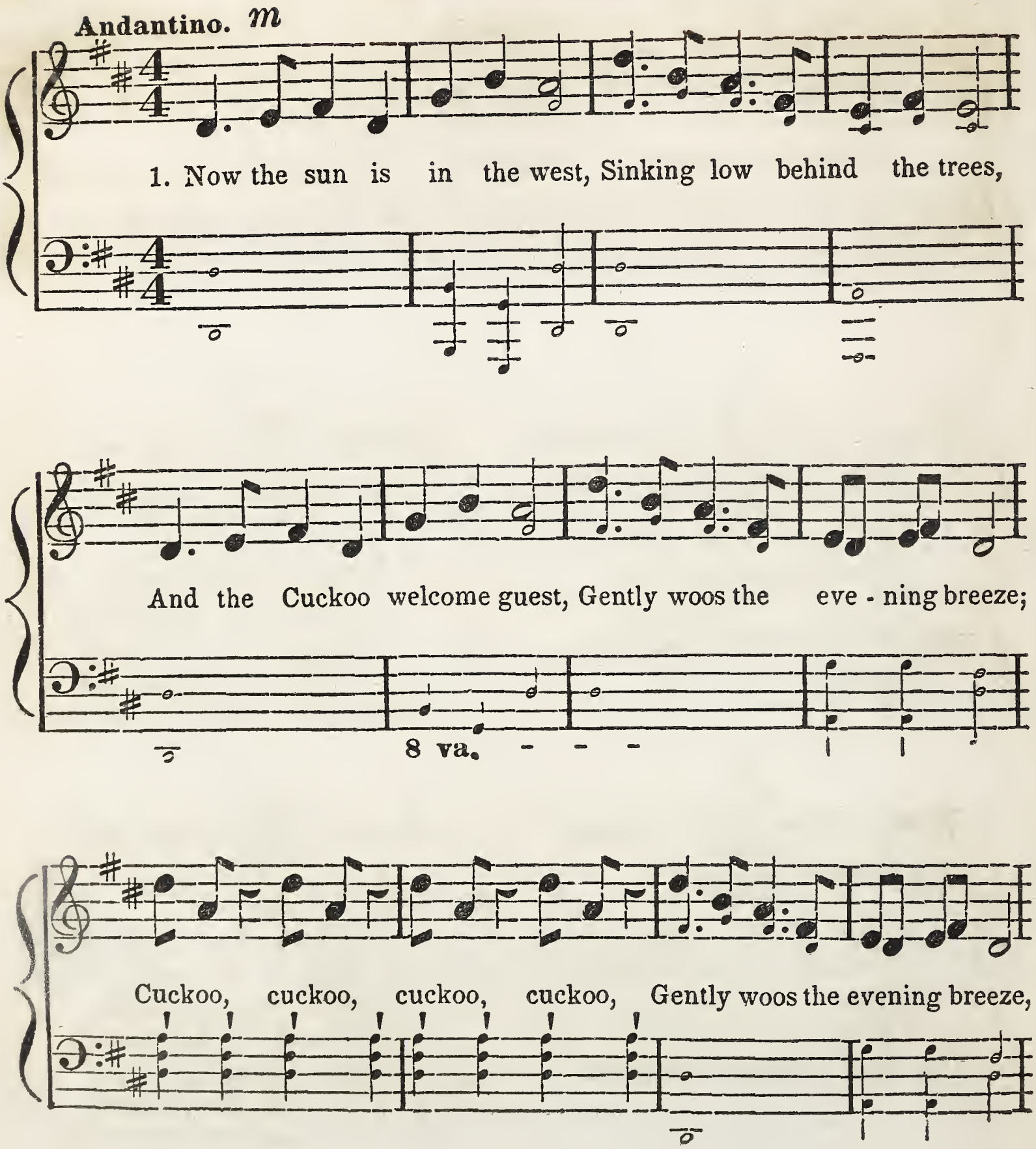
4

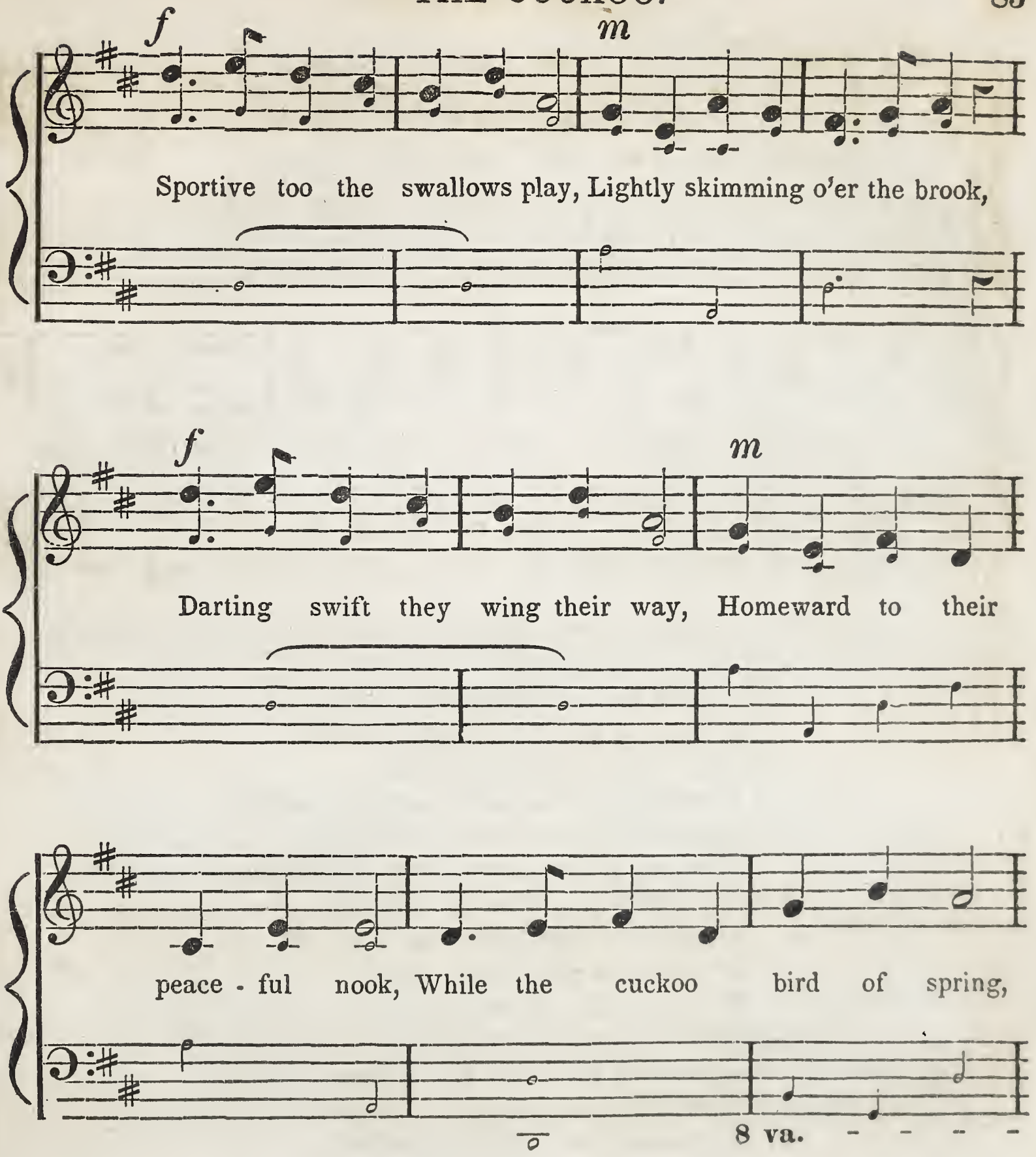
SOLO 1.
What is there in the nest?
SOLO 2.
A very pretty egg:
CORO.
Egg in the nest,
Nest on the bough,
Bough on the branch,
Branch on the tree,
Tree in the ground,
Out in a beautiful field, &c.

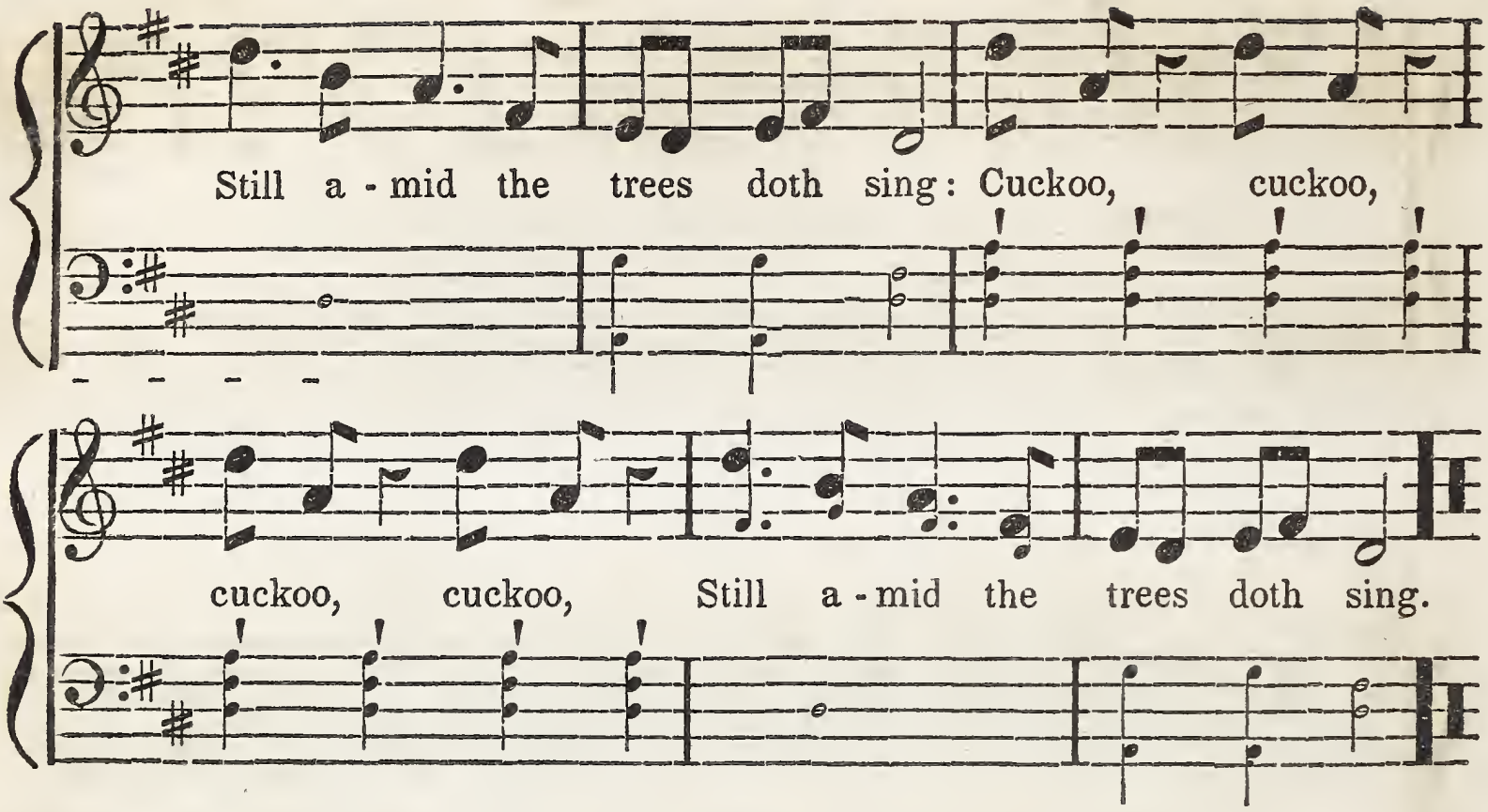
5

SOLO 1.
What is there in the egg?
SOLO 2.
A very pretty bird:
CORO.
Bird in the egg,
Egg in the nest,
Nest on the bough,
Bough on the branch,
Branch on the tree,
Tree in the ground,
Out in a beautiful field, &c.

THE CUCKOO.

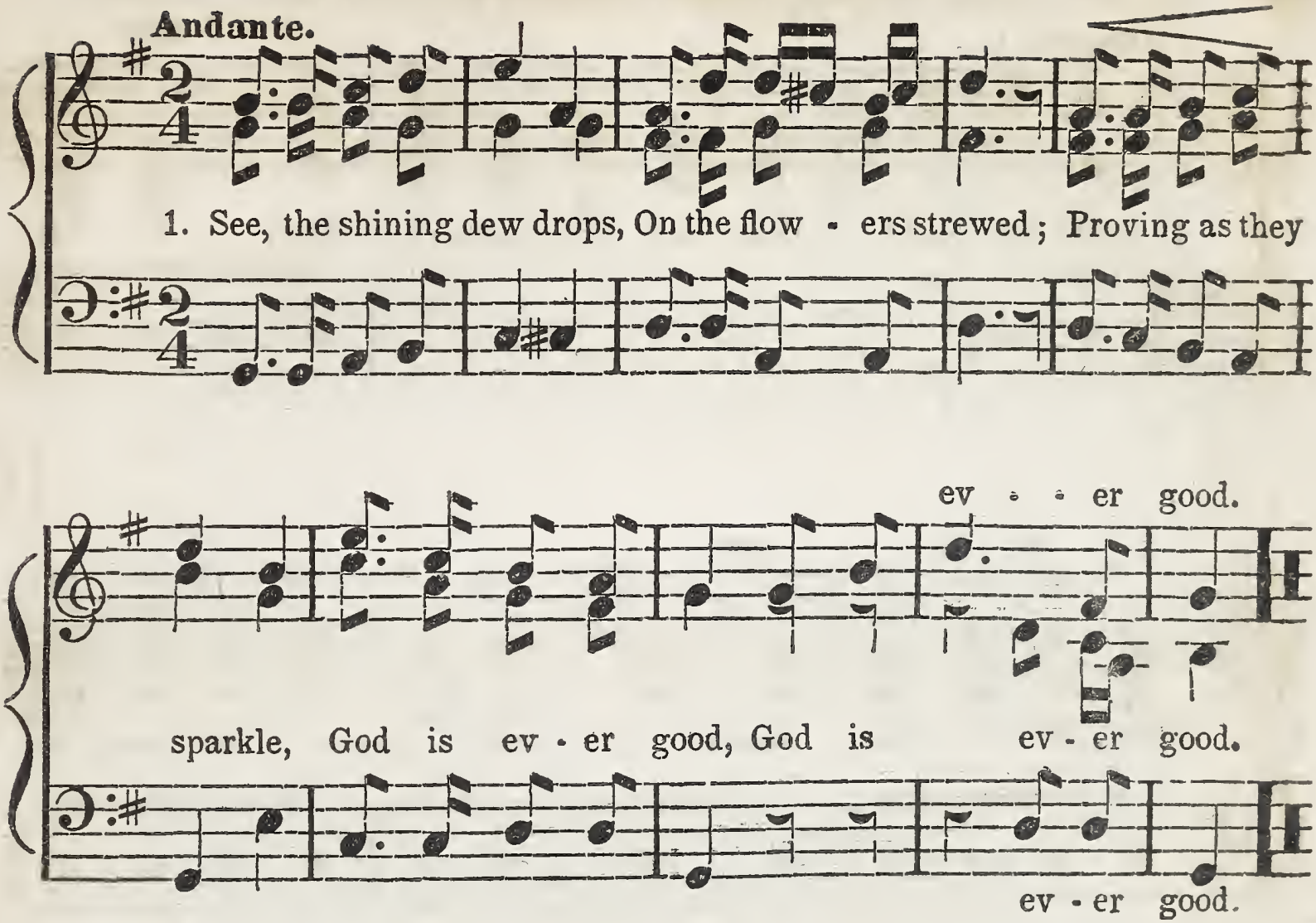

Andantino. m
1. Now the sun is in the west, Sinking low behind the trees,
And the Cuckoo welcome guest, Gently woos the eve - ning breeze;
8 va.
Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, Gently woos the evening breeze,


f
m
Sportive too the swallows play, Lightly skimming o'er the brook,
f
m
Darting swift they wing their way, Homeward to their
peace - ful nook, While the cuckoo bird of spring,
8 va.



3

Cheerful see yon shepherd boy,
  Climbing up the cragged rocks,
As he views the dappled sky,
  Pleased the cuckoo's note he mocks;
Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo,
  Pleased the cuckoo's note he mocks.
Now advancing o'er the plain,
  Evening's dusky shades appear;
And the cuckoo's voice again,
  Softly steals upon the ear;
While retiring from the view,
  Thus she bids the day adieu.
Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo,
  Thus she bids the day adieu.



2

See the morning sun beams
Lighting up the wood,
Silently proclaiming
God is ever good.

3

Hear the mountain streamlet
In the solitude,
With its ripple saying
God is ever good.

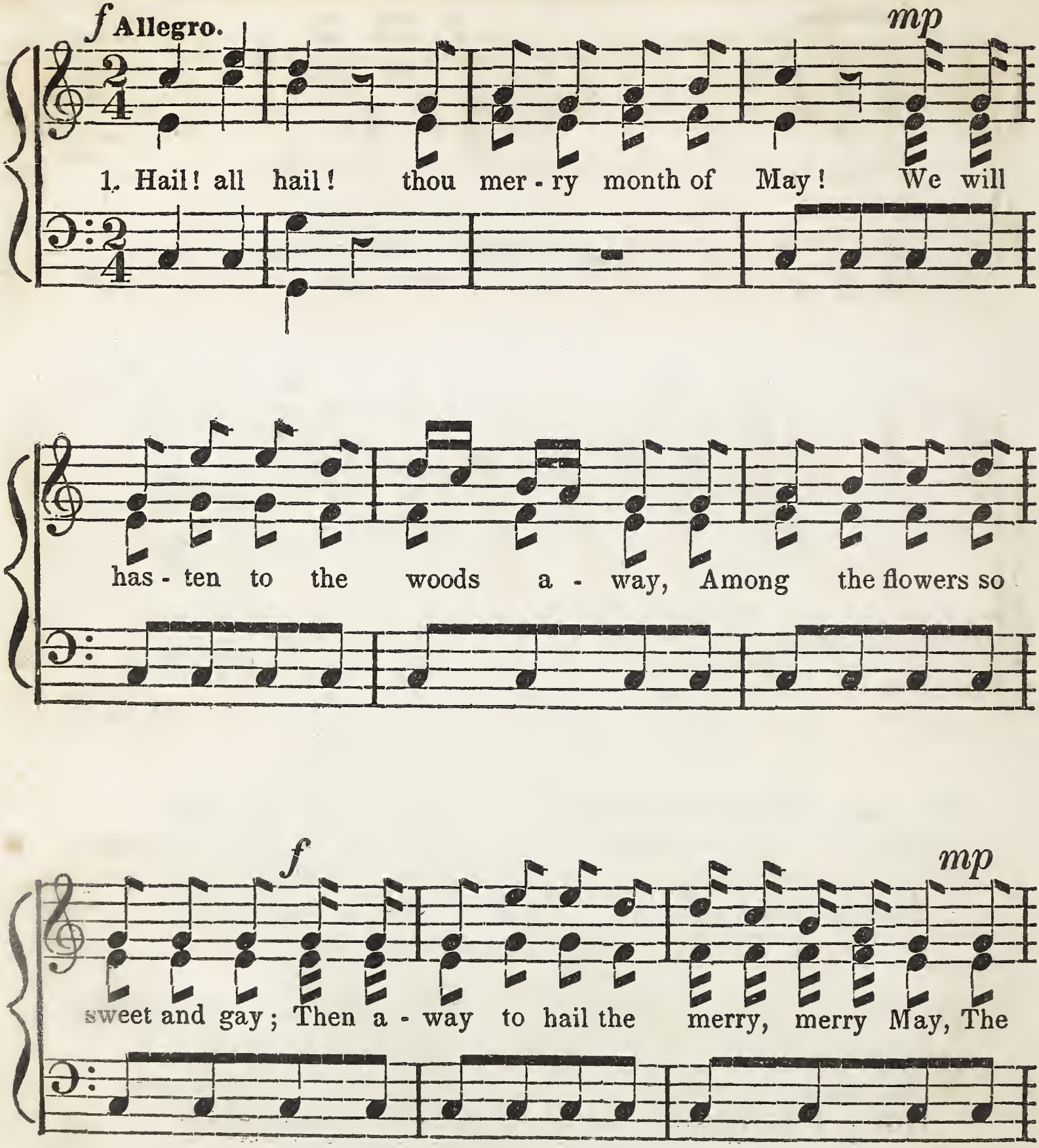
4

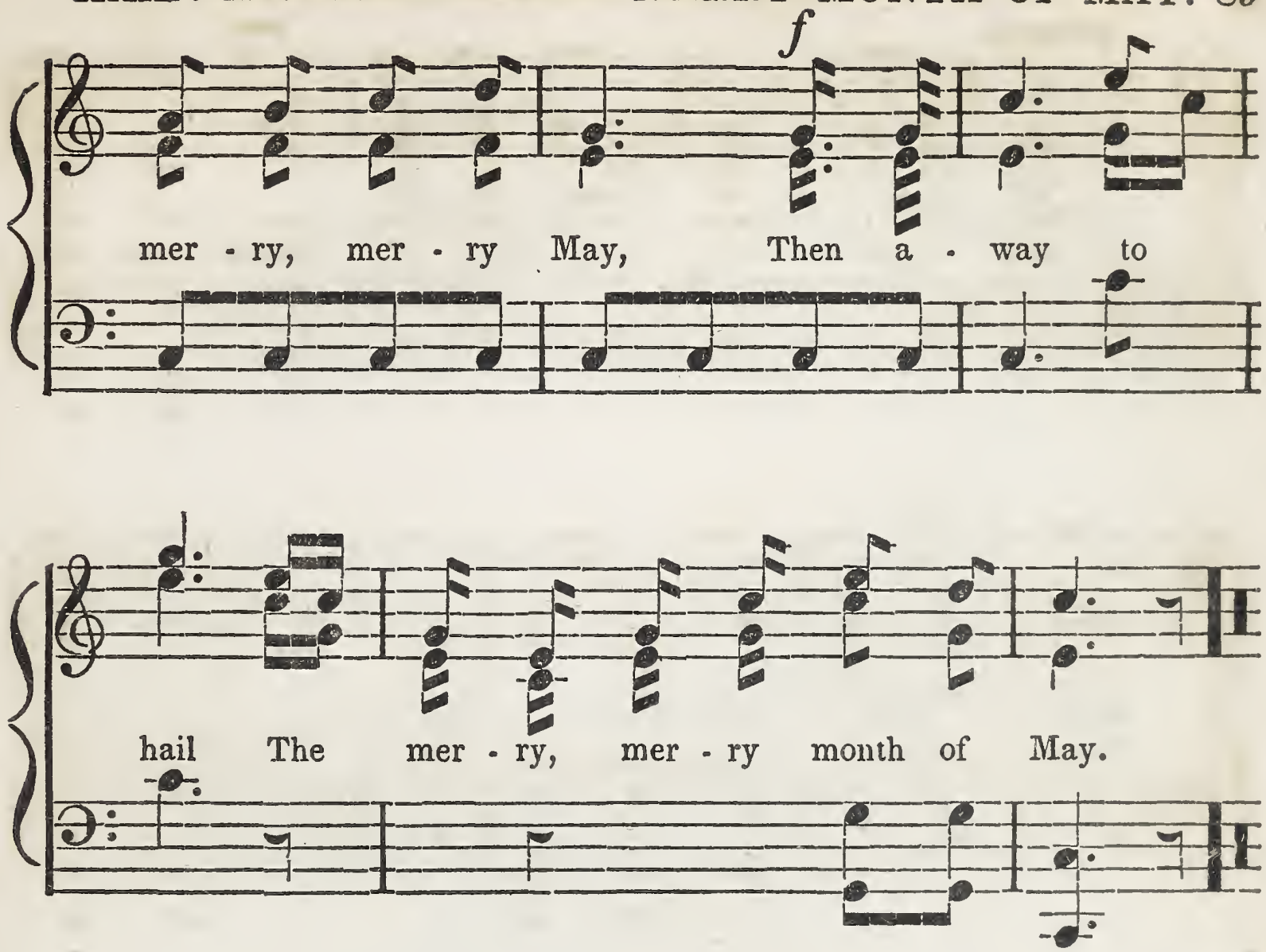
In the leafy tree tops
Where no fears intrude,
Merry birds are singing
God is ever good.

5

Bring my heart thy tribute,
Songs of gratitude;
While all nature utters,
God is ever good.

HAIL! ALL HAIL! THOU MERRY MONTH OF MAY.

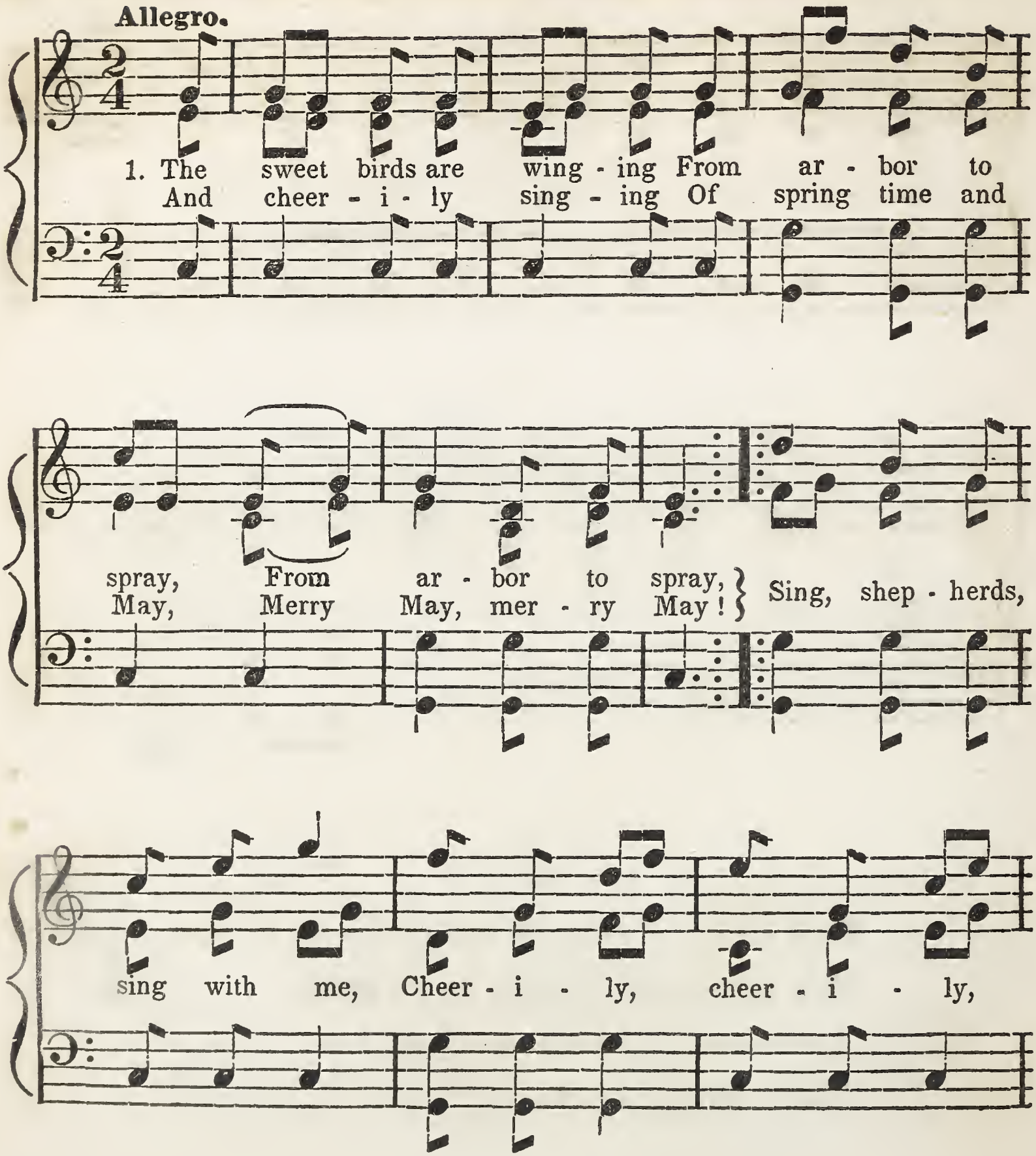


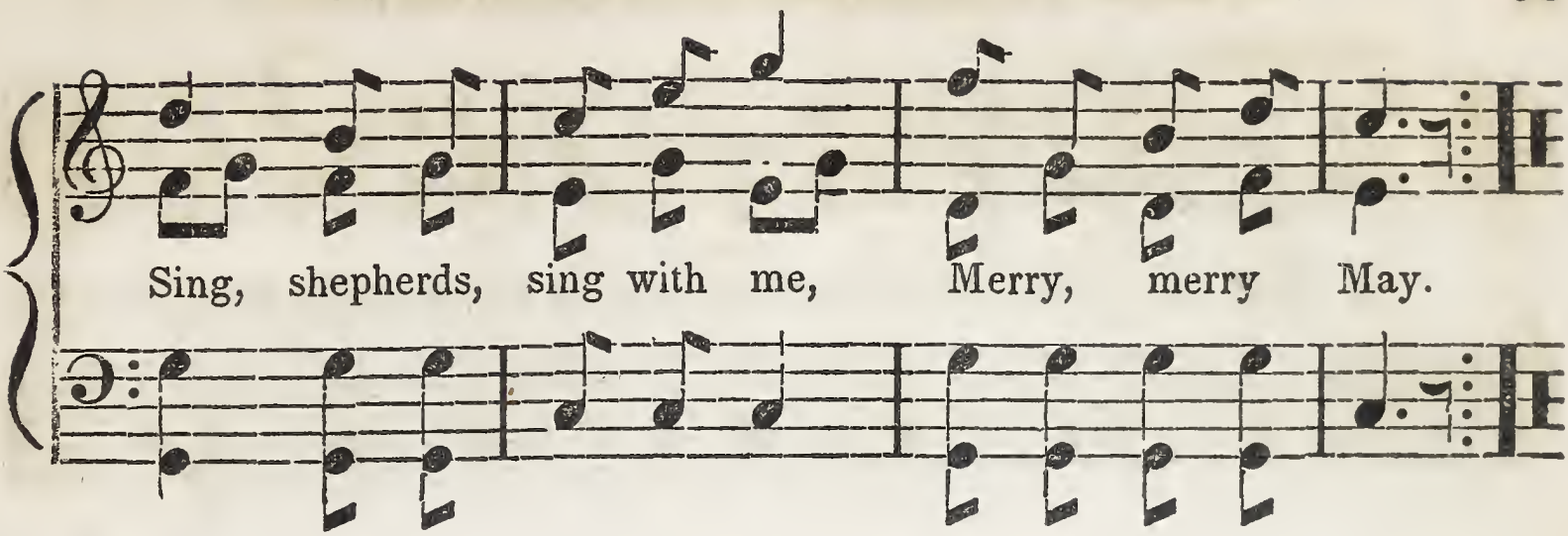


2

Hark! hark! hark! To hail the month of May,
How the songsters warble on the spray!
And we will be as blithe as they,
Then away, to hail, &c.

THE SWEET BIRDS ARE WINGING.





2

Companions to meet us
Are now on their way,
With garlands to greet us,
And songs of the May;
Sing, shepherds, &c.

3

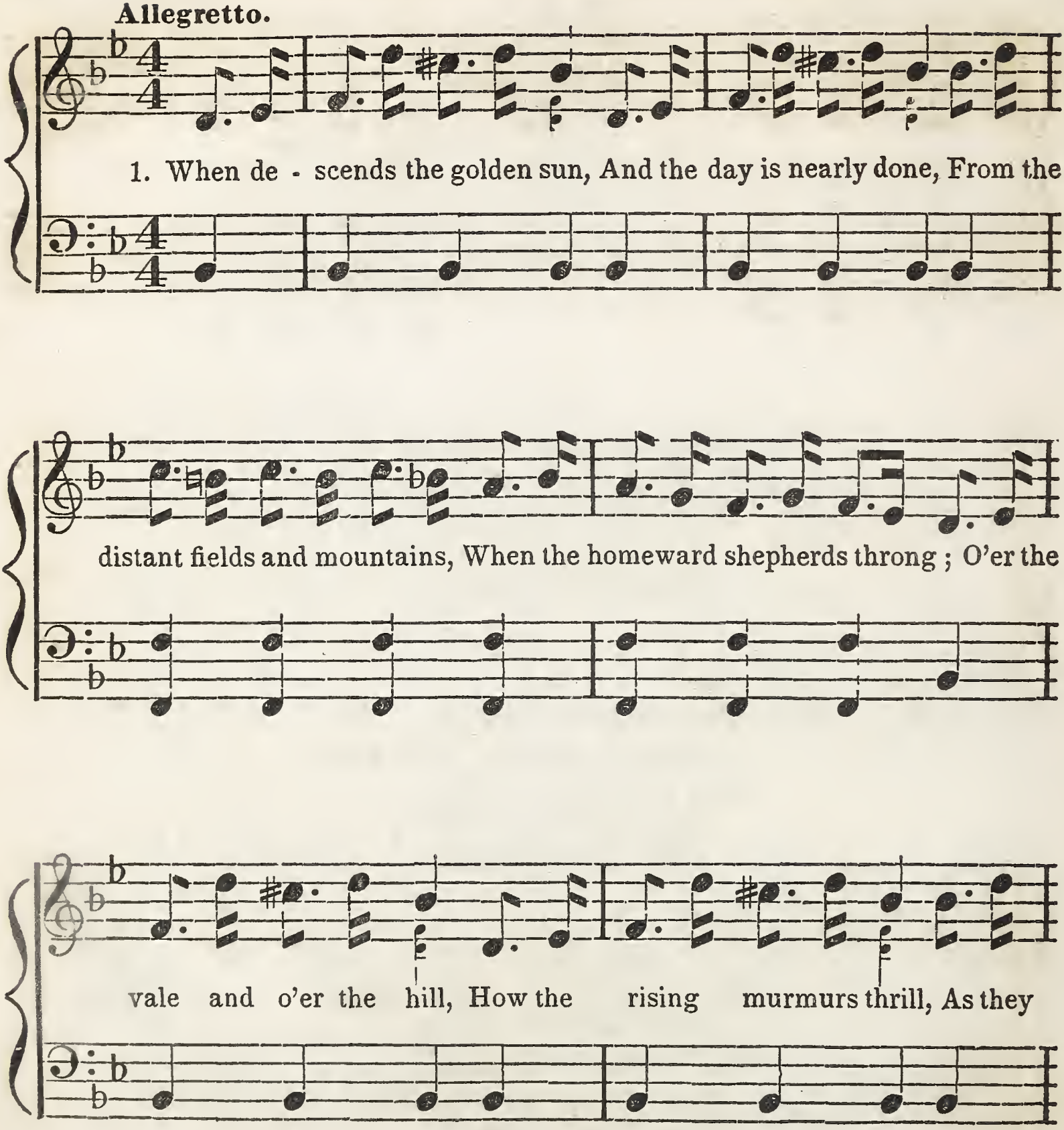
The cattle are lowing,
Come! up from your hay,
And quickly be going,
The morning is May;
Sing, shepherds, &c.

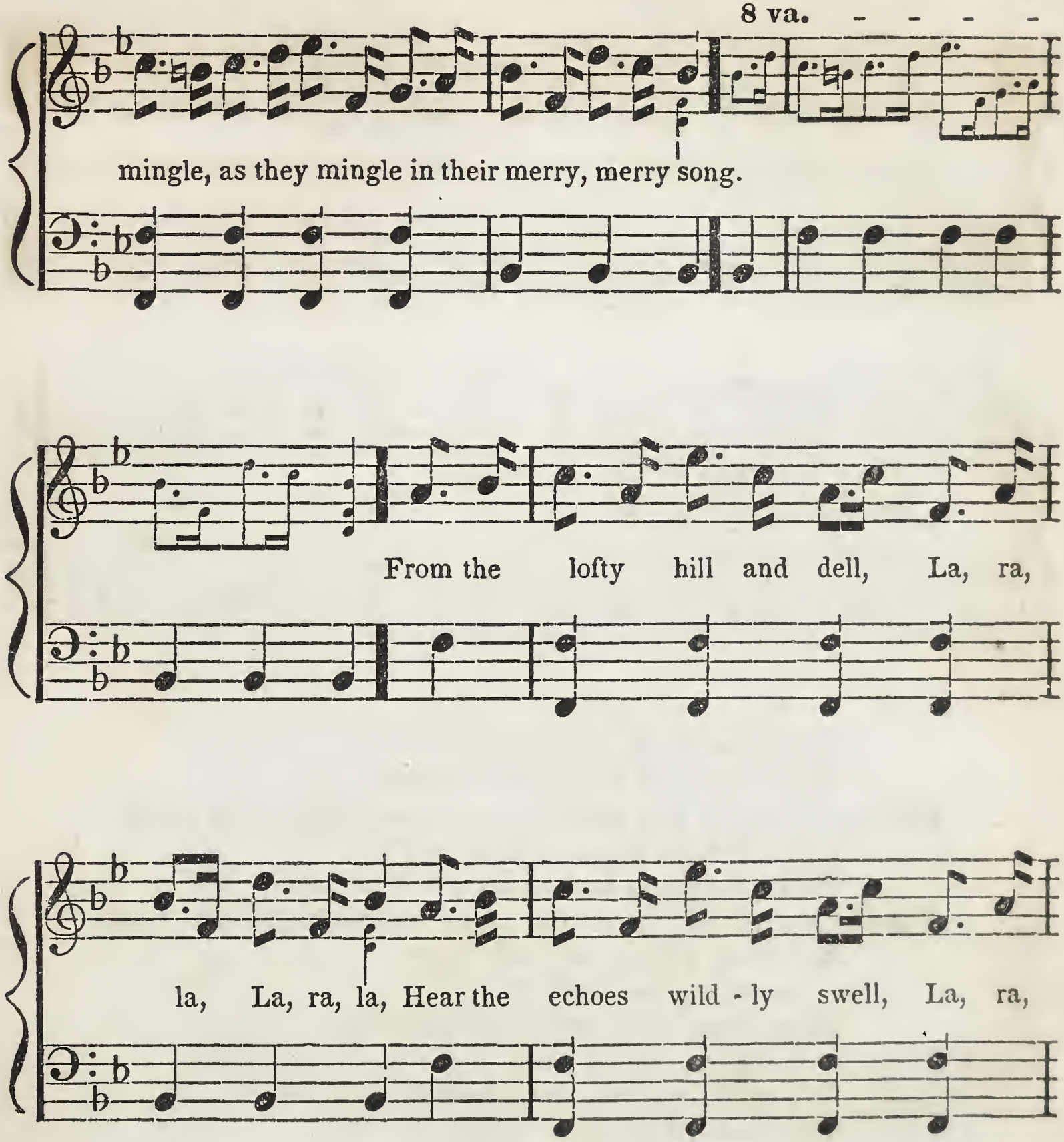
4

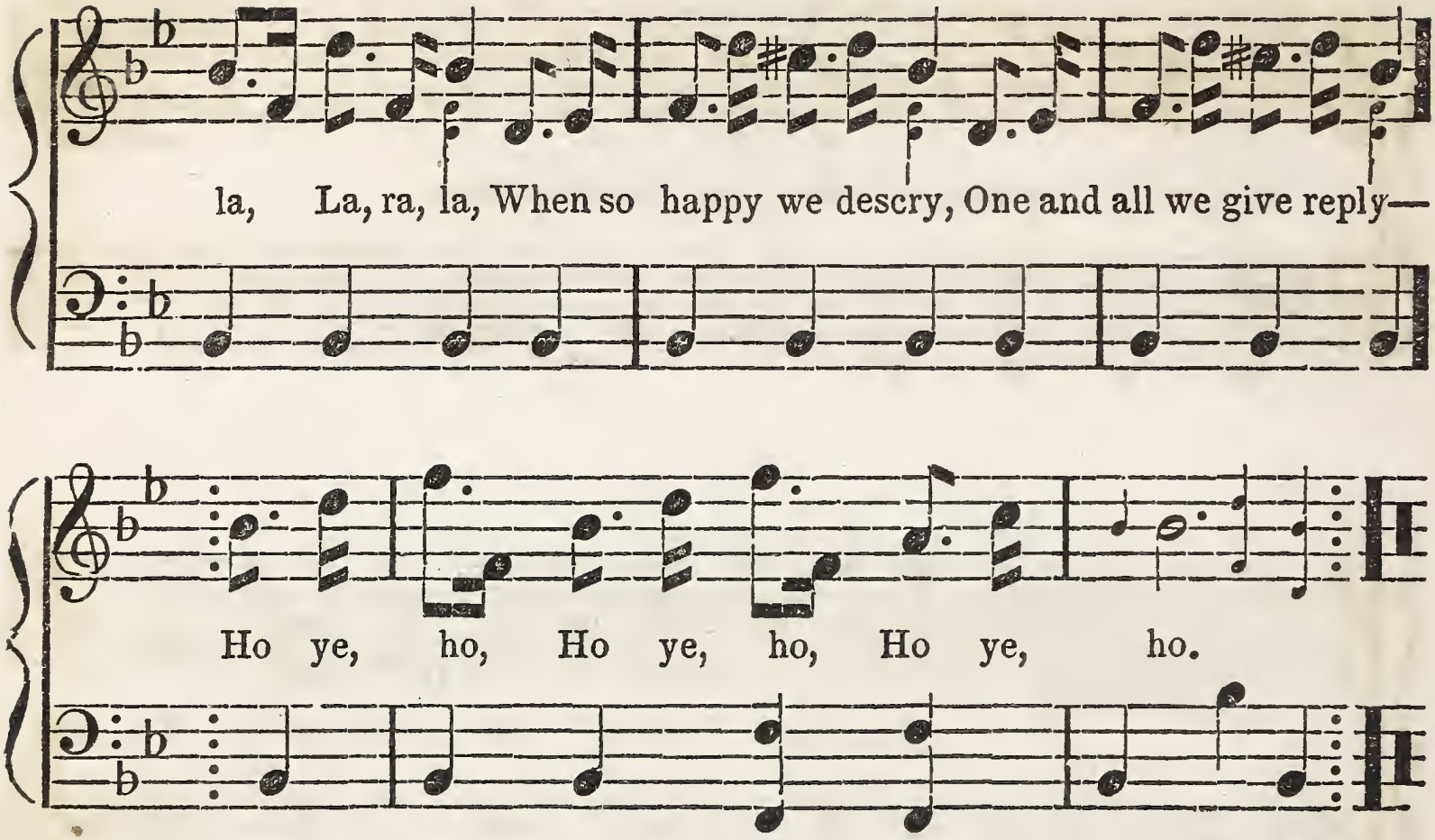
The sweet birds are winging
From arbor to spray,
And cheerily singing
Of spring-time and May;
Sing, shepherds &c.

WHEN DESCENDS THE GOLDEN SUN.

Allegretto.

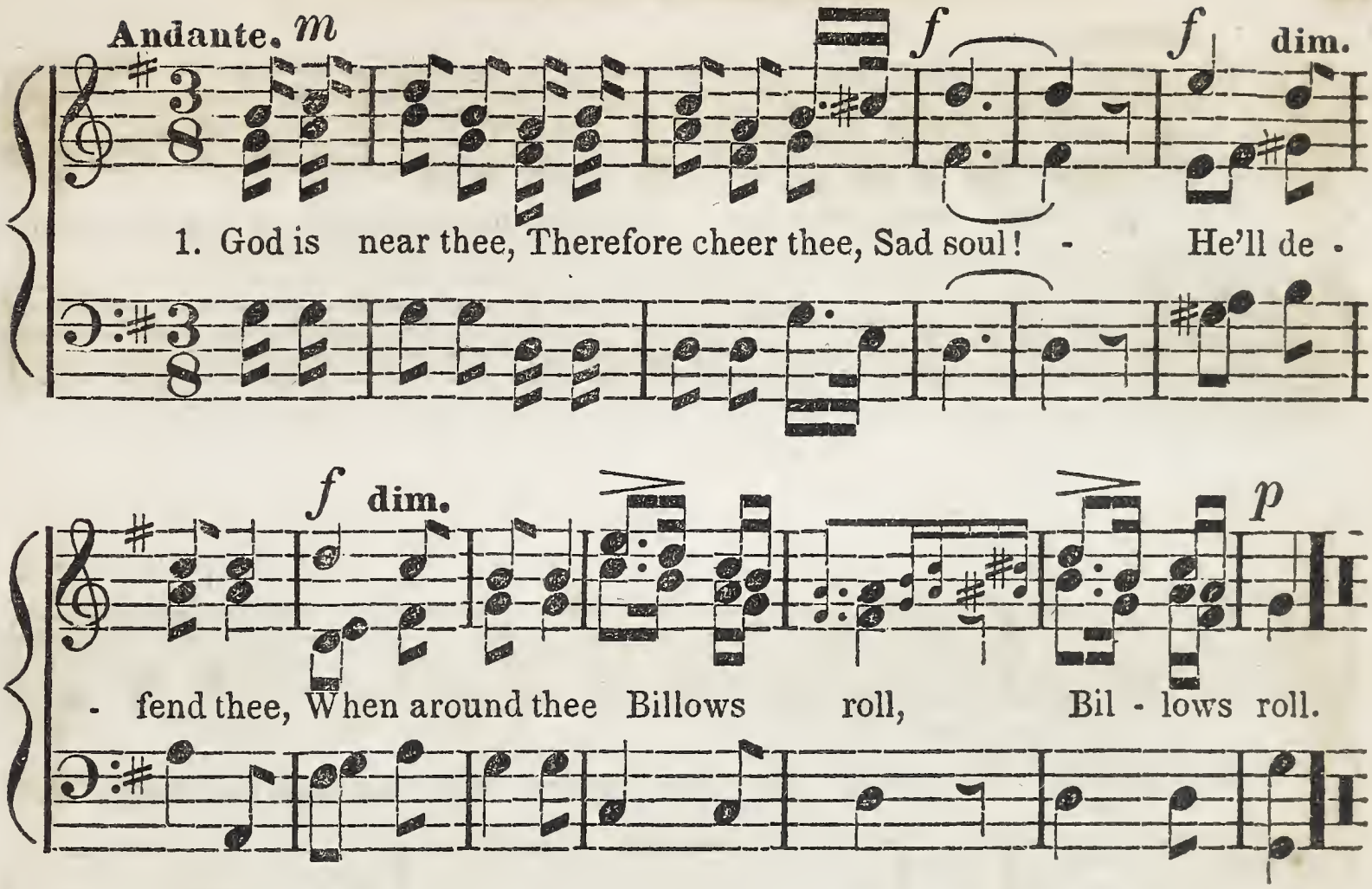



8 va.
mingle, as they mingle in their merry, merry song.
From the lofty hill and dell, La, ra,
la, La, ra, la, Hear the echoes wild - ly swell, La, ra,



2

There amid the happy train,
Hear the loud and joyful strain,
Leading cheerily and happily the homeward troop along.
Hark, I hear them calling now,
From the high and rocky brow,
'Tis the signal, 'tis the signal of the merry mountain song.
See they gather on their way,
La ra la, La ra la,
Hear them pipe their welcome lay,
La ra la, La ra la,
We will join the tuneful cry,
One and all we give reply,
Ho ye, ho, Ho ye, ho, Ho ye, ho.



2

Calm thy sadness,
Look in gladness
On high!
Faint and weary,
Pilgrim, cheer thee!
Help is nigh!

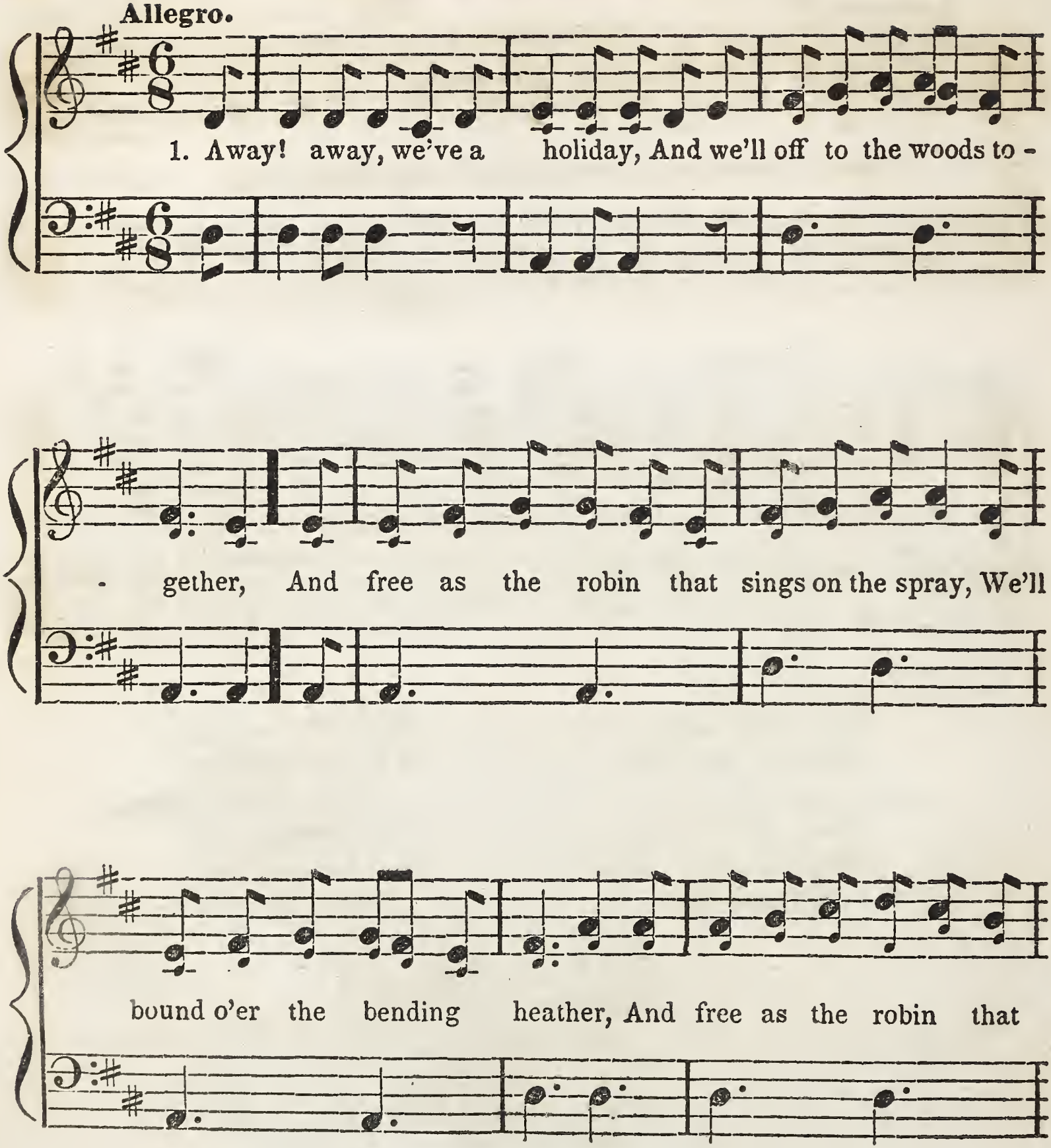
3

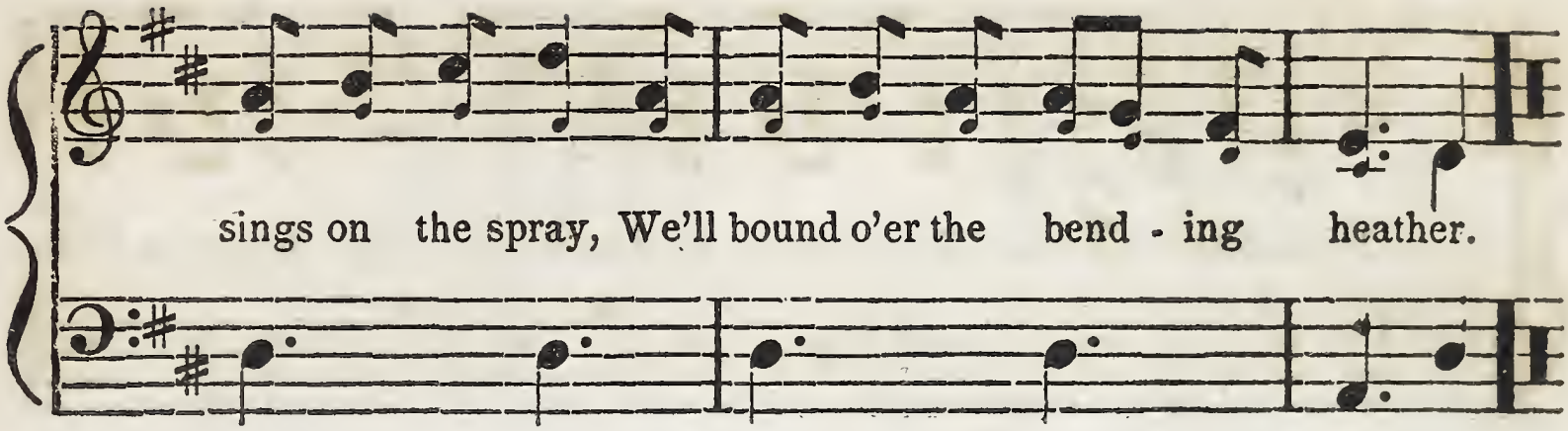
Mark the sea-bird
Wildly wheeling
Through the skies,
God defends him,
God attends him,
When he cries!

4

God is near thee,
Therefore cheer thee,
Sad soul!
He'll defend thee,
When around thee,
Billows roll.

HOLIDAY SONG.





2

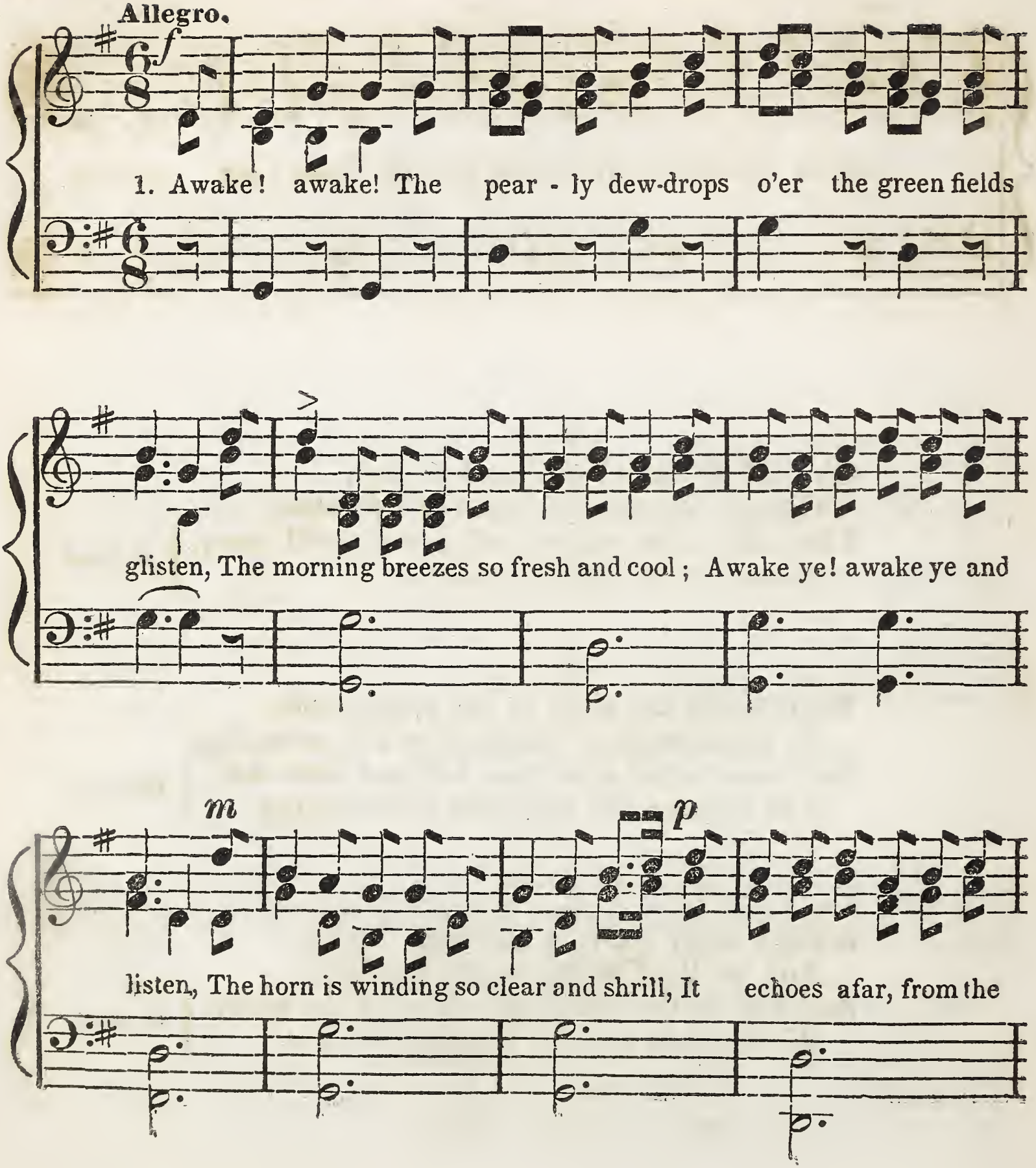
Oh! tell us not of the town so gay,
Give us forests with trees and flowers,
Then off to the woods we'll away, we'll away,
So merry our holiday hours. } *Repeat.*

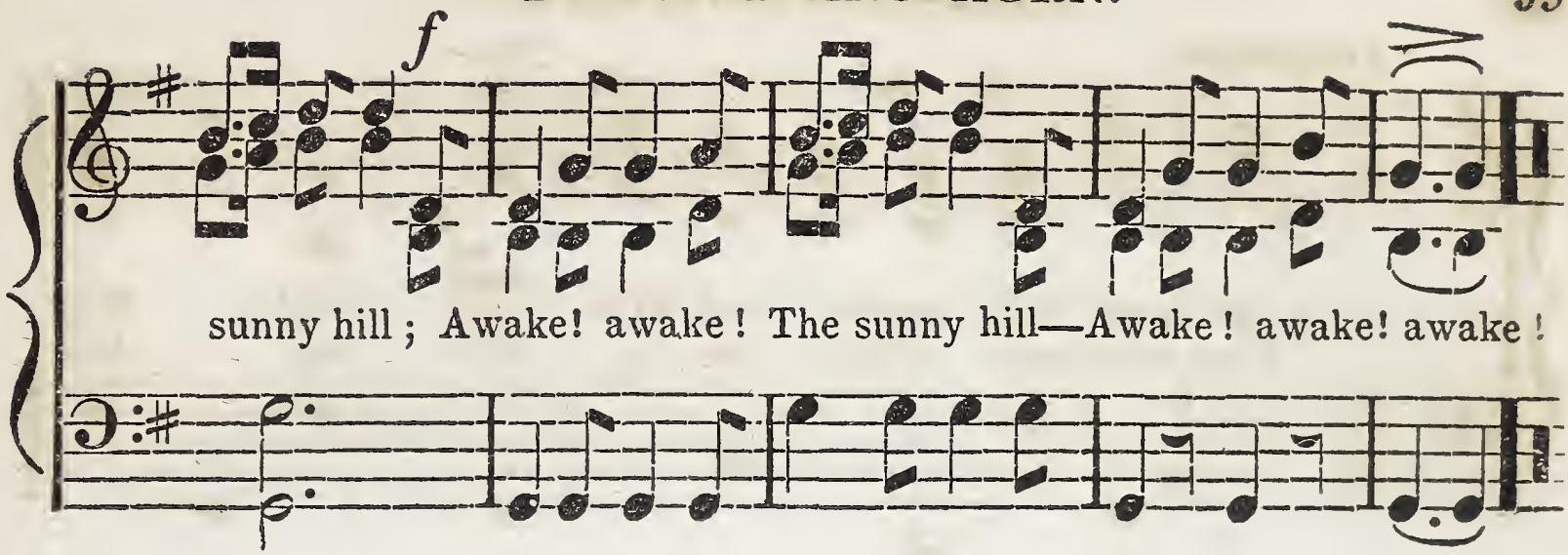
3

We'll watch the birds in the woody vale,
As from bough to bough they are springing,
Our voices shall echo from hill and from dale.
And frighten the squirrels with singing. } *Repeat.*

4

Away! away we've a holiday,
And we'll off to the woods together,
And free as the robin that sings on the spray,
We'll bound o'er the bending heather. } *Repeat.*


Allegro.
f
1. Awake! awake! The pear - ly dew-drops o'er the green fields
glisten, The morning breezes so fresh and cool; Awake ye! awake ye and
m
p
listen, The horn is winding so clear and shrill, It echoes afar, from the



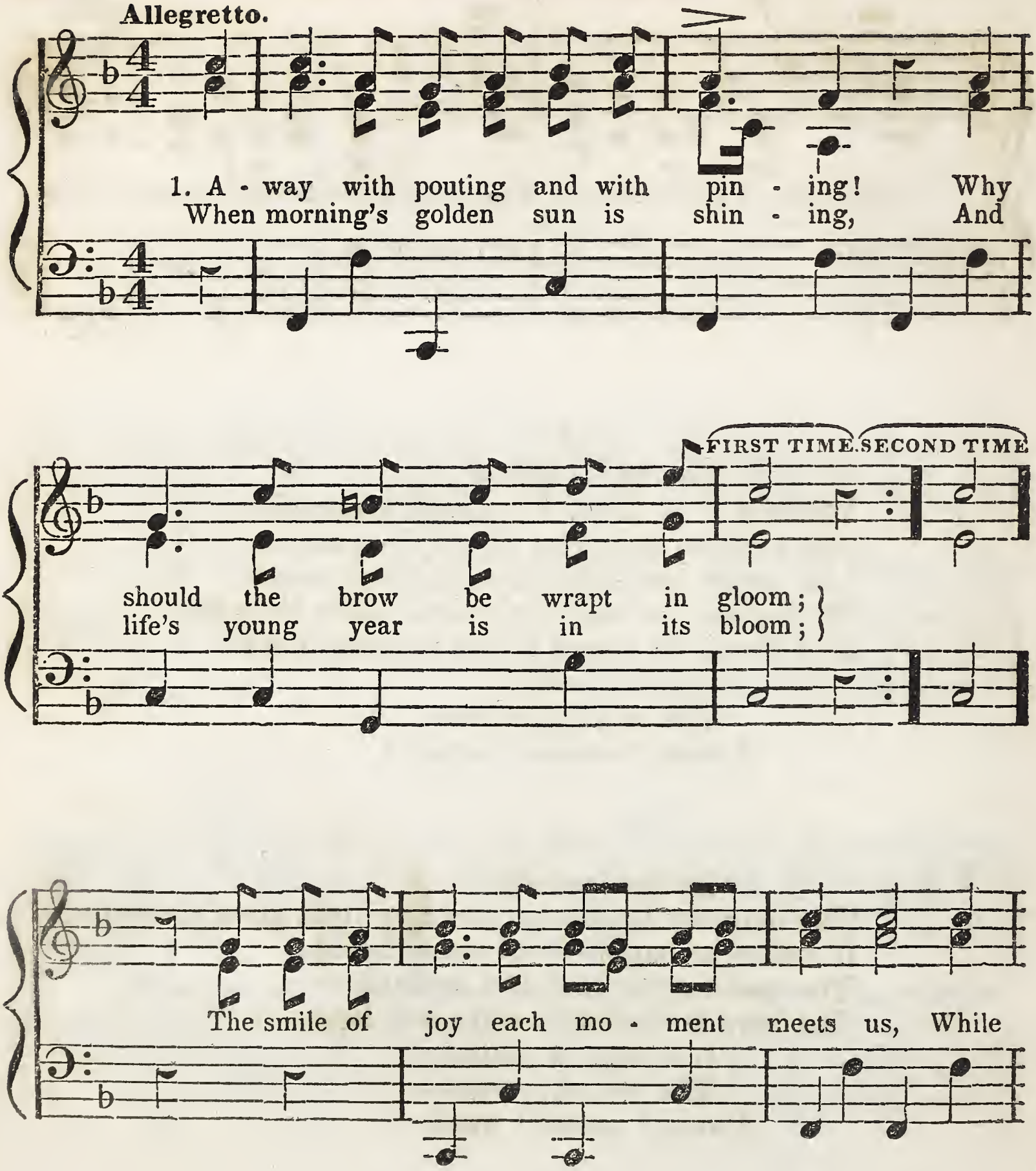
2

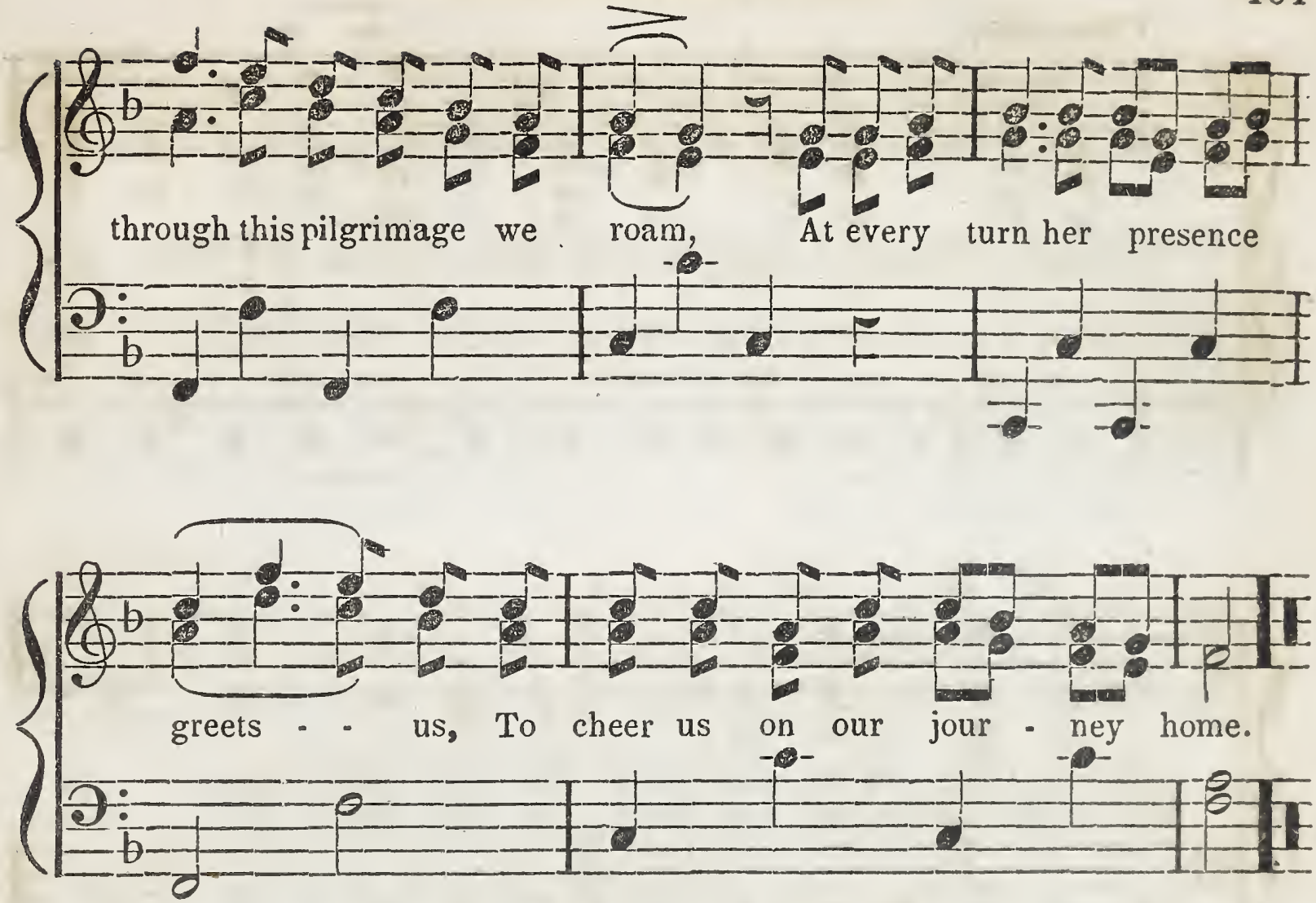
Awake ! awake !
The sun is up above the cloudy mountains,
The crimson hue from the sky is gone,
Like pearls the light plays in the fountain ;
We'll climb the hill side where waves the corn,
And list to the sound of the morning horn—
Awake ! awake !
The morning horn—
Awake ! awake ! awake !

3

Awake ! awake !
The morning light—the morning light gives pleasure ,
It makes us happy—it gives us health,
The morning so fresh is a treasure—
The horn is winding, awake and hear,
It echoes, it echoes,
The sound is near—
Awake ! awake ! awake !

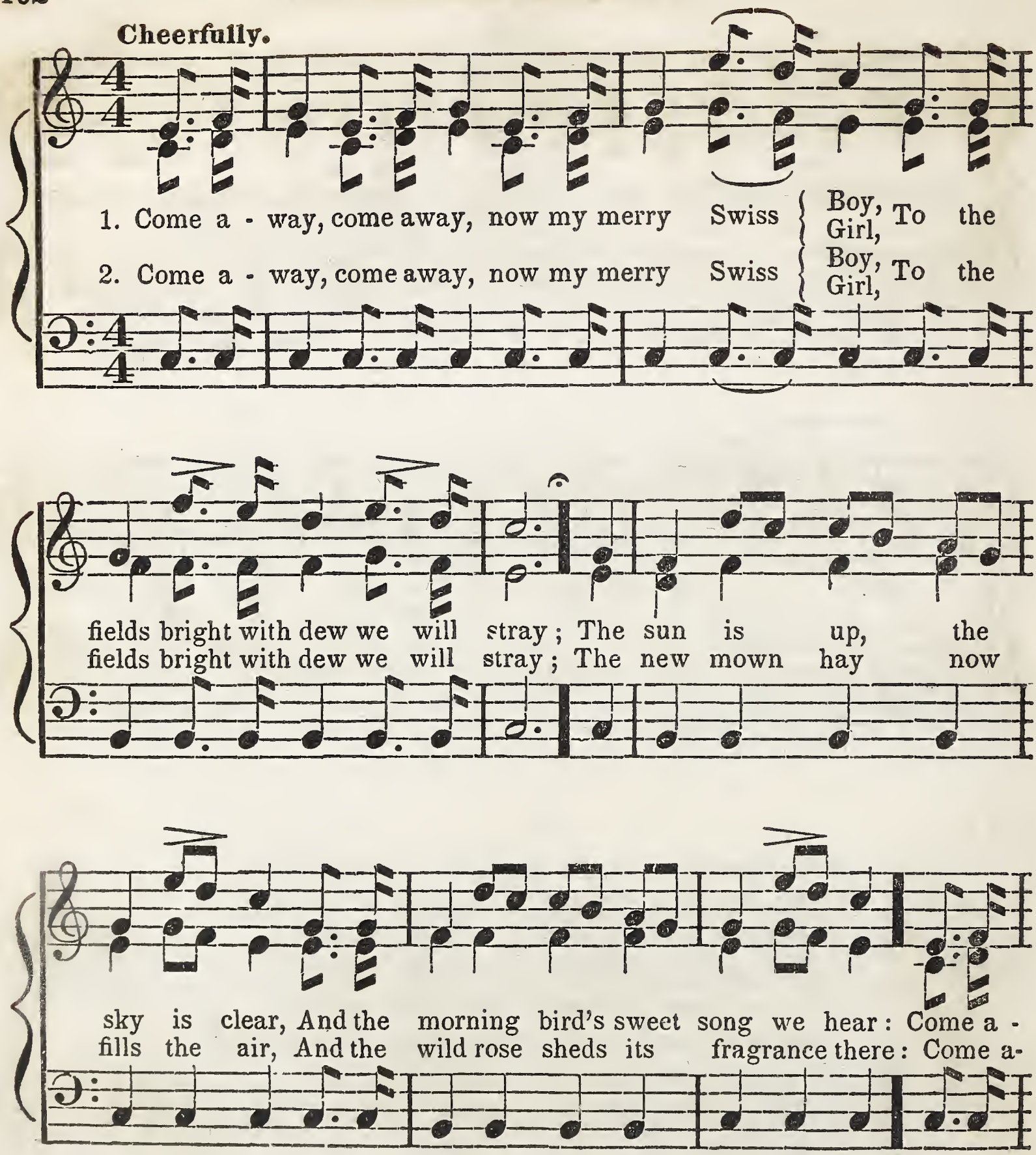
AWAY WITH POUTING.

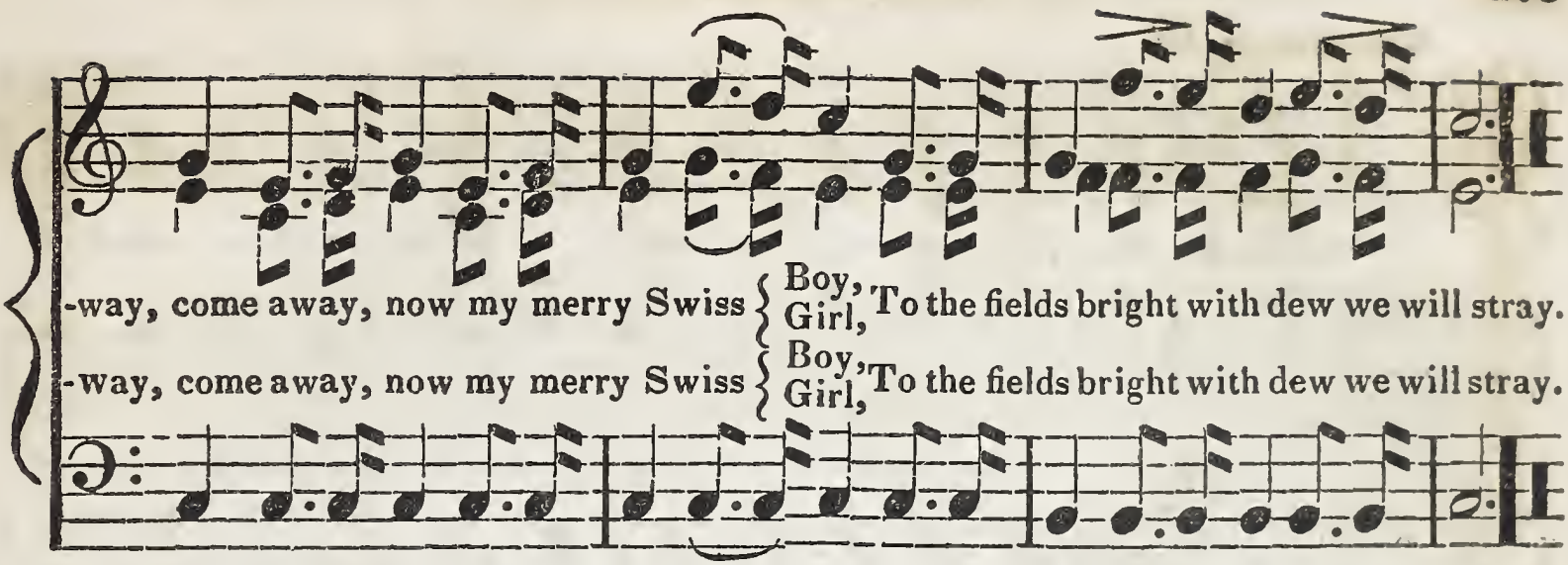




2

The streamlet purls and plays as lightly,
As when it danced to Eden's breeze;
The lovely moon still beams as brightly,
As when she shone through Adam's trees.
The smile of joy each moment meets us,
While through this pilgrimage we roam,
At every turn her presence greets us,
To cheer us on our journey home.


Cheerfully.
1. Come a - way, come away, now my merry Swiss Boy, Girl, To the
2. Come a - way, come away, now my merry Swiss Boy, Girl, To the
fields bright with dew we will stray; The sun is up, the
fields bright with dew we will stray; The new mown hay now
sky is clear, And the morning bird's sweet song we hear: Come a -
fills the air, And the wild rose sheds its fragrance there: Come a-



OH, HOW BRIGHTLY. MUSIC—*Swiss Boy.*

1

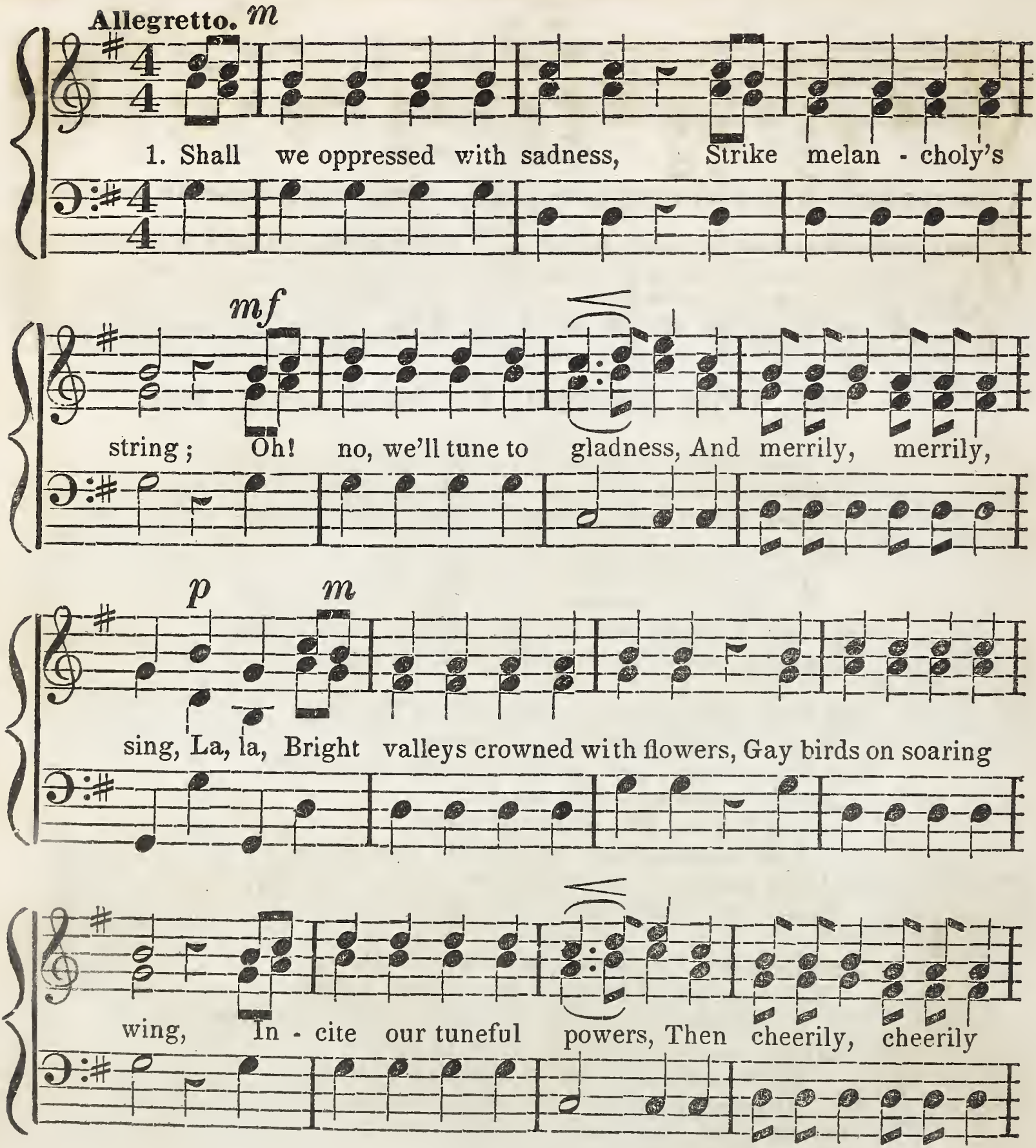
Oh! how brightly, how brightly the sun moves along,
From the east to the west, through the sky;
Oh! how lovely, how lovely the moon looks among
All the stars as they sparkle on high!
These glorious lights to us were given,
To raise our thoughts from earth to heav'n :—
Oh! how brightly, how brightly they all move along,
Shedding light o'er the world from on high.

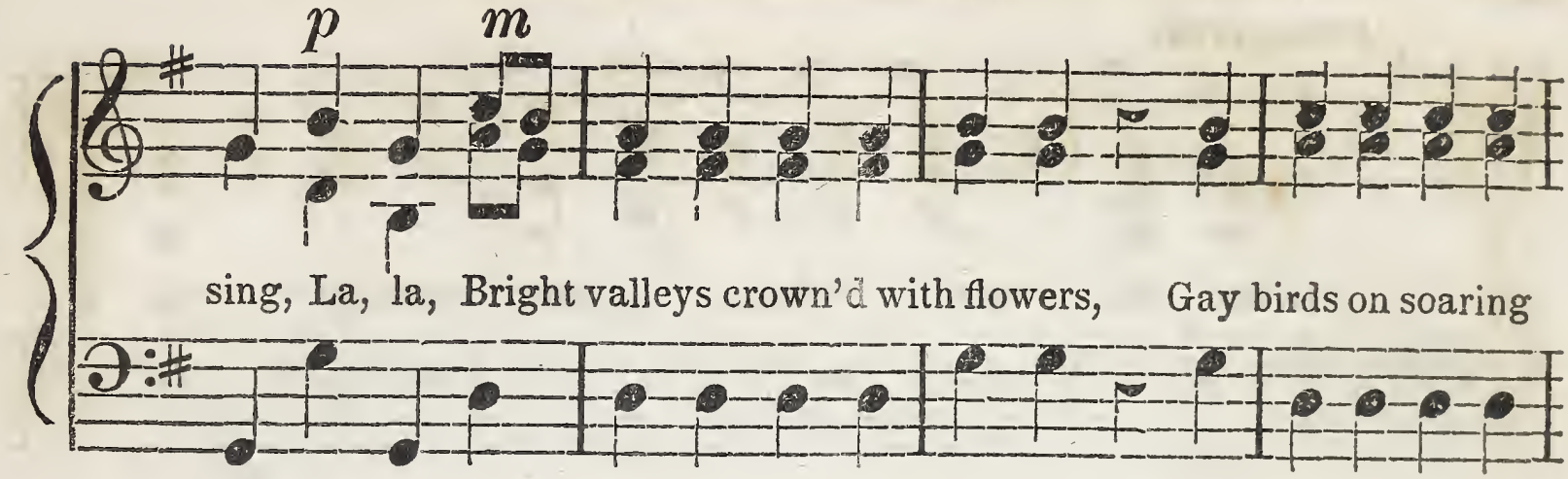
2

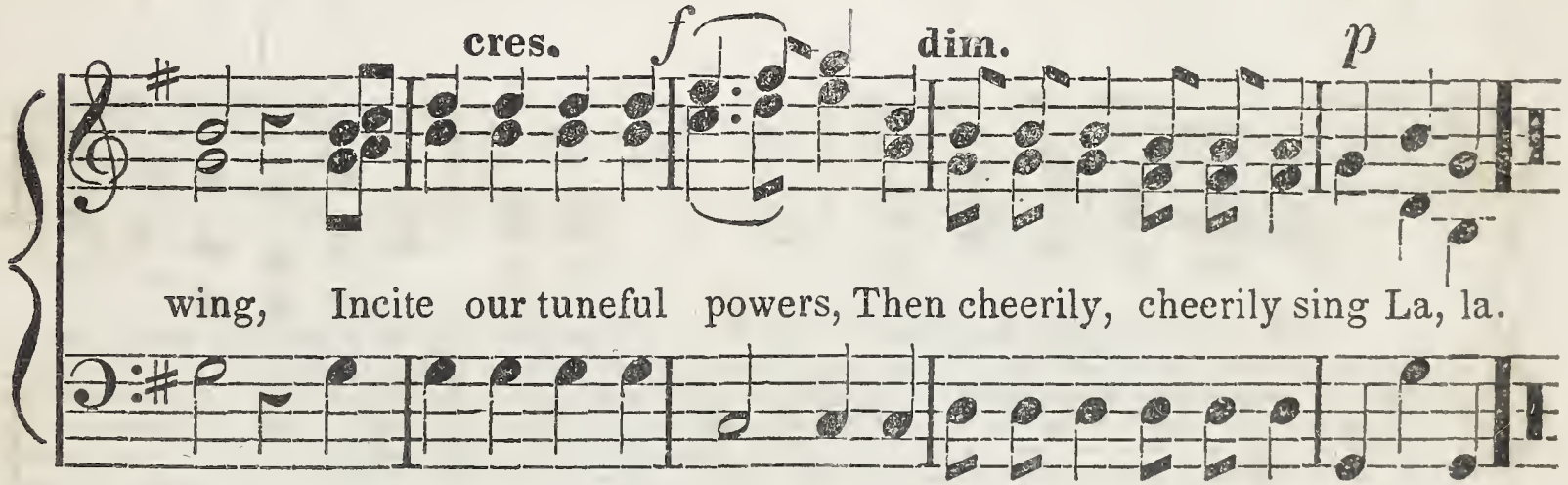
Oh! how swiftly, how swiftly the bird flies away
To his home in the tall forest tree;
Oh! how sweetly, how sweetly he sings all the day,
And is happy as happy can be!
'Tis thus he tells of favors given,
And while he sings, he soars to heav'n :—
Oh! how sweetly, how sweetly he sings all the day,
In his nest on the tall forest tree.

3

And the roses, the roses, and lilies so fair,
Which we pluck from the green fields in May,
Fill with fragrance, with fragrance, the fresh morning air,
And to us as they bloom, seem to say,
By whom their sweet perfume was given,
And thus they send it back to heav'n :—
Oh! the roses, the roses, and lilies so fair,
Fill the air, fill the air, all the day.

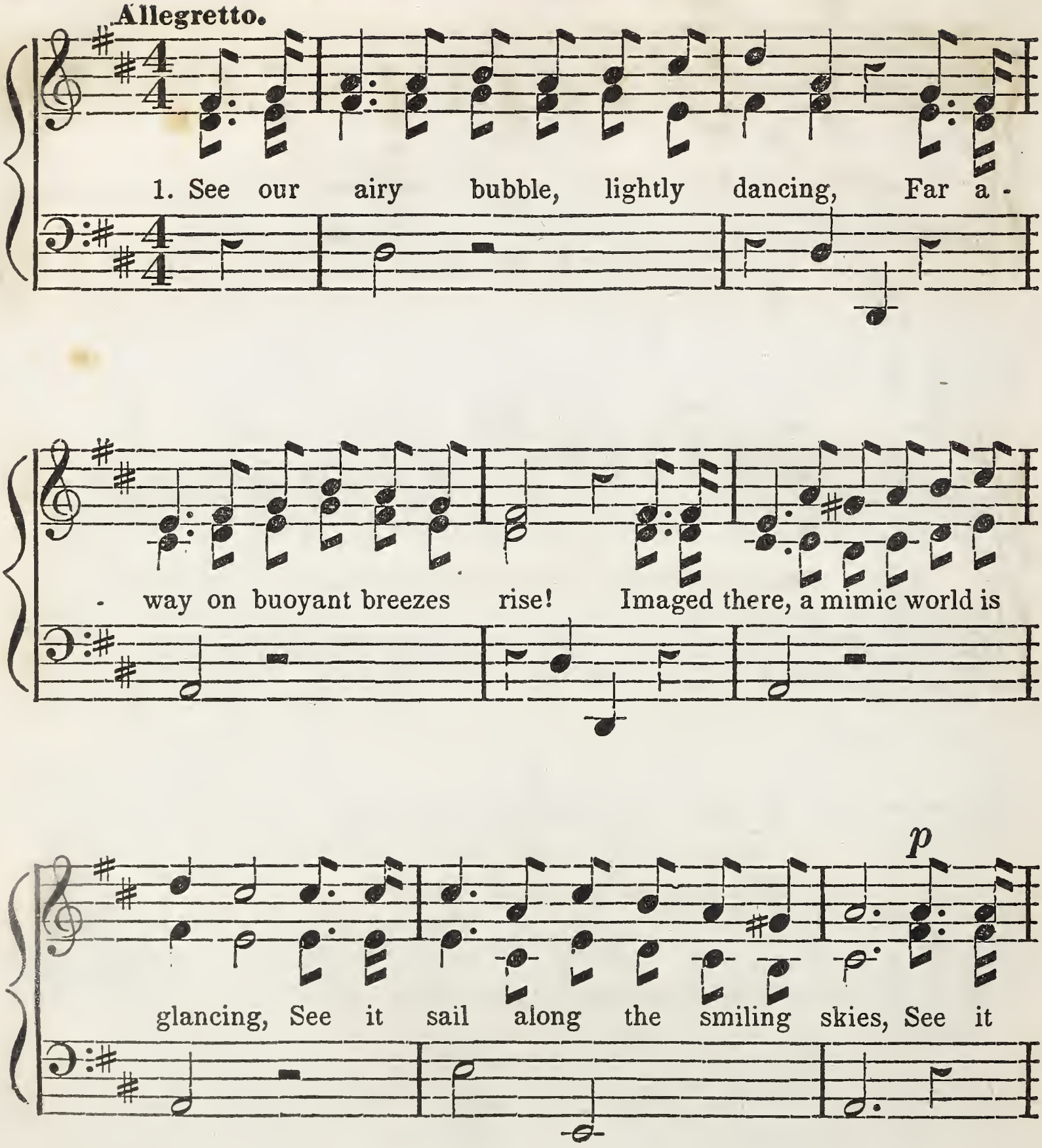

Allegretto.
m
1. Shall we oppressed with sadness, Strike melan - choly's
mf
string; Oh! no, we'll tune to gladness, And merrily, merrily,
p
m
sing, La, la, Bright valleys crowned with flowers, Gay birds on soaring
wing, In - cite our tuneful powers, Then cheerily, cheerily

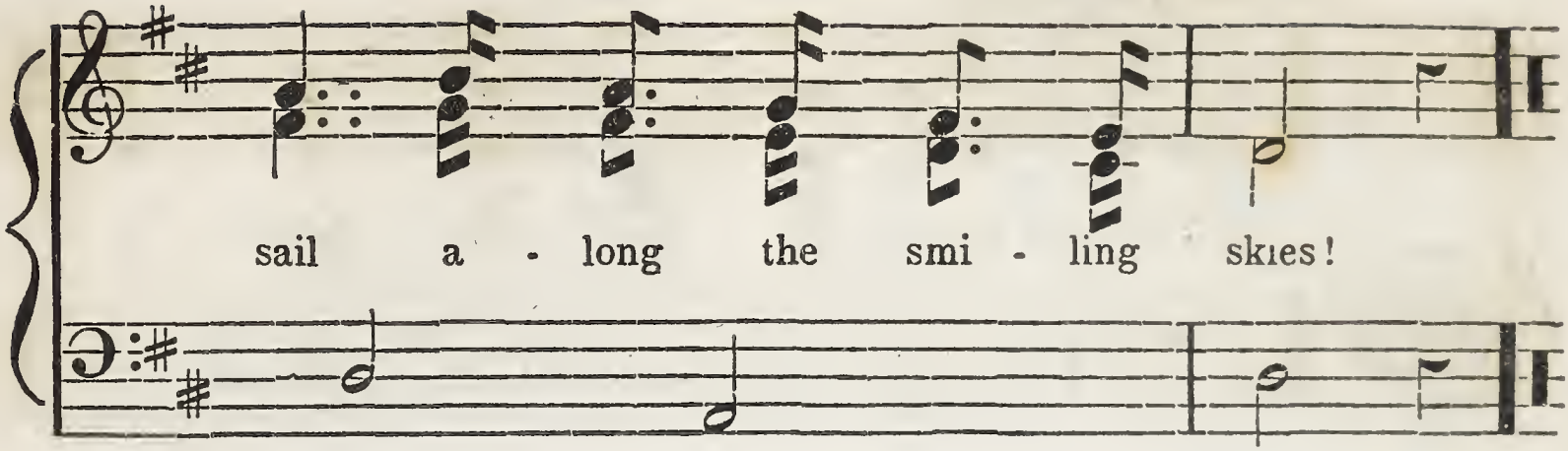




2

In sweet harmonious measures,
Our joyful songs we'll bring,
And happy in our pleasures,
We'll merrily, merrily sing,
La, la.
While valleys crowned with flowers,
And birds on soaring wing,
Incite our tuneful powers,
We'll cheerily, cheerily sing,
La, la.


Allegretto.
1. See our airy bubble, lightly dancing, Far a -
- way on buoyant breezes rise! Imaged there, a mimic world is
p
glancing, See it sail along the smiling skies, See it

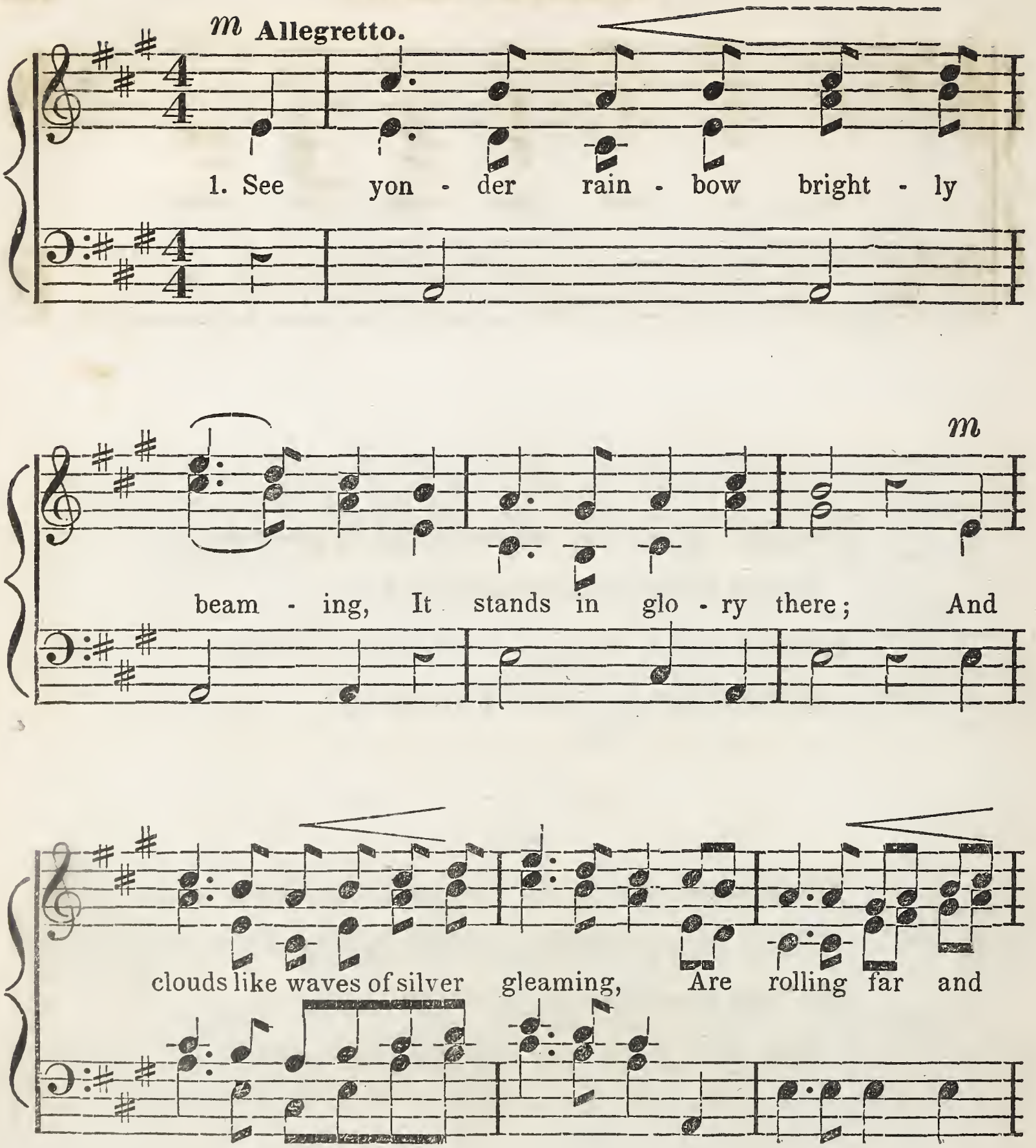


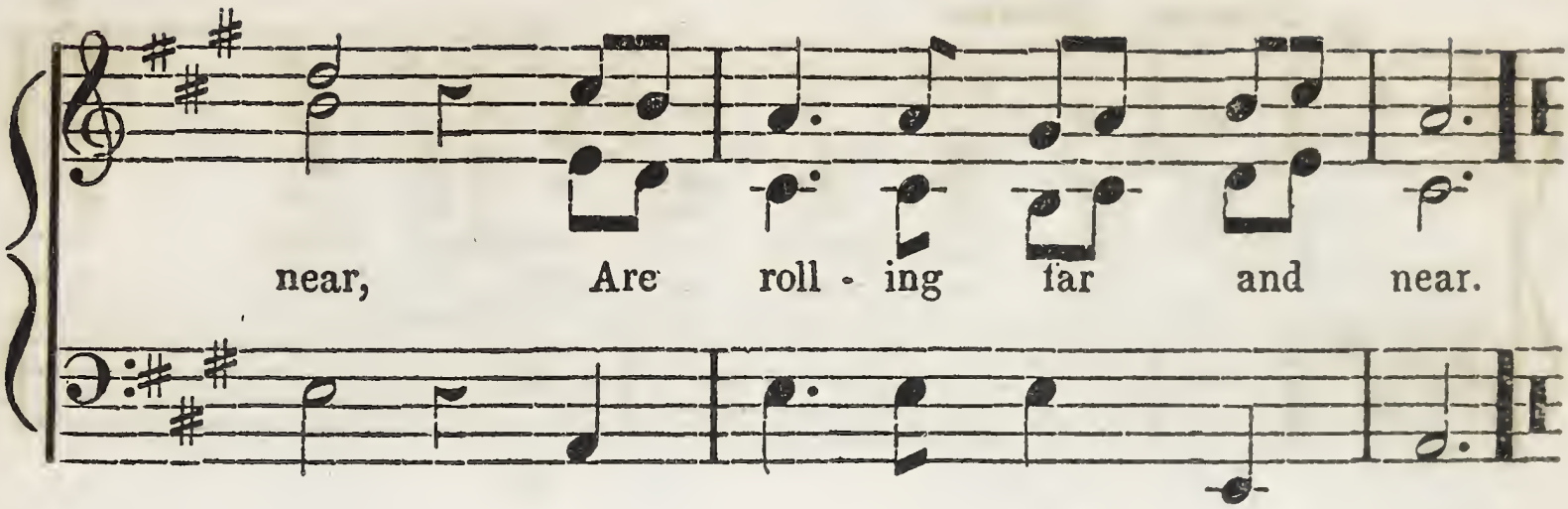
2

Youthful hearts that now so brightly glowing,
Borne away by airy hope on high;
Quickly will a breeze more harshly blowing,
Bid each lovely, golden vision fly.

3

Thoughtless man! gay dreams around thee hover,
Pomp and pride their richest charms display;
But how soon their empty reign is over,
Like yon globe they quickly pass away.


m Allegretto.
1. See yon - der rain - bow bright - ly
m
beam - ing, It stands in glo - ry there; And
clouds like waves of silver gleaming, Are rolling far and



2

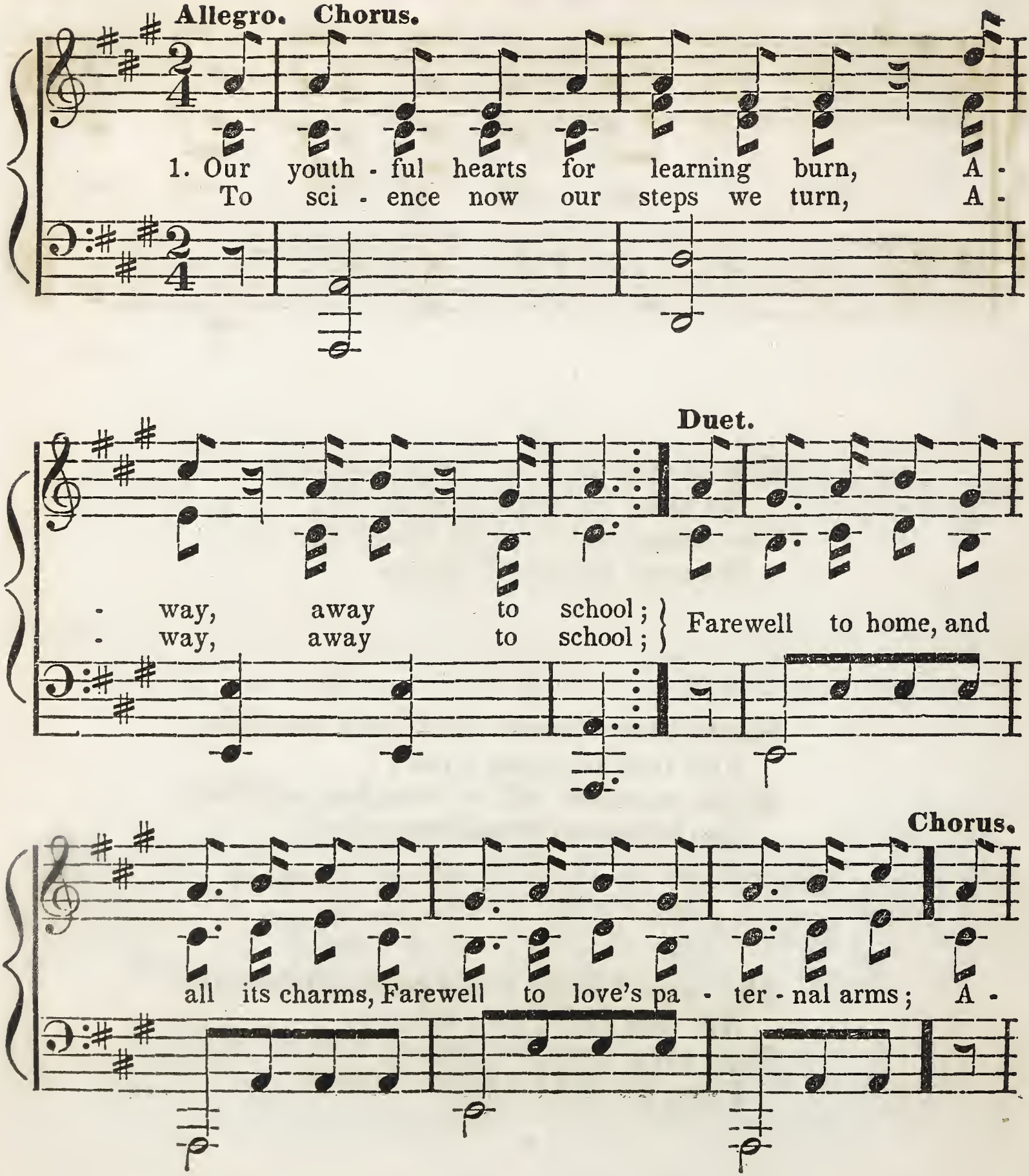
The purple blush of dewy morning,
No more its brightness shows;
The fairest tint the rose adorning,
No more in beauty glows.

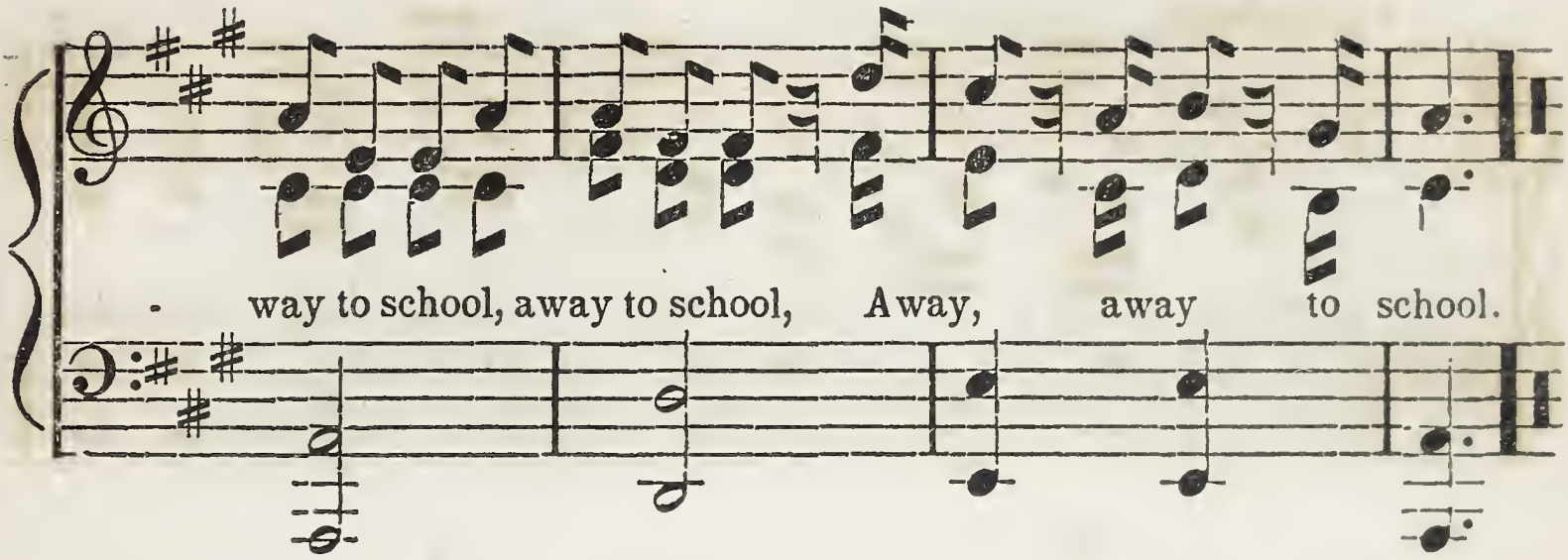
3

Some clime celestial must have lent thee,
Thy robe of many dyes;
Bright rainbow! tell us who has sent thee,
To charm our wondering eyes.

4

Ah! none but HE could paint thy beauty,
His skill and power alone;
Thou art a beam of light on duty,
From the ETERNAL SUN.


Allegro. Chorus.
1. Our youth - ful hearts for learning burn, A -
To sci - ence now our steps we turn, A -
Duet.
- way, away to school;
- way, away to school;
Farewell to home, and
Chorus.
all its charms, Farewell to love's pa - ter - nal arms; A -



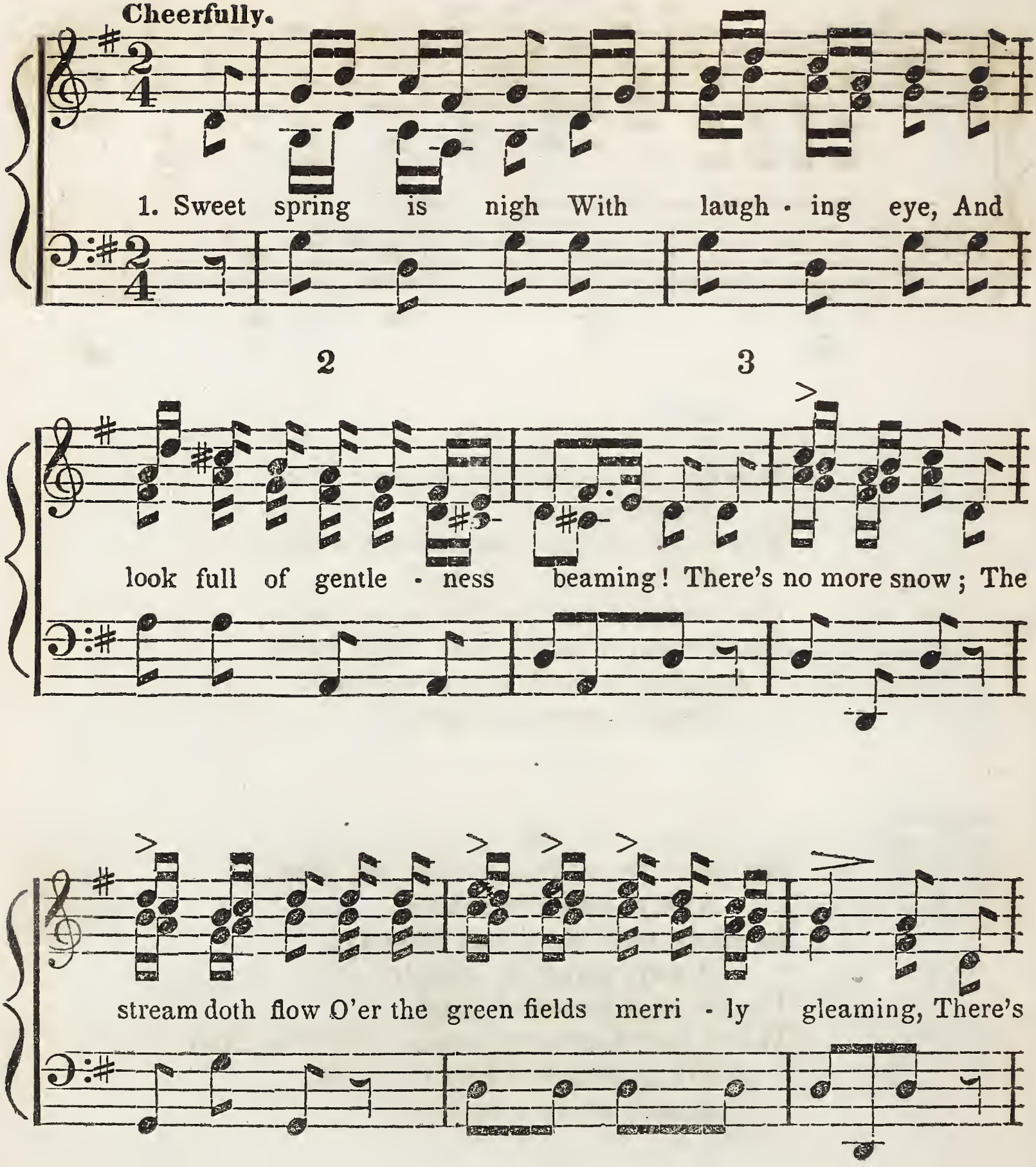
2

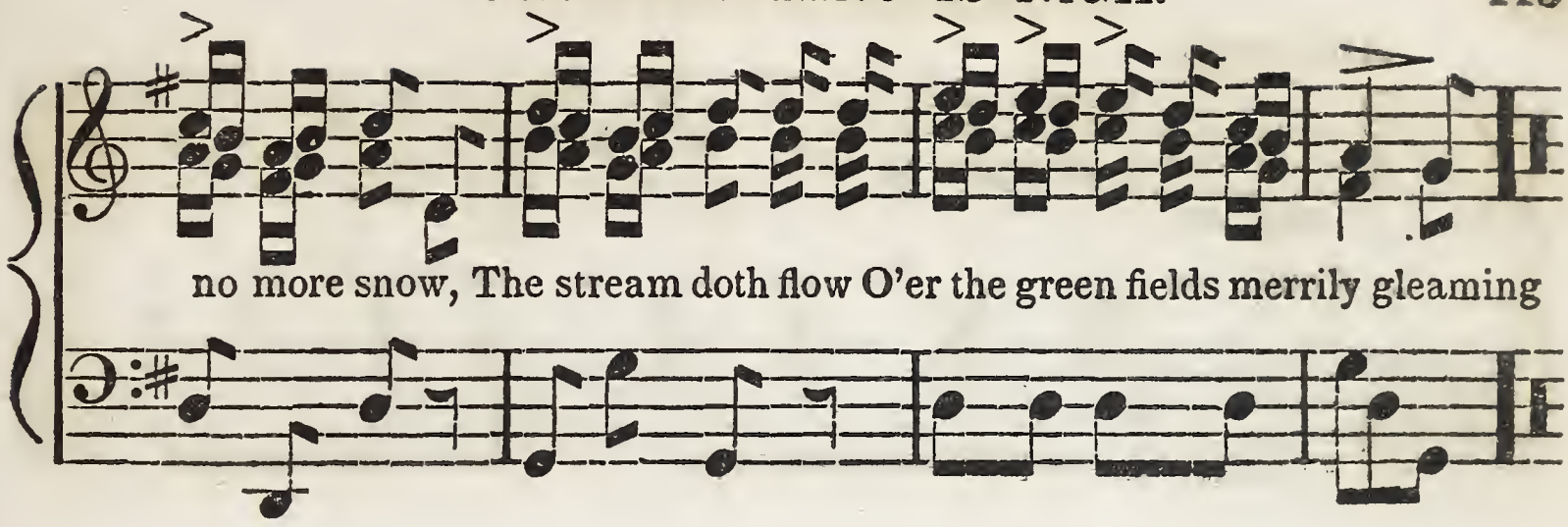
Behold! a happy band appears,
Away, away to school.
The shout of joy now fills our ears,
Away, away to school.
Our voices ring, our hands we wave,
Our hearts rebound with vigor brave,
Away to school, away to school,
Away, away to school.

3

No more we walk, no more we play,
Away, away to school.
In study now we spend the day,
Away, away to school.
United in a peaceful band
We're join'd in heart, we're join'd in hand,
Away to school, away to school,
Away, away to school.

SWEET SPRING IS NIGH.





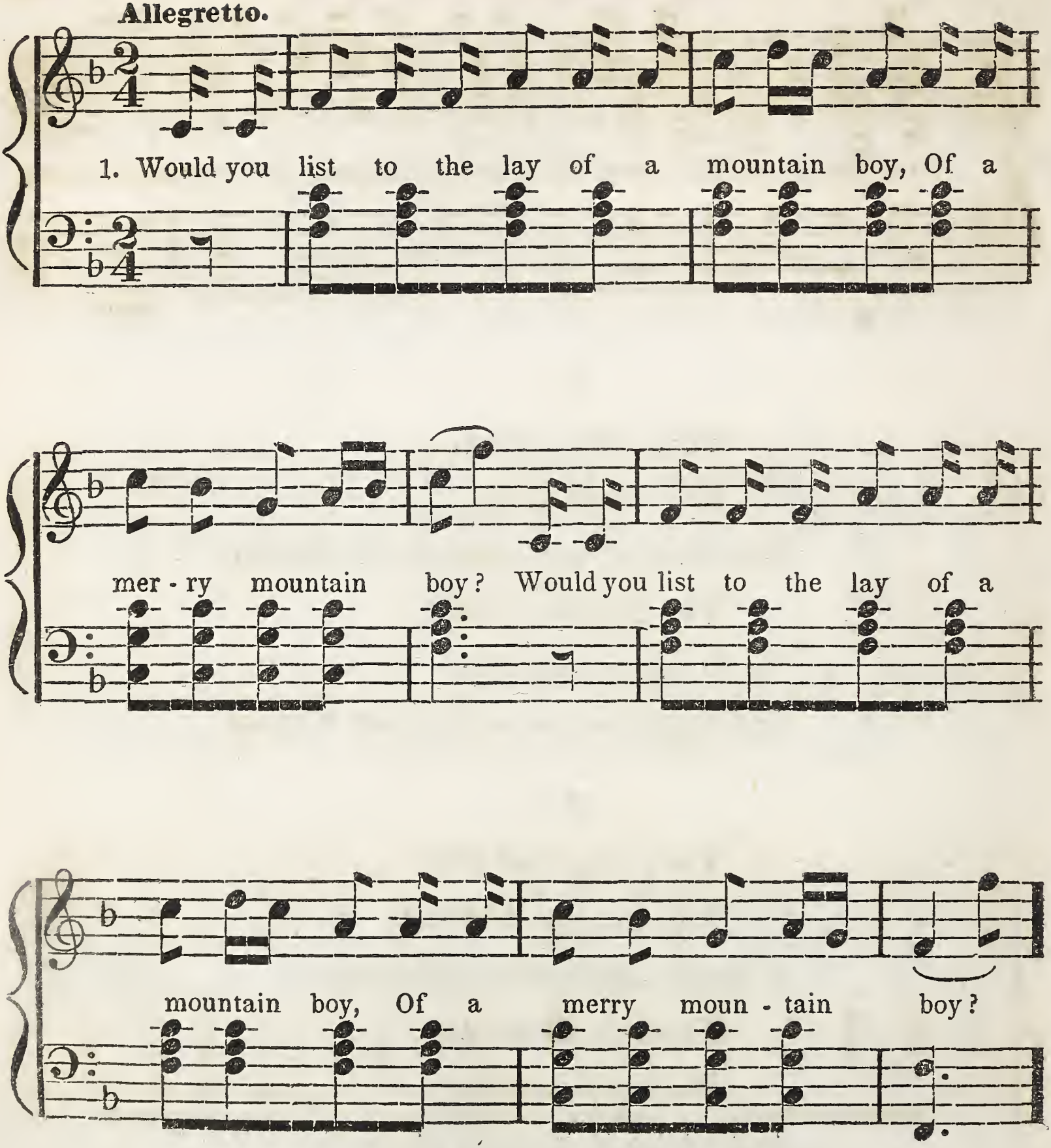
2

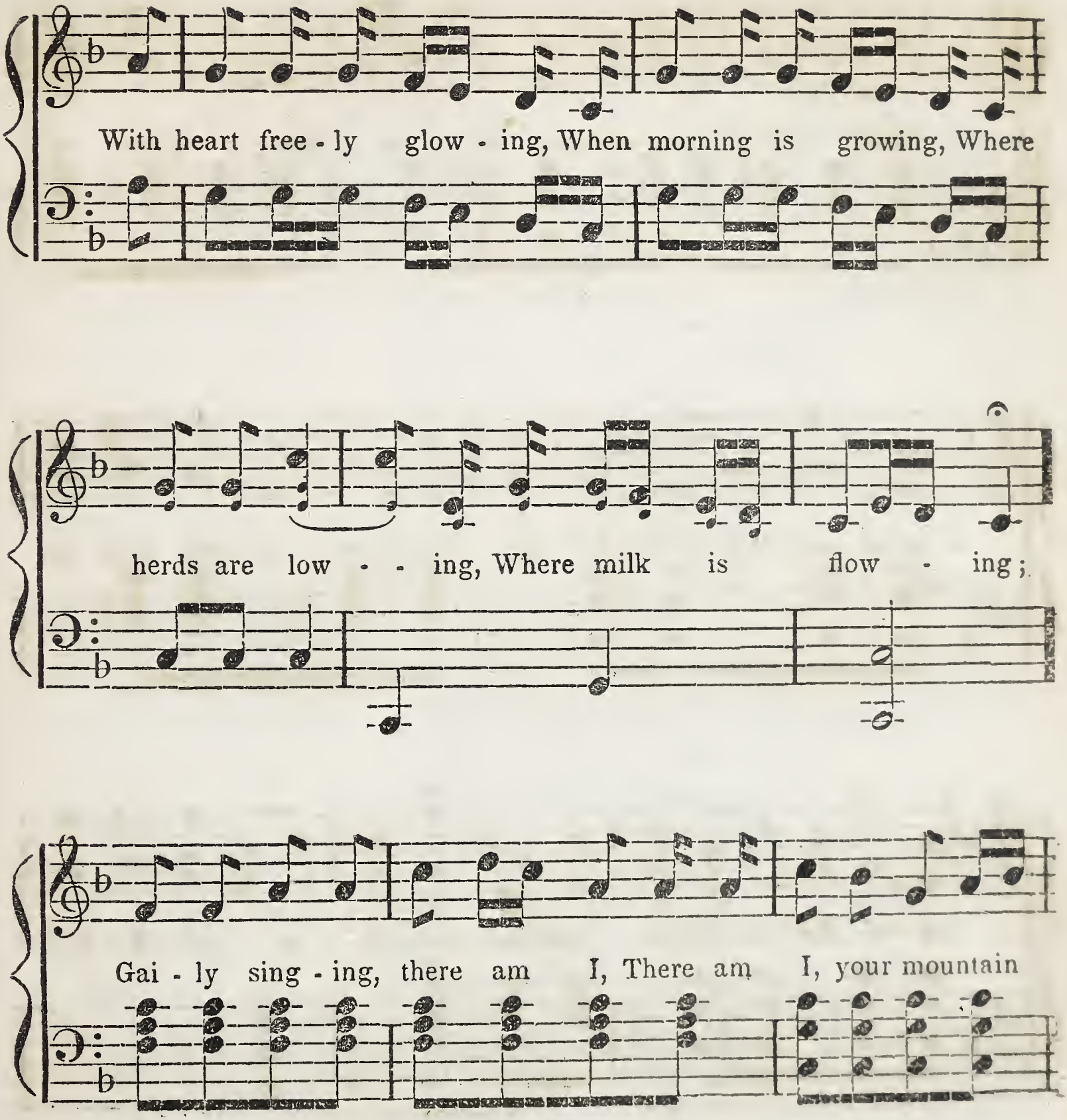
Then raise a song,
She comes along,
New life and new happiness bringing;
The garlands twine,
In warm sunshine,
And the birds now sweetly are singing.

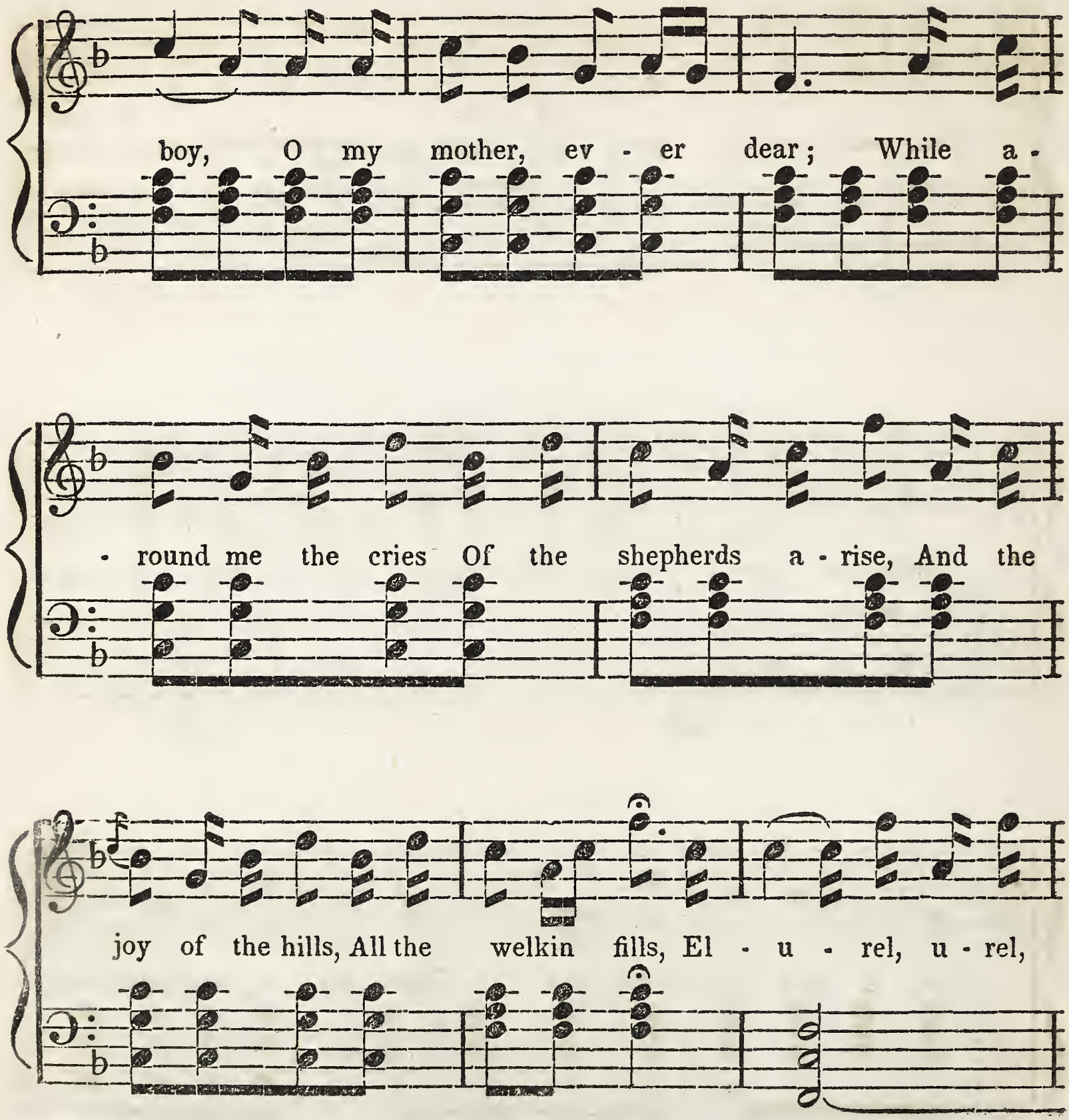
3

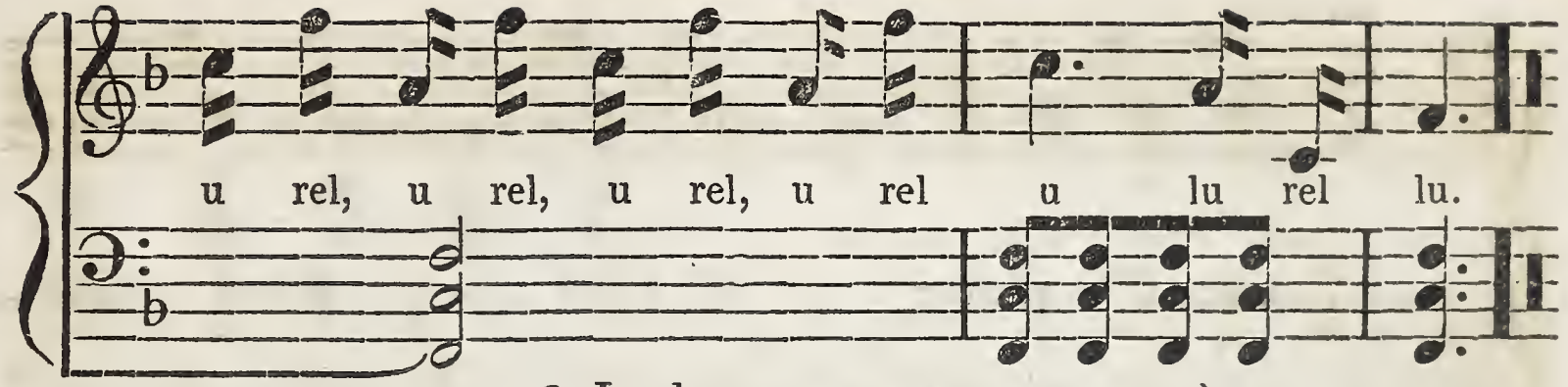
Then come and sing,
And dance and spring,
In many a frolicsome measure;
Through all the day
We'll join and play,
And rejoice in innocent pleasure.

THE MOUNTAIN BOY.



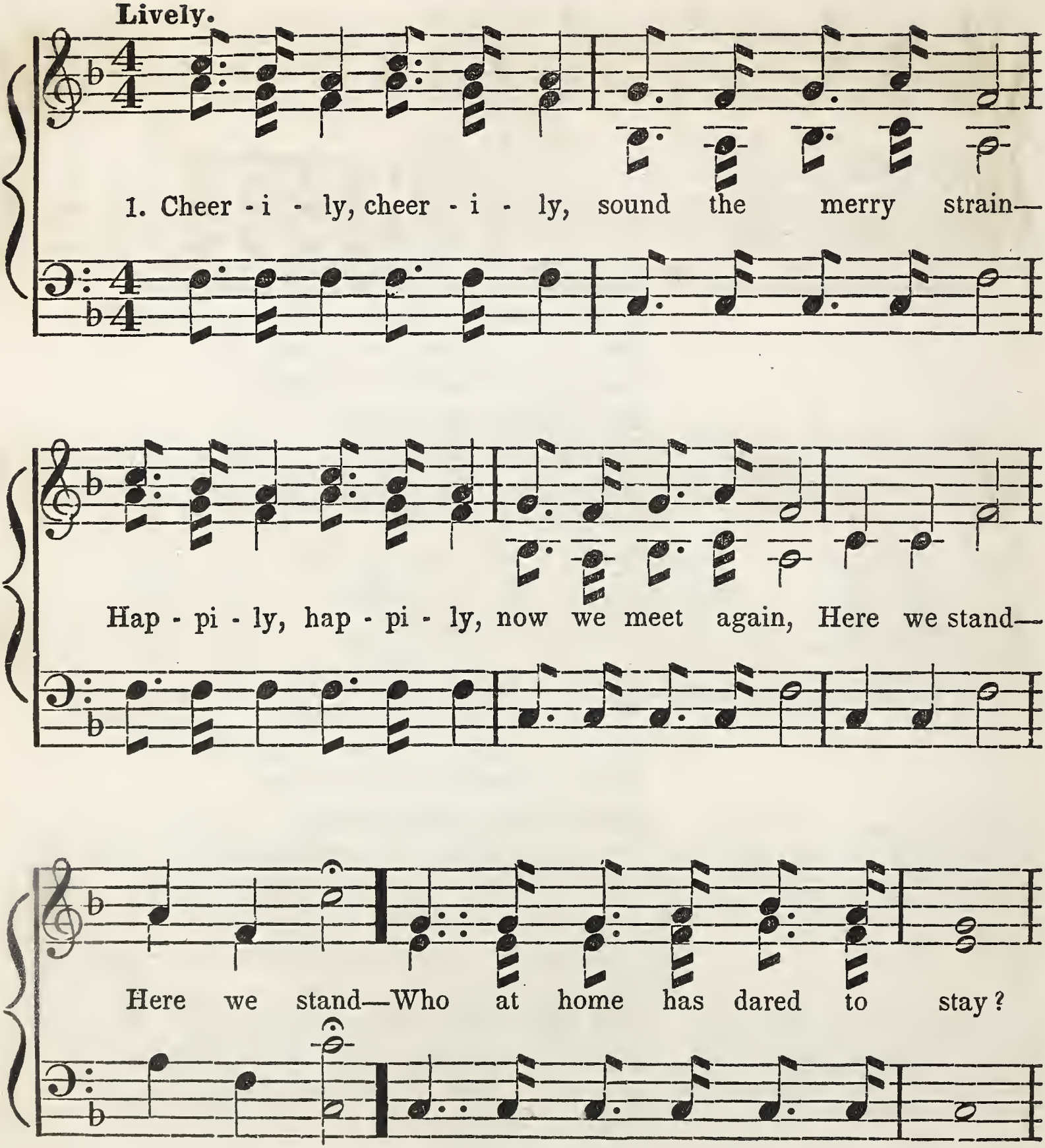

With heart free - ly glow - ing, When morning is growing, Where
herds are low - - ing, Where milk is flow - ing;
Gai - ly sing - ing, there am I, There am I, your mountain

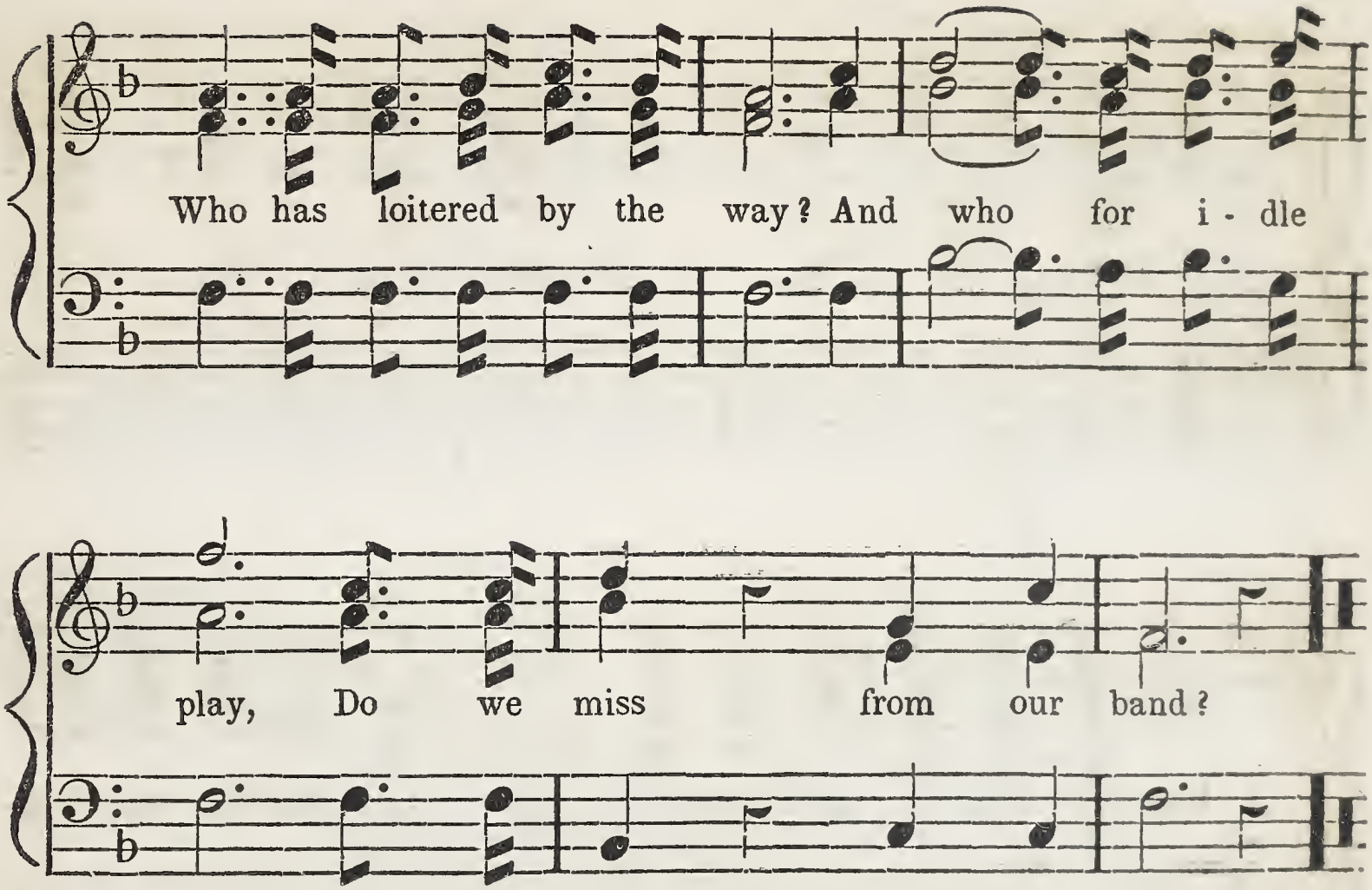

boy, O my mother, ev - er dear; While a -
- round me the cries Of the shepherds a - rise, And the
joy of the hills, All the welkin fills, El - u - rel, u - rel,



2 In that cottage near,
Is my mother dear,
Oh! my mother ever dear: } *Repeated.*
And home looks so sweetly,
So smiling, so neatly,
I love it completely,
Return to it fleetly;
If but little I can do,
Still the work I try to cheer
Of my mother ever dear,
While around, &c.

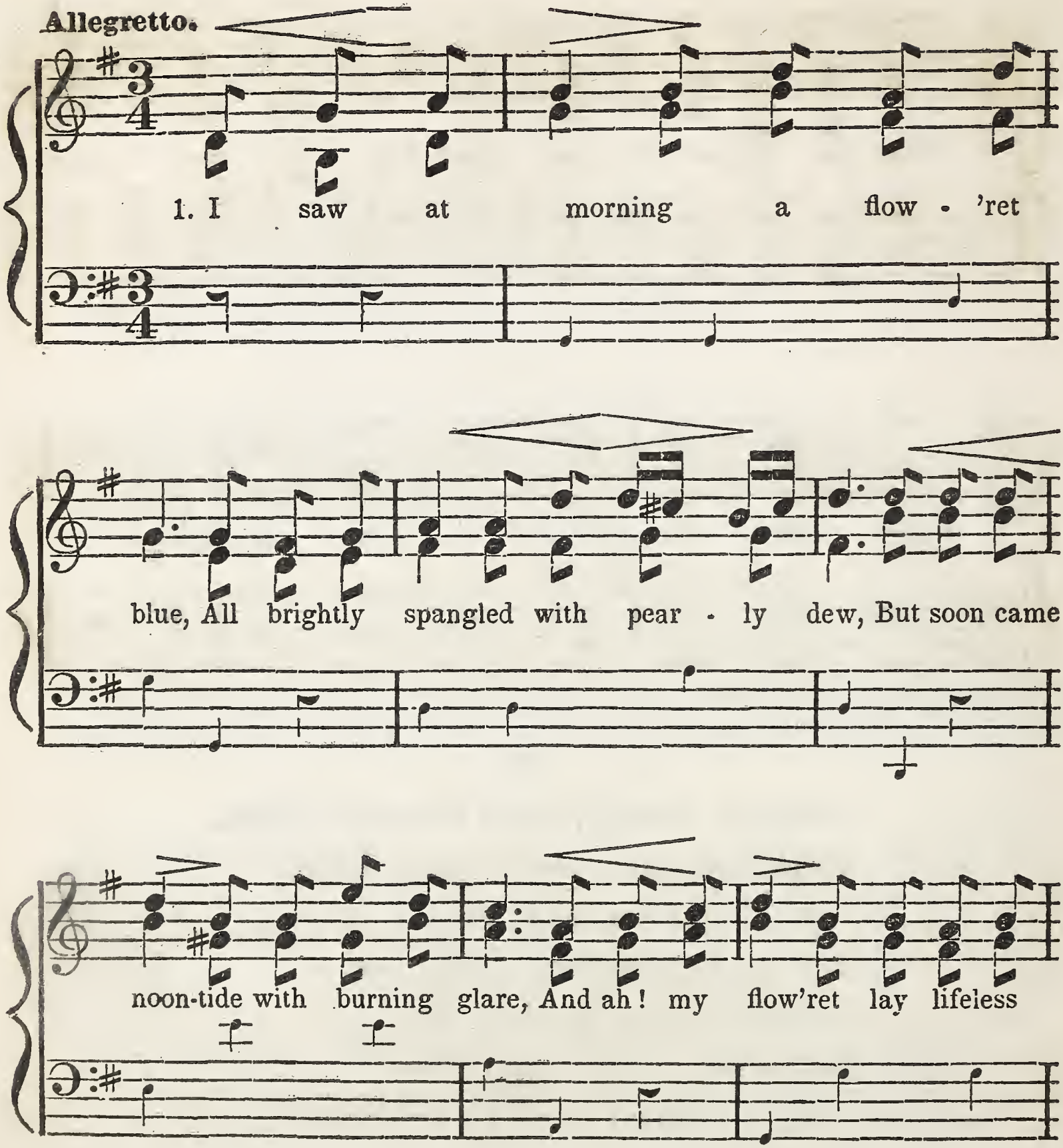
3 At the sun's swift decline,
When the hill tops shine,
Oh! my mother then I join; } *Repeated.*
When evening relieves me,
She kindly receives me,
And oh! when she gives me,
Her blessing and leaves me,
What sweet slumbers then are mine,
Oh! what slumbers then are mine—
What sweet slumbers then are mine;
Till the morn, when the cries
Of the shepherds arise,
And the joy of the hills
All the welkin fills:
El u rel, &c.

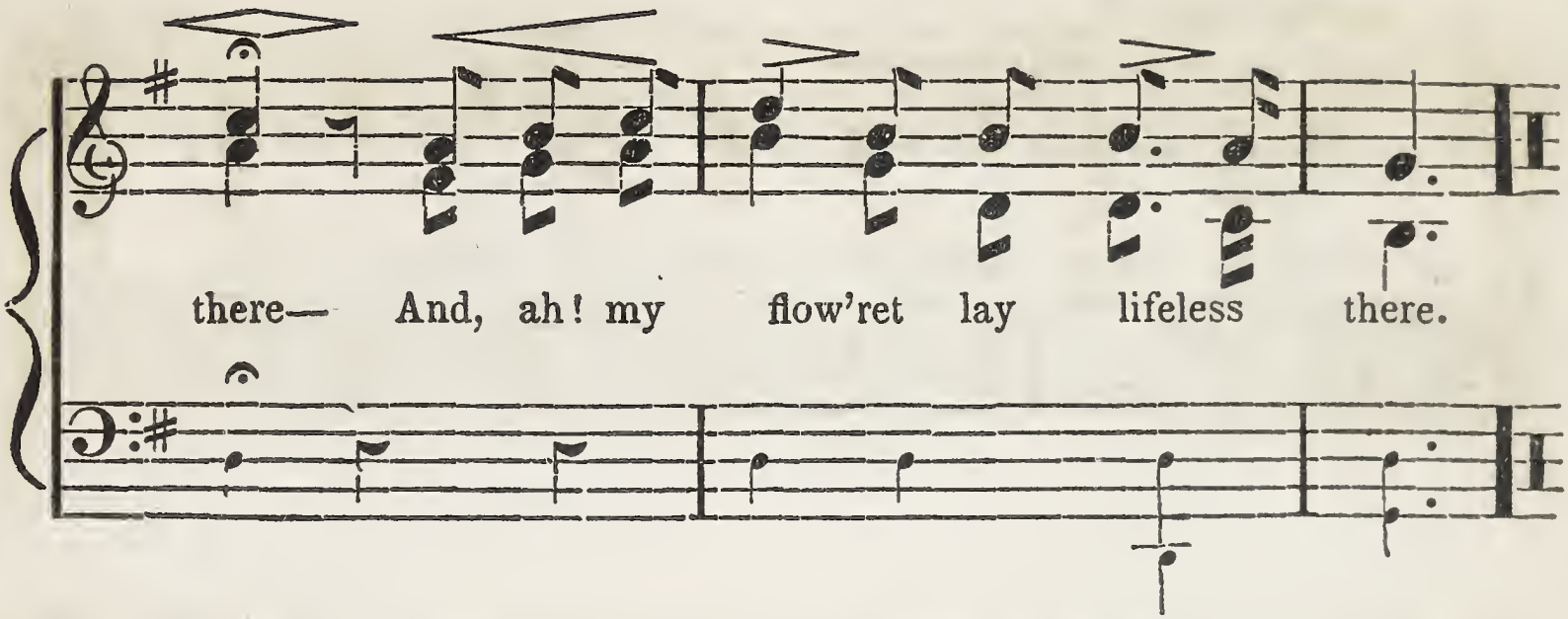

Lively.
1. Cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly, sound the merry strain—
Hap - pi - ly, hap - pi - ly, now we meet again, Here we stand—
Here we stand—Who at home has dared to stay?



2

Cheerily, cheerily, sound the merry strain,
Happily, happily, now we meet again,
All are here; :‖:
All who love the morning's prime,
All who feel the worth of time,
Lo we'll sound the merry chime,
All are here! all are here!


Allegretto.
1. I saw at morning a flow - 'ret
blue, All brightly spangled with pear - ly dew, But soon came
noon-tide with burning glare, And ah! my flow'ret lay lifeless

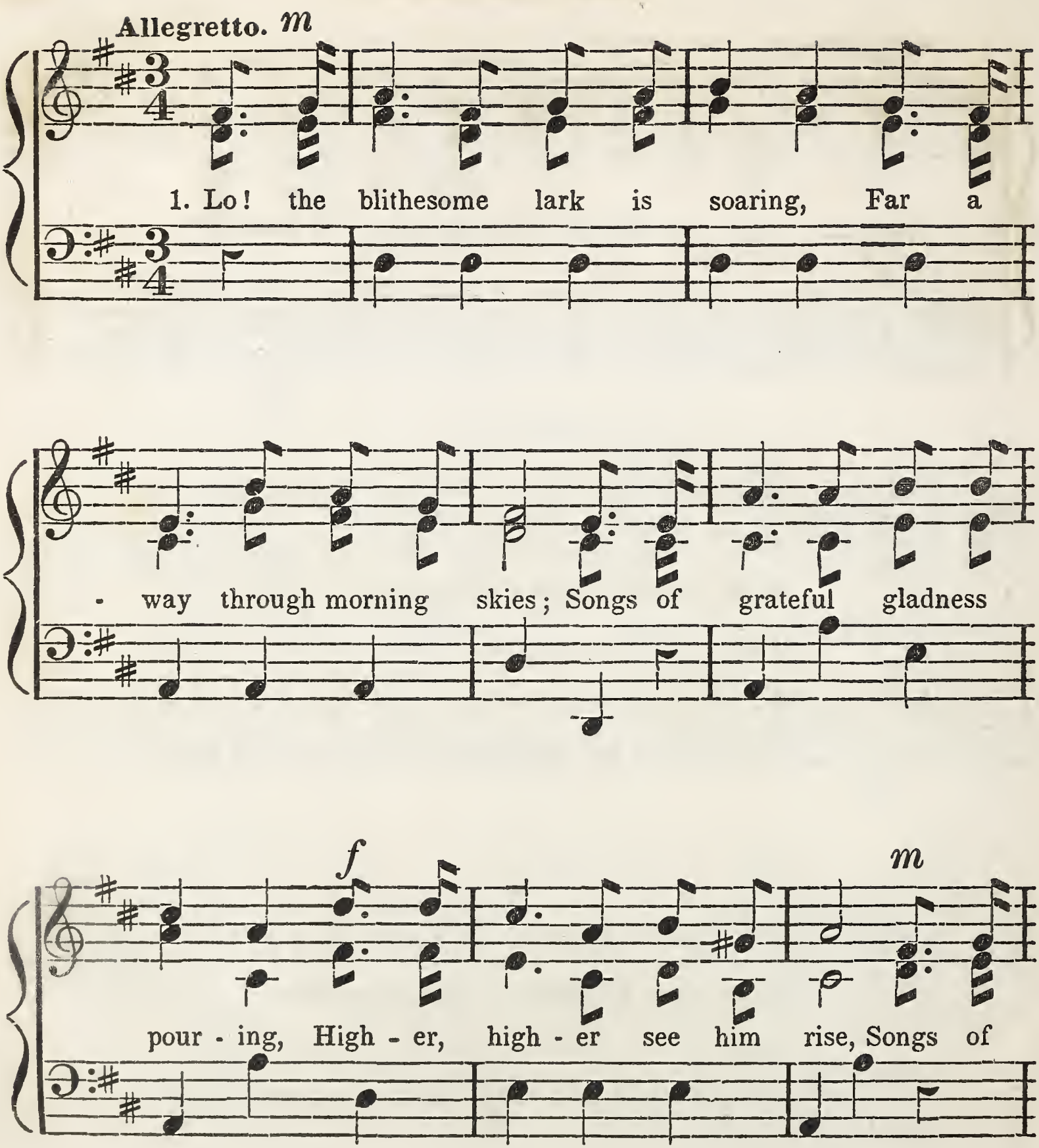


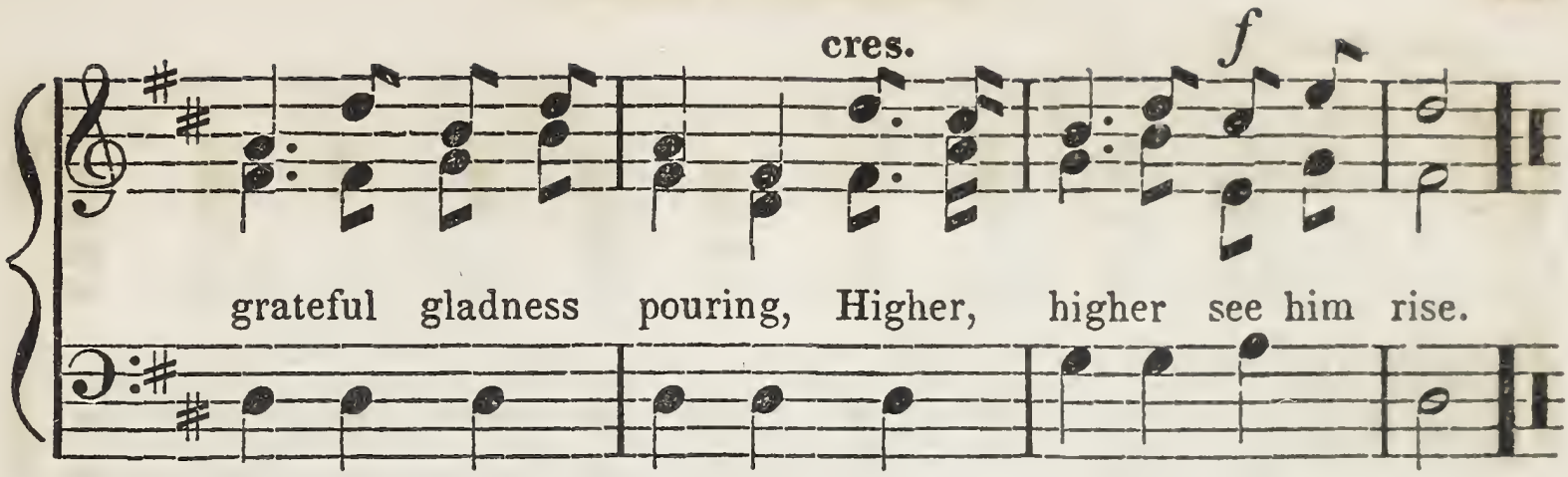
2

And such the story of pride and power,
They bloom at morning like that fair flower;
At evening seek them—their forms are fled,
Their days are numbered, their race is sped.

3

And thou, vain beauty, come draw thee near,
And learn a lesson of wisdom here!
Seek fairer flowers that bloom on high,
Whose light and fragrance shall never die.


Allegretto. m
1. Lo! the blithesome lark is soaring, Far a
- way through morning skies; Songs of grateful gladness
f
m
pour - ing, High - er, high - er see him rise, Songs of



2

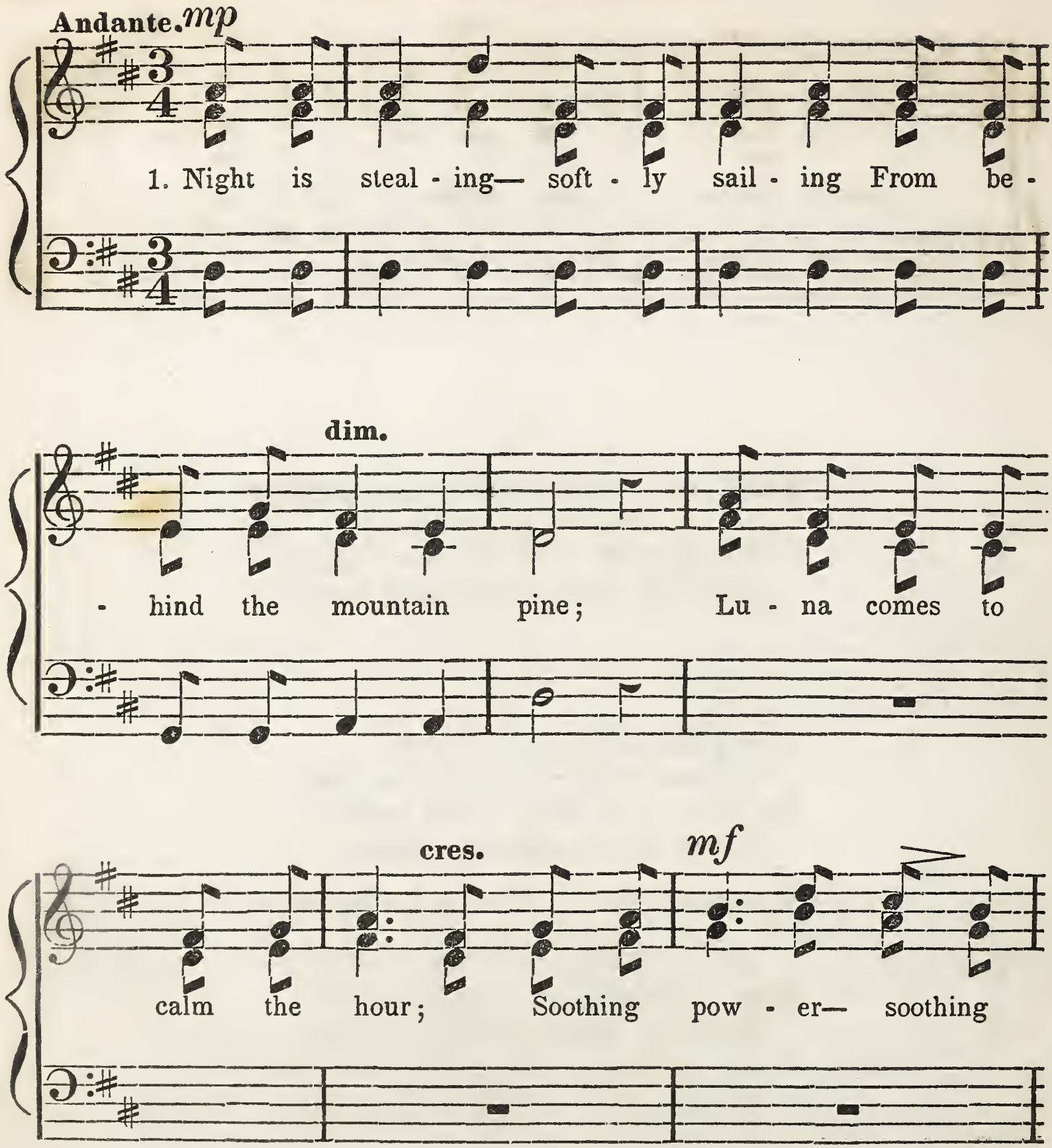
Thousand warblers now are springing
Up to meet the welcome morn ;
Sky and grove with joy are ringing,
Hark, the wild, entrancing horn !

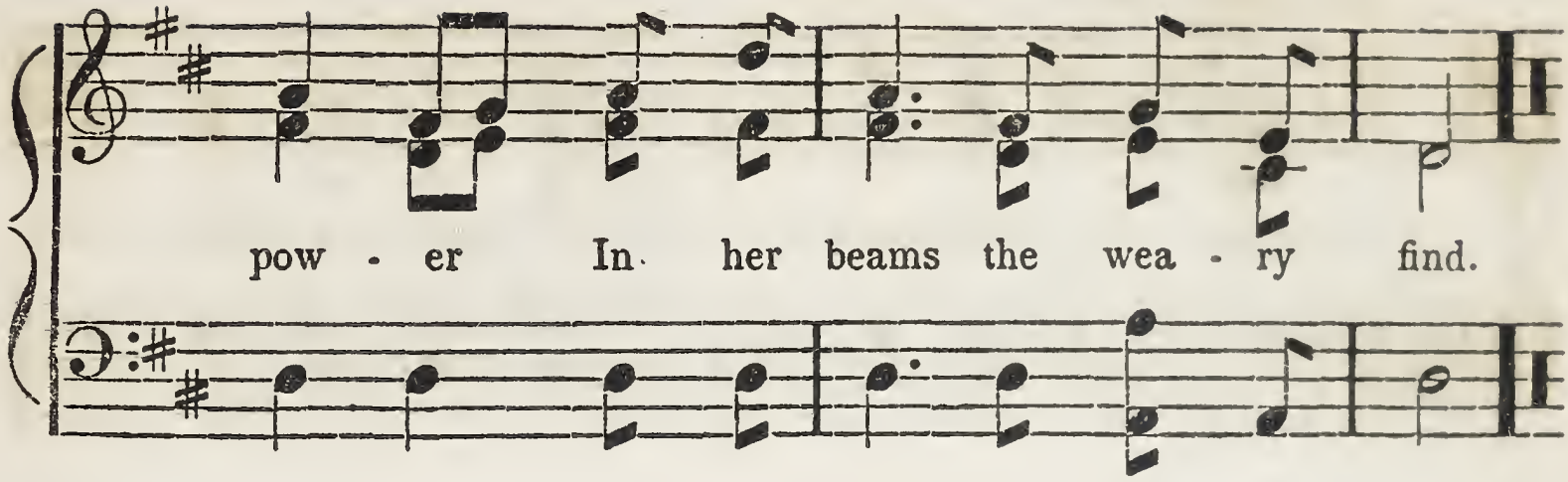
3

Every mountain altar blazes ;
Incense sweet to heaven ascends ;
Meadows waft their silent praises,
Every flower adoring bends.

4

Man ! awake from heavy slumbers,
Morning breaks serenely bright ;
Songs of praise in tuneful numbers,
Raise to HIM who rules the night.


Andante. mp
1. Night is steal - ing— soft - ly sail - ing From be -
dim.
- hind the mountain pine; Lu - na comes to
cres.
mf
calm the hour; Soothing pow - er— soothing

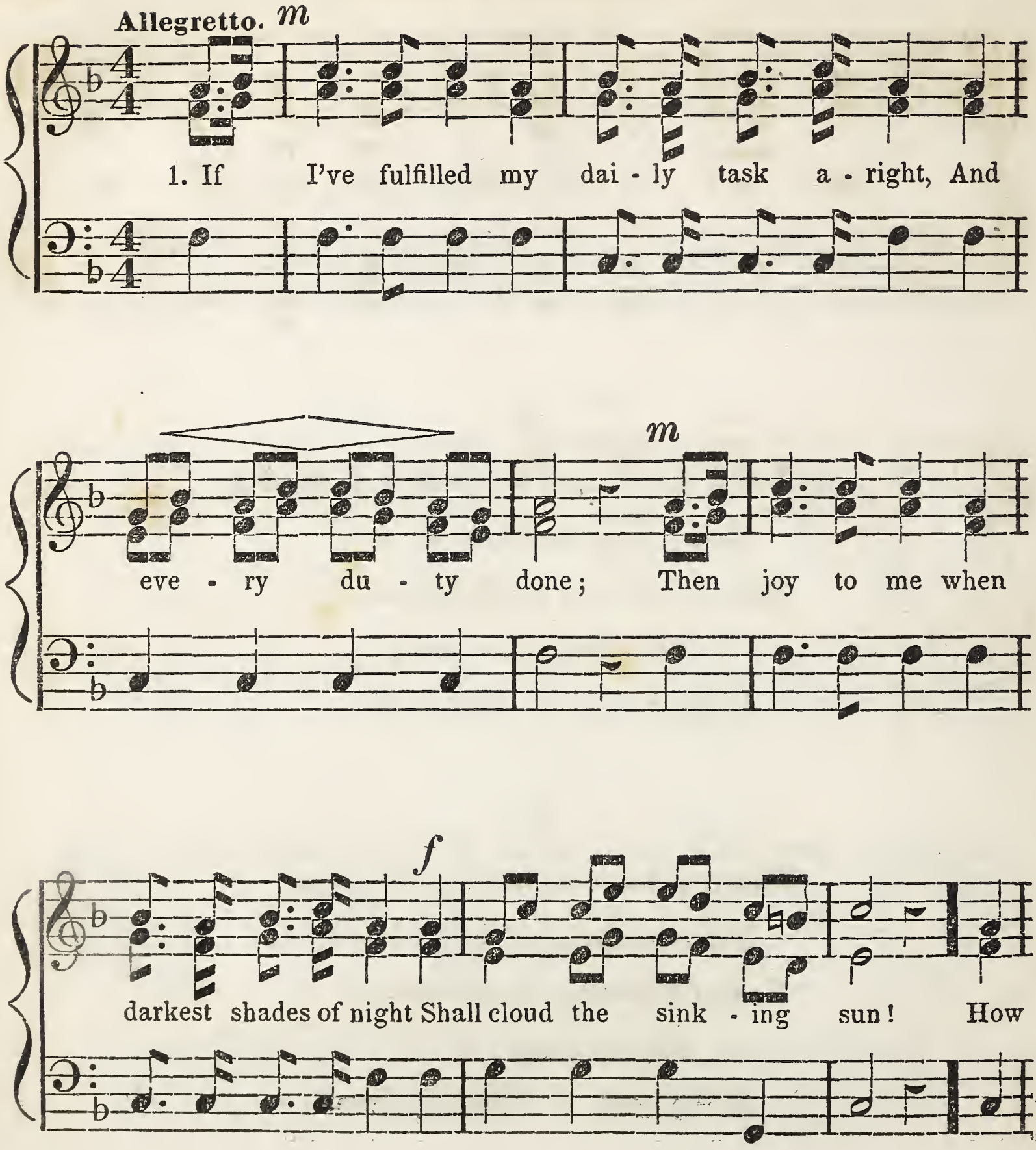


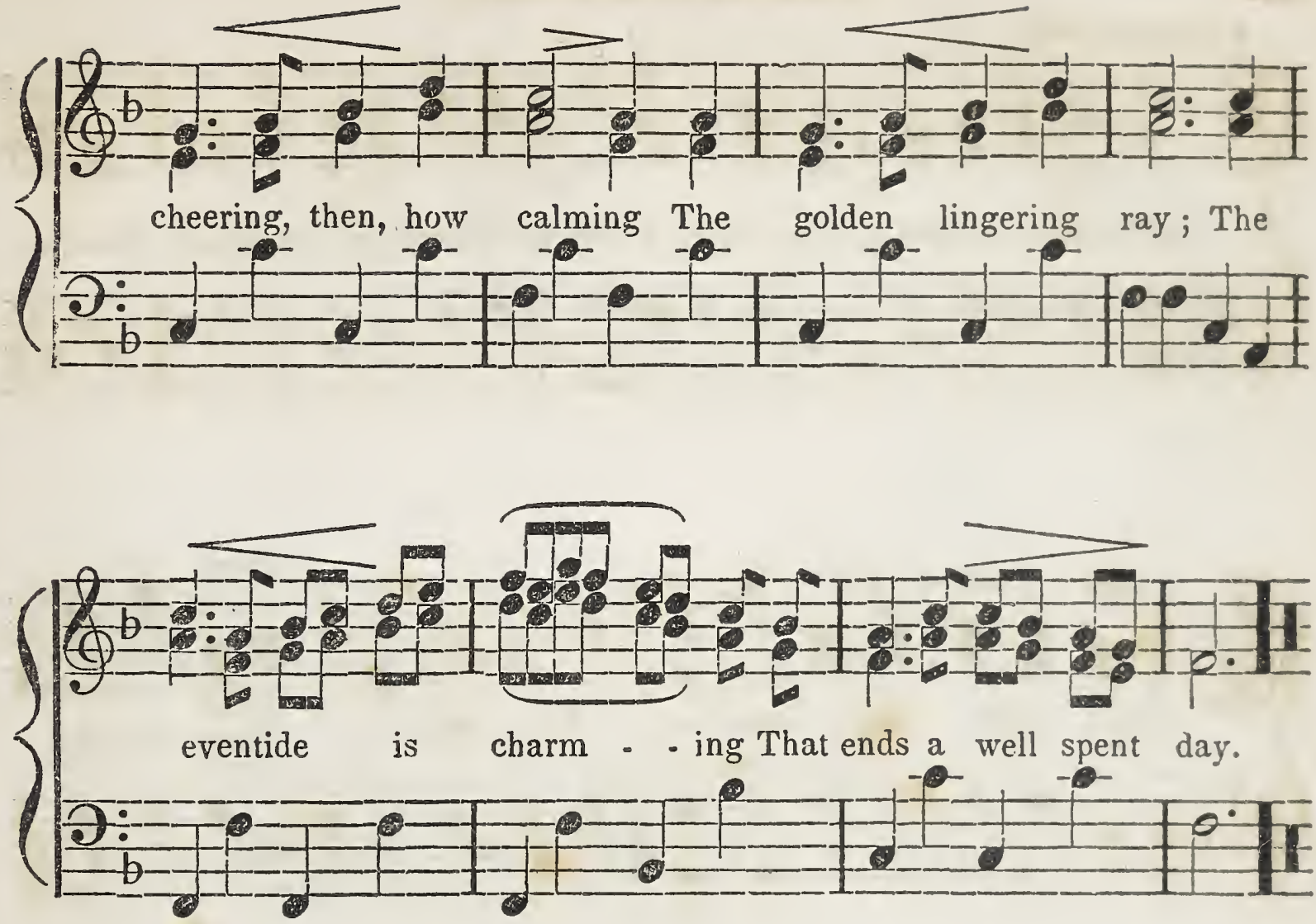
2

From the mountains, forests, fountains,
Softly fades the light of day.
Only round yon fir-clad summit,
Heavenward soaring,
Lingers yet one golden ray.

3

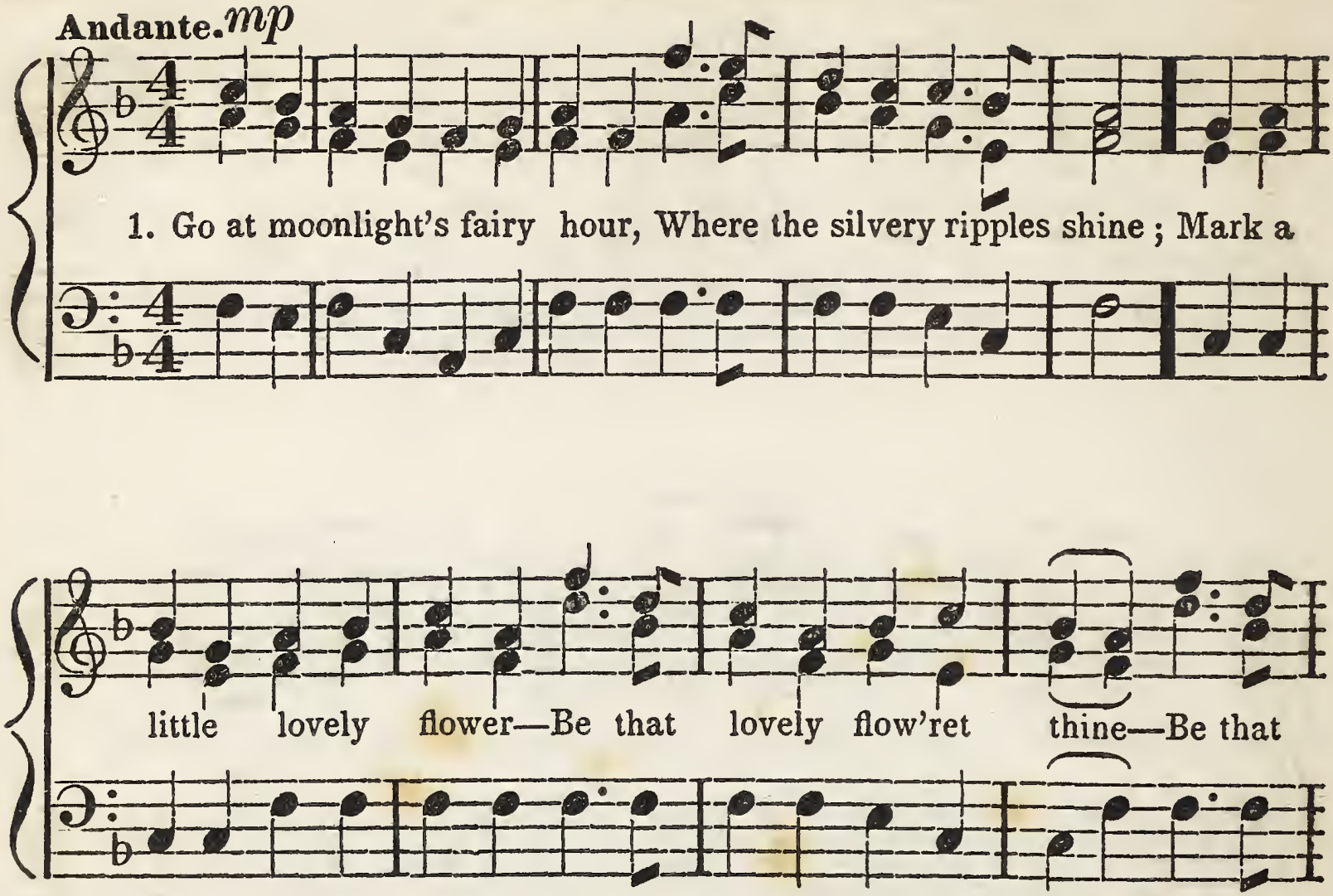
Evening breezes, incense breathing,
Murmur through the linden grove;
Nearer now the curtain closes,
Man reposes
In the arms of heavenly love.


Allegretto.
m
1. If I've fulfilled my dai - ly task a - right, And
m
eve - ry du - ty done; Then joy to me when
f
darkest shades of night Shall cloud the sink - ing sun! How



2

But woe to him, whose eye, that hour is dim
With sin-remembering tears!
No anguish ever can restore to him,
The joys of wasted years!
Oh, precious is the power,
And time that God hath given!
May I each passing hour,
Lay up some store for heaven!



Mild as heaven's own blue, it beameth
Like a clear and cloudless sky ;
Image of true love, it seemeth,
To the heart sweet words to say. :‖:

3

And methinks its blue eyes glisten,
Full of love and tender thought,
While from far it whispers listen,
Oh ! forget, forget me not !

MAY 6 1926